

Ms. S. P. O. T. enn.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE CLEVELAND
MUSEUM OF ART

PRESENTED BY

SEVERANCE A. MILLIKEN

650
325
200
100
200
200

THE LIBRARY
OF THE CLEVELAND
MUSEUM OF ART

PRESENTED BY

JOSEPHINE W. MILLER

GODEY'S
MAGAZINE
AND
LADY'S BOOK.

EDITED BY
MRS. SARAH I. WILEY
MORTON M. MICHAEL AND LOUIS A. GODEY

VOL. XXIII--FROM JANUARY TO JUNE
1844.

PHILADELPHIA:
LOUIS A. GODEY, PUBLISHERS' HALL,
NO. 715 N. 2ND STREET.

RECEIVED
JAN 28 1844

G O D E Y ' S
M A G A Z I N E

AND

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
MORTON M'MICHAEL AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

VOL. XXVIII.—FROM JANUARY TO JUNE,
1844.

PHILADELPHIA: ✓

LOUIS A. GODEY, PUBLISHERS' HALL,
101 CHESTNUT STREET.

1844

GODEY'S
MAGAZINE

AND

LADY'S BOOK.

EDITED BY

MRS. SARAH J. HALE,
NORTON MANCHESTER AND LOUIS A. GODEY.

VOL. XXIII.—FROM JANUARY TO JUNE.

1844

PHILADELPHIA:

T. K. & P. G. COLLINS, PRINTERS.

OF CHESTNUT STREET.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOL. XXVIII.

A Child's Thought. By <i>W. H. Burleigh.</i>	15	Life. By <i>J. A. Swan.</i>	50
A Thought.	35	Lays of Early Days. By <i>W. G. Simms.</i>	76
Autumn Musings. By <i>Miss E. S. Norton.</i>	41	Laurel Hill.	107
Advertisement.	60	Lament of Night. By <i>Miss Sarah F. Hamilton.</i>	116
A Memorial. By <i>Linus.</i>	95	Laura Bell. By <i>Isaac F. Shepherd.</i>	134
A Day at Versailles. By <i>Theo. Ledyard Cuyler.</i>	96	Life. By <i>William H. Burleigh.</i>	195
A Fragment.	145	Mourning for Age. By <i>Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.</i>	25
A Tale of the Ragged Mountains. By <i>Edgar A. Poe.</i>	177	My Grandmother's Bracelet. By <i>Mrs. C. Lee Hentz.</i>	36
A Song for May-Day Morning. By <i>Alice Hervey.</i>	201	My Mother. By <i>George Waterman, Jr.</i>	45
A Walk About Paris. By <i>Theo. Ledyard Cuyler.</i>	219	My Steed. By <i>Cora.</i>	204
Affectation. By <i>Mrs. Caroline H. Butler.</i>	265	My Grave. By <i>Mary E. Lee.</i>	218
Autobiography of an Old Sofa. By <i>Helen Maitland.</i>	278	Mary—Inscribed in the Album of a Young Friend. By <i>Lewis J. Cist.</i>	229
Clementina, who called her First Child Betsy. By <i>H. Hastings Weld.</i>	92	May. By <i>Mrs. V. E. Howard.</i>	236
Cousin Philip—a Domestic Tale. By <i>Miss Meta F. Duncan.</i>	135	Music—Underneath thy Lattice, Love, a Serenade. By <i>James G. Osbourn.</i>	51
Country Life in Merrie England. By <i>Theo. Ledyard Cuyler.</i>	275	Music—The Parlours, Both, are Occupied. By <i>Miss Leslie.</i>	100
Death. By <i>J. A. Swan.</i>	212	Music—The Heart of thy Norah is Breaking for Thee. A Ballad. By <i>G. Linley, Esq.</i>	147
Editors' Table. 53, 102, 149, 198, 244, 294		Music—The Princeton Grand March. By <i>J. Wieland.</i>	196
Editors' Book Table. 54, 103, 150, 199, 246, 295		Music—Byron's Farewell. By <i>Master A. D.</i>	242
Estrella del Norte. By <i>The Poor Scholar.</i>	221	Music—Le Desir: "O! were I a Bird." By <i>J. T. S. Sullivan.</i>	292
Fidele.	63	On the Death of A. T. S. By <i>Miss Sarah F. Hamilton.</i>	84
Fine Colouring for Artificial Flowers. By <i>Miss Leslie.</i>	287	O! Sing Me that Song. By <i>The Poor Scholar.</i>	289
Genius Exempt from Ordinary Laws. By <i>Ernest Helfenstein.</i>	98	Paul and Virginia.	105
"Go, Forget Me." By <i>Geo. Waterman, Jr.</i>	176	Queen Victoria's Treasures. By <i>Mrs. Hale.</i>	52
Gifts for the Beautiful. By <i>Alfred B. Street.</i>	241	Sonnet. By <i>Miss A. D. Woodbridge.</i>	1
Highdays and Holidays. By <i>Joseph C. Neal.</i>	2	Song. By <i>C. Fenno Hoffman.</i>	9
Harry Clinton. By <i>H. T. Tuckerman.</i>	26	Sketches of Paris. By <i>a Parisian.</i>	13, 61, 158, 202
Helps. By <i>Mrs. E. F. Ellet.</i>	193	Sonnet. By <i>Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.</i>	25
He Questioneth the Sympathy of Nature—a Discourse. By <i>Ernest Helfenstein.</i>	286	Song. By <i>A. Huntington Clapp.</i>	32
I Saw the Shining Flower. By <i>F. A. Durivage.</i>	146	Stanzas from Goethe. By <i>William Cullen Bryant.</i>	41
Il S'Amuse; or, the Gentleman Flirt. By <i>Mary Davenant.</i>	182	Shelley. By <i>William H. Burleigh.</i>	110
I Will! By <i>T. S. Arthur.</i>	213	Self-Renunciation—a Sonnet. By <i>Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.</i>	181
Jack Vapour, the Busy Body—a Dutch Story, in two parts.	85, 129	Some Passages in the Life of My Great Aunt. By <i>Miss Jane W. Frazer.</i>	234
		Stanzas—On G. W. Conarroe's Beautiful Painting of "The Sleeping Beauty." By <i>Charles West Thomson.</i>	277

3-25-62
 Sentance & William
 514

To a Child Dancing. By <i>Alice Hervey</i> .	1	The Minister and the Merchant. By <i>T. S. Arthur</i> .	117
The Brook and the Pine. By <i>C. Fenno Hoffman</i> .	4	To a Flower. By <i>Miss E. S. Norton</i> .	122
The Awakened Heart. By <i>Mrs. Emma C. Embury</i> .	5	The Count of Revillagigedo—from the Note Book of a Traveller in Mexico.	123
The Arm Chair. By <i>Mrs. S. J. Hale</i> .	9	The Flower of the Family—a Tale founded on fact. By <i>Epes Sargent</i> .	125
Too Conscientious to Dance. By <i>T. S. Arthur</i> .	10	The Water Lily. By <i>Alice Hervey</i> .	145
The Rainbow by Moonlight.	12	The Pastor's Visit. By <i>H. W. Herbert, Esq.</i>	153
The French and English Kitchen. By <i>Prof. John Sanderson</i> .	16	The Anemone. To ———.	157
The Old Man in the Graveyard. By <i>Robert Morris</i> .	22	The Promenade. By <i>Alice Hervey</i> .	159
The Child and the Sea Shell. By <i>Mrs. M. E. Robbins</i> .	29	The Governess—a Sketch. By <i>F. E. F.</i>	160
The English Lakes and Wordsworth. By <i>Theo. Ledyard Cuyler</i> .	30	The Loved, the Lost. By <i>Rev. John Pierpont</i> .	164
The Husband to his Wife. By <i>Adrian</i> .	32	The Night-Blooming Cereus. By <i>Mrs. A. M. F. Annan</i> .	165
The Countess Nyschriem and the Handsome Artist. By <i>N. P. Willis</i> .	33	The Dear Girl of the Free—a National Melody. By <i>Wm. Wallace</i> .	176
The Deep Drawer. By <i>Mrs. H. F. Lee</i> .	42, 69	The Earl of Flanders. By <i>Agnes Seymour</i> .	205
The Manderfields. By <i>Miss Leslie</i> .	46, 64, 111, 189, 237, 252	The Rebuke.	208
The Children of Edward, translated from the French. By <i>L. Michelant</i> .	57	The Fairy Chain. By <i>Miss Anna Fleming</i> .	209
To Fanny—The Innocent One. By <i>S. Cameron</i> .	60	The Sentiment of Petship. By <i>Mrs. E. Oakes Smith</i> .	216
The Man with Two Strings to his Bow—a Tale of Real Life. By <i>Epes Sargent</i> .	72	The Hole in the Sleeve. By <i>Mrs. E. F. Ellet</i> .	222
The Talisman, wherewith Happiness is Secured. By <i>Miss Margaret Coxe</i> .	77	The Lion's Crag—a Legend from the Deep Drawer. By <i>Mrs. H. F. Lee</i> .	230, 261
The Flower Seed. By <i>Mrs. M. E. Robbins</i> .	79	The Pic-Nic. By <i>Jane T. Fleming</i> .	249
The Rights of Children. By <i>Mrs. Emma C. Embury</i> .	80	The Belle of the Ball. By <i>Alice Hervey</i> .	260
The Penitent. By <i>William H. Burleigh</i> .	83	The True Rights of Woman. By <i>Park Benjamin</i> .	271
The Reconciliation. By <i>Miss M. H. Rand</i> .	91	The English Kitchen. By <i>Professor John Sanderson</i> .	281
The Last Shot. By <i>Mrs. E. Oakes Smith</i> .	99	The Broken Circle. By <i>Saml. D. Patterson</i> .	285
To ———. By <i>Mrs. St. Leon Loud</i> .	106	The Costliest Gift. By <i>S. H. Browne</i> .	285
The Cross Englishman. By a Traveller.	109	Vortimer and Lilian. By <i>Geo. Broome</i> .	211, 259
		Whisperings.	146
		Wanted, a Wife.	181

EMBELLISHMENTS IN VOL. XXVIII.

JANUARY.

The Parlour Sylph.
The Arm-Chair and Child.
Fancy Dresses,
Ball Room Scene.
Vase, Flowers, and Fan.

FEBRUARY.

Victoria, Queen of England.
Prince of Wales and Princess.
The Children of Edward.
Fashions.

MARCH.

Paul and Virginia.
Laurel Hill.
Spring Fashions.

APRIL.

The Promenade.
The Pastor's Visit.
Sketches of Paris.
Fashions.

MAY.

The Rebuke.
May-Day Morning.
Medley Fashion Plate.
Grisettes at the Theatre.

JUNE.

The Pic-Nic.
The Belle of the Ball.
Fashion Plate.
Figures Illustrating Ancient Fashions.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

JANUARY, 1844.

TO A CHILD DANCING.

BY ALICE HERVEY.

(See Plate.)

We who have seen our childhood's day
Swiftly and surely glide away,
And from youth's first bewildering dream
Been rudely awakened, ere its gleam
Has vanished from the cheek or eye,
Who all too soon have learned to sigh
O'er hopes that blossomed but to die;
How oft amid the dance we feel
A cloud of sadness o'er us steal;
How oft the anxious fear will rise
To dim the brightness of the eyes;
How many a pang of dark despair
The burdened heart has learned to bear;
Yet wear upon the brow the while,
The mockery of a happy smile.

But thou, fair girl, thy mother's pride,

With heart as yet by care untried,
With eyes that dance in childish glee,
With ringlets tossing carelessly,
And joyous laughter ringing free,
Thy dance is but the language wild
Of thy heart's gladness, dearest child.
We love to watch thy motions light
As fairies in their dance by night;
We love in every step to trace
The perfect freedom, perfect grace
Of childhood's sweet unconsciousness.
Then dance while yet thy life may prove
One scene of happiness and love;
While shelter'd by a father's arm,
Thou'rt safe from every thought of harm,
And while with tender love and mild
The mother watches o'er her child.

SONNET.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

MARY, dear Mary, oft thy gentle hand
Hath brought to me the cup of peace and joy,
Thy smile hath chang'd to gold time's flowing sand;
And I have felt, e'en death could ne'er destroy
The tie that bound,—that *blends* my heart with thine?
And now upon this threshold of the year,
Of thy dear love, is brought to me the sign;

VOL. XXVIII.—1

It seems a token from a brighter sphere,
It whispers that such love shall never cease,
And o'er my spirit sheds a perfect peace.
My blessing on thee, Mary! This full heart
How shall it thank thee for thy thoughtful care?
By fervent wishes,—by these tears which start,
By words which now are melting into prayer.

HIGH DAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

BY JOSEPH C. NEAL, AUTHOR OF "CHARCOAL SKETCHES," "IN TOWN AND ABOUT," ETC.

UNDOUBTEDLY—we never meant to deny it—anniversaries are pleasant enough, in their way. It is true, perhaps, that if our wishes could have an effect in the matter, we might rather desire them not to come quite so rapidly as they do of late, thus huddling on each other as if the space between had undergone abridgment, and as if years, like ourselves, as they grow older, are liable to shrinkage. There is no audible call for despatch in this particular, and thus to mount the months upon a locomotive, to sweep by in such undignified haste that they are gone almost before we are able to avail ourselves of their services,—which every one must have observed to be peculiarly the case since steam became the fashion and hurry the order of the day,—is annoying to people of leisurely habits, who like to deliberate before they act, and to consider consequences in advance of the deed, instead of afterwards, according to modern usages. To our fancy, the slow year—the year in hoop, powder and buckles—in full decorum and expansion—was a much more respectable personage than such years as we have now; years which have changed the minute measure of their ancestors for a hop, step and jump, not to be set down as otherwise than an abomination. We hate to be jostled and pushed from our propriety, and though it is admitted to be true that “here to-day and gone to-morrow,” is symbolical of human existence, this incessant bustle of preparation causes an absorption of the day in the morrow. There is no “to-day”—scarcely the fragment of an afternoon; nothing but beginnings and endings, without an intervening pause for thought.

Still, however, as you say—as all the world says—these anniversaries are pleasant things; not emphatically pleasant, but pleasant, with no particular stress upon the word. They will intrude into our company, you know, without ceremonious observances. It is not easy to shut the door in the face of old time, nor is it of avail to reply “not at home” to the New Year; and, in emergencies of this kind, when there is no help, we cannot probably do better than to insist upon it, downright—to ourselves and to other people of less importance, that the inevitable visitant is under our patronage, and has agreeable points about him. Marvels are to be accomplished in regard to such convictions, by dint of perseverance. Resolve upon it that you shall think so, and you will think so—sooner or later. Only want to think so, and the object is more than half achieved. We are very docile to ourselves, and in an internal dispute, inclination is so fertile in argument that it becomes “useless to talk.” The fair lady at last confessed that John Wilkes had a squint

—the aberration from the true line was too evident to be denied—but then, she had prevailed on herself to admire even his defects, and she qualified her unwilling admission by declaring that, to her view, “Mr. Wilkes did not squint more than a gentleman should.” And so, these anniversaries are pleasant things. There is a little of a sinister expression in their aspect, no doubt—father Saturn is charged with a disposition to devour his children—but we will set it down as a peculiarity which is rather attractive than otherwise—a romantic interest, such as that which envelops gentlemen of the “suspicious look,” who combine the bully and the beau in so just an equipoise, that they command success and enforce admiration.

No one pretends to assert, at least, that it is not a source of pleasure to meet with friends, on a festive occasion—provided always that we have friends and possess a fondness for festivities. To give and to receive tokens of love and amity, affords refreshment to the spirit. The heart is cheered by smiling faces and the voice of joy, and it is not to be disputed that dining well is a circumstance by no means repugnant to the ordinary constitution of human nature—not repugnant at the moment, though sometimes apt to entail remorseful reminiscences. There is a period also, in our terrestrial career, when the dance comes not amiss, even if we should chance to feel a little dull upon it, when the next day’s sun peeps in at us; and, indeed, it may be conceded that all the incidents of the holiday season and anniversary return—very nearly all—are decidedly pleasant—bright to anticipate—happy in fruition, and well enough in the retrospect. Let us then look gaily on the approach of the “happy New-Year,” when we rejoice by tradition, and take up the echo of old time, that it may reverberate to posterity. Our merrymakings now, are the connecting link between the past and the future.

We are told, moreover, that it is not the part of true wisdom to be strict in the analysis of our pleasures, and that he is more of a simpleton than a philosopher, who stops in the midst of his mirth to ascertain by critical inquiry, whether, after all, there be any thing to laugh at. And, in fact, if it is our purpose to extract from life as many agreeable sensations as it is capable of affording, we must content ourselves with being entertained, and not insist too strenuously that the cause shall be in strict proportion to the effect. Nor can it be regarded as altogether a matter of sagacity to pass much time in endeavouring to discover what we have to be unhappy about to-day. There are annoyances enough of the unavoidable and intrusive sort—vexations

which will, of their own impulse, be in attendance, independent of a call—without a recourse to the muster-roll of grievance, to select a pet sorrow as our special companion. And to search for a discomfort, merely to bring it in action as a means of self-disturbance, may be courageous, but it is, for the most part, an unprofitable exhibition of valor. There is abundant room for the exercise of the passive virtues, without this continued practice upon our fortitude.—Nevertheless, there are occasions when fevers of this peculiar type have their advantages, and when, from unknown causes, be they moral or physical, a diffused irascibility pervades the individual—when we go to rest in gloom and arise in sulkiness—it is a wholesome operation that the disorder should be localized, and that some particular point should be presented, no matter what, on which the pent-up fury may have vent. For example, if a gentleman, in the morning, should chance to be overheard in addressing harsh and uncivil words to his slippers, and in speaking with unkindness and disrespect to his boots, those with whom he is likely to come in contact at subsequent hours, have reason to rejoice that the superfluous electricity with which he was troubled, has wreaked itself upon inanimate objects. A living creature has, in all likelihood, had a fortunate escape. The slipper anticipates a contention—a boot may have frustrated a duel, and deprived surgery of a subject. Should my lady apostrophize the unlucky broom, which careless hands have left upon the stair, or should she, in sparkling monologue, comment on other oversights in housewifery, which meet her early eye, do not repine at wasted energy or at eloquence scattered to the unheeding air. It is a mercy, though you think it not, and power remains for all needful purposes. Occurrences of this description are, however, but exceptions to the comprehensive rule, and are not to be elevated to the station of a general example. They are not to be pleaded, certainly, as a justification of indiscriminating cynicism, or as palliating the propensity to seek for faults and to spy out defects.

But yet, as concerns holidays in general—as involves the merits of New Year's days and birthdays in particular—we are little disposed to be captious and hypercritical—but still, it must be acknowledged, with all due deference to sounder judgment and more enlarged experience, that when they are regarded apart from their fineries, and the sophistication is dispensed with—when they lay aside hat, cloak and feathers, the comeliness, as in other instances not lying under present notice, measurably disappears, and as they sit down with us quietly by the fireside, it would be difficult perhaps conscientiously to assert, that the sensation is that of unmixed delight, or that the satisfaction would have been much less had their coming been delayed somewhat—not from a dearth of hospitality—not that we are altogether averse to this stranger presence; but from a vague impression that we are not fully prepared for such distinguished company, and would like to be a little more economical

in joys of this description—not quite so many birthdays, and a thought less, if we may so express it, of the New Year. Let children be impatient—we can wait well enough; and though it be an axiom that time is money, we care not thus to exercise our arithmetic in its computation—like Hamlet, we are “ill at these numbers.”—The observant eye may have noted, too, that with its increase of chronological wealth, the world grows miserly in the accumulation of its anniversary amounts—that it hides them, as it were, in unnoticed crannies and disregarded chinks, and that, as the sum grows larger, it shrinks from every allusion to its doubtful riches, as if there were robbers here, to “steal our years away.” Nor can it have escaped intelligent remark that there are those among us—respectable people, not incompetent to a gig, if, indeed, they may not justly aspire to a pair of horses—persons not to be suspected, under ordinary circumstances, of a bias towards larceny, who do not scruple to plunder themselves of their historical position, and who, since it would be a work beyond their powers to suppress the First of January, outright, nathless do contrive to wink strangely when the day that gave them birth rolls by, as if they had forgotten its distinctive features, and felt no gratitude for the favour it conferred, in the far distant past.

Since such facts are facts, not to be controverted, how happens it that at these moments, a really reluctant people are called upon to rejoice, in assumed jollity and forced smiles? Is it done to drive away care, or is it, after all, a joke—an invocation to merriment and convivialities—we address the question to the common sense of everybody—is it a joke—we mean, a very good joke—a joke to make us frisk, and give us a spasmodic twinge in the side—to peep into the mirror, and to count upon the cheek and brow, the additional flourishes of time's villainously cramped penmanship? We speak not in regard to connoisseurship or dilettanteism; but are you, in your heart, fond of the study of these ungraceful hieroglyphics? Would you not prefer engrossments on other parchment? A majestic brow is admirable in a statue,—a fine phrenology may be a letter of recommendation; but it is yet to be made manifest that musings upon a wig, or meditations about the approaching necessity for a ‘scratch,’ ever provoked a smile in him who was compelled to entertain them. Lear thought it flattery—but he was singular in his opinion—to be told that his beard was white, and it would perhaps move surprise, if there were an issue of invitations to celebrate the arrival of gray hairs. There are methods to create hunger when the appetite is disposed to sleep; but why it should render us eager for comfits and confections, because another round has been completed—because, though the jubilant be a year older, he is scarce a minute wiser—nearer the end of his career, yet not a penny richer—as full of sin and folly as before, but with much less time for repentance and amendment,—would puzzle Abernethy himself to explain.—There is besides, a sad waste of gunpowder, and the loud rattle of fire-arms, hereabouts, and it may be ap-

propriate to let off a blunderbuss as the old year expires. There are instances, no doubt, in which that weapon would be characteristic.

Look ye, too, where comes the forgotten tailor, the neglected hatter, the unsought shoemaker, with a long line of others who have administered to your convenience—see them approach, not perhaps having ‘fire in each eye,’ but certainly with ‘paper in each hand,’ to bring you to a settlement—a winding up of old affairs, preliminary to a new onset. Do you find that funny, friend—heedless, thoughtless, perhaps cashless, friend?—Now, you perceive the moral of the matter—now, you obtain a glimpse of the special mission of this holiday; and the pecuniary settlement to which the time is subject, is but a type of the more impressive settlement which the recurrence of the day should impose upon us. If it be well performed, then, indeed, have we reason to rejoice.

It has struck you often, in moments of calmness and reflection—after disappointments and in grief—in those minutes when the flush of enjoyment had faded to a sombre hue, and self-estimation had proportionably subsided, that there were changes in your own character and disposition which might be made to advantage. It would have been resented, if another had said as much; for you then thought, and still think, it may be mistakenly, that these defects were only apparent in full to their owner. Still, however, the amelioration was resolved upon. At first, it was to begin “now.” Then came cares and pleasures; a little postponement was granted, and this great work, if we are not much in error, lies in the dusty corners of your determination, quite unfinished. Could you not take it up to-day?—a more fitting time is not likely to present itself.

Somebody has frequently promised—but, after the cautious fashion of Sir Giles Overreach, “we name no parties”—has promised very distinctly to himself—and there is no one with whom it would be more to his advantage to keep faith, than the

New Year shall find him, in many respects, a new man. Do you know such a person—a friend, a brother, a lover or a husband, who has done this, in the view of evil habit, of indolence, of ill temper, of any of the thousands of temptations and of faults which beset the human family? Strengthen his will; give encouragement to his weakness. He may chance to need it.

And then, it may not be too much to assume that, perfect as we are, there is no want of certain pestilent imps who find places in our train, and are ever on the alert for mischief,—saucy companions, of whom we would gladly be rid, but that they take us by surprise, and await not the chastisements of our regret—little petulances, which at times prompt us to wound those who love us best—small discontents, which seek expression in embittered words—unrecognized envies, which lacerate the heart and disturb repose, leading to uncharitable thoughts, and unkindly judgments—petty jealousies, have we not, rendering us unreasonable, querulous, and ill at ease? Such restless spirits swarm the air, causing endless complications of annoyance. Let them, this day, be summoned to your footstool, to meet discharge, and, above all things, let us impress it on your mind to scan their faces closely. They are adroit at a disguise, and often elude the most careful watch; so that we know them not but in their effects, and by the sorrows they are apt to leave behind.

If such be our policy, as the substratum of our merriment, and the undercurrent to our mirth, and if we can find nerve enough to accomplish but a part of what is deemed desirable,—if each New Year is thus assured of meeting with us so much wiser and, therefore, happier—for wisdom is but happiness, after all,—than any of its predecessors, we shall “better brook the loss of brittle youth,” and meet the onward tide of time with buoyant hearts and an unshrinking hope—satisfied with the present, and with no terrors for the future.

THE BROOK AND THE PINE.

BY C. FENNO HOFFMAN.

TELL me, fair Brook, that long hast sung,
To yonder Pine hast sung so sweetly—
Are its wild arms more near thee flung,
When night their motion veils completely?
Or, for the morn's caressing rays
Still eager, will it toss its boughs,—
Like hearts that only beat for praise,
All heedless of affection's vows?

I never pause—the Brook replied—
To know how near it bends above me,
I cannot help, whate'er betide,
To sing for one I fain would love me;

My song flows on, and still must flow,
My chosen Pine with truth to bless,
Though rippling pebbles sometimes show
The brook athirst with tenderness:

Nay more—when thus, while troublous, oft
My wavelets flash some ray redeeming,
I think but of the Pine aloft,
Which first will proudly hail its beaming! And, wasted thus, a joy it is
To know my Pine,—refreshed and bright,
While I distilled each dewy kiss—
Is worthy of all glorious light!

THE AWAKENED HEART.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

My schoolmate, Lizzie L., was one of those gay, thoughtless, light-hearted beings, whom every body likes, but who rarely awaken a deep and abiding interest in one's heart. Before we can truly love our companions we must have wept as well as laughed with them, they must have called forth the hidden sympathies of our nature; we must share their sorrows no less than their joys, and this is as true in childhood as in later life. Now, Lizzie's heart was always so full of joyousness, that those of a less gladsome temper were often oppressed and overpowered by her gaiety. Her susceptibility to outward impressions was so great, that it gave her the semblance not only of fickleness, but even of insincerity; and they who sounded the depths and shallows of her girlish character found no anchorage ground for their faith. Her parents had died when she was little more than an infant, and Lizzie would have been thrown upon the cold charity of the world, had it not been for the kindness of a gentleman who had been her father's bosom friend from boyhood. He took the child to his home, and placing her under the charge of a sister, who presided over his bachelor household, avowed his determination to protect and provide for the orphan. Had Lizzie been older when these circumstances occurred, a sense of gratitude might have given more depth to her feelings, but the effect *now* was rather an injurious one, since it exonerated her from those claims of tenderness which naturally spring up in the relation between parent and child. She had no ties of blood to any living creature, and as the unbroken prosperity of her benefactors deprived her of all opportunity of making those daily self-sacrifices which, under other circumstances, her gratitude might have suggested, she grew up towards womanhood without having one deep emotion awakened in her bosom. Gentle, sweet-tempered and joyous, she yet seemed totally deficient in the power of earnest feeling. She resembled one of those beautiful Chinese drawings, where bird and flower and butterfly are delicately drawn and exquisitely coloured, but where the total absence of all shadows so fatigues the eye, that it gladly turns to some less resplendent and more softly-tinted picture.

After leaving school I lost sight of Lizzie for about two years, when I met her at a fashionable watering-place, attended by her guardian and his sister. Mr. Weldon was one of those well-preserved specimens of manly beauty, which seem to defy all attempts at "*verifying dates*." A stranger might have thought him somewhere about five-and-thirty, while those who remembered his face about town for

the last twenty years, knew that he must be much older. Yet the absence of all those daily cares which wear so much upon the physical frame, had enabled him to retain much of his youthfulness of appearance, while a judicious use of the convenient appliances of art, enabled him to supply the ravages of time. He was handsome in person, grave and dignified in manners, affluent in his circumstances, liberal and good-natured in disposition, and remarkable for nothing so much as his tendency to abstract speculations, and his fondness for books, which he devoured with a voracity that effectually prevented all healthy digestion of their contents. Naturally studious in his habits, his large patrimony had left him without a motive for active exertion; and his veneration for true genius led him to despise the temporary reputation of popular authorship. He had, therefore, given himself up to the pleasures of literary idleness, and contented himself with enjoying the fruits of other men's labour, without putting forth his hand to scatter the seed which might have grown up into a stately tree, for the overshadowing of some future wayfarer in the rugged path of learning.

His sister, Miss Weldon, was a real old-school spinster. Tall, thin, and as upright as if her back had never been allowed to repose its perpendicularity during the last half century, with a face of most decided ugliness, but full of benevolent expression, she was as rigid and unbending in character as she seemed in person. Extremely exacting in small matters, but remarkably liberal in all important ones, she would reprimand a servant with excessive severity for neglecting to brush away a cobweb, while she would exercise the utmost charity towards a moral failing. In short, she was one of those persons who so often shock our instinctive sense of justice, that their opinions become at length of little importance, and their influence is rather injurious than beneficial to those of more impulsive character.

Lizzie had grown up very beautiful, but her infantile expression of countenance had gained no shadow from the impending duties of womanhood; and it was easy to perceive that the light-heartedness which characterized her early days, was still her prevailing trait. Her cheek was as round and rosy, her lip as bright, her blue eyes as full of mirth as in childhood; but her golden hair had a tinge of deeper brown upon its rich curls, her brows were darker and more firmly pencilled, and the long black lashes which fringed her laughing eyes, gave a new and pleasing softness to their expression. Her extreme beauty attracted around her all those butterflies of fashion, who flutter their brief season

in the sunshine of gay life; and the wealth of him whom the world considered her father by adoption, gave new zest to the admiration which her loveliness excited. I thought, however, that I could perceive something like disquiet in the watchfulness with which Mr. Weldon regarded Lizzie and her admirers. Indeed, the evident annoyance which he once or twice displayed, when her sylph-like form was whirled through the mazes of a waltz, in the arms of a tall, black-whiskered beau, convinced me that there was something more than paternal fondness in his prudent care of her.

I was little surprised, therefore, when, in the course of the following winter, I received an invitation to attend the nuptials of Mr. Weldon and his beautiful ward. Lizzie was certainly one of the loveliest of brides, and though she looked rather like the daughter than the wife of him to whom she plighted her faith, yet there was a gentle reverence in her manner towards him, which seemed to promise more happiness than usually results from such unequal marriages. The truth was, that Mr. Weldon, early in life, had met with one of those disappointments, which often freeze for ever the deepest fountain of affection. He could never again love with the fervour which had characterized his first attachment, but he was kindly and affectionate in his disposition, and his regard for Lizzie, while it was almost paternal in its character, yet derived something of earnestness from the absence of all ties of actual kindred between them. He saw that her position in society was a dangerous one, and mingled with his disinterested wish for her future welfare, was a natural emotion of jealousy towards those who aspired to her favour. He finally persuaded himself that Lizzie's happiness could be best promoted by a continuance of the guardianship which had watched over her childhood; and, after sundry serious deliberations with his sister, it was finally decided that he should make Lizzie his wife. It is true he was thirty years her senior, but this disparity only made him a safer guide for her inexperience, and the subject was at length referred to Lizzie; but less in the form of a *proposition* than as the final arrangement of a long settled project. Lizzie was somewhat startled at the first development of this scheme. She reflected upon it gravely for at least an hour—a long time in Lizzie's calendar of thoughtfulness—and finally, having come to the conclusion that it was a duty which her benefactors seemed to expect of her, that Mr. Weldon was one of the handsomest men she knew, even if he was not very young, and that she really liked him better than any one else in the world—she avowed her consent to the marriage.

Like all persons, in whom a strong sense of inner life has never been developed, Lizzie was keenly alive to all the pleasurable excitements of external circumstances. In compliance with her wishes, Mr. Weldon purchased a new house, furnished it in the most luxurious manner, and, installing his sister in her wonted dignity as housekeeper, commenced a style of living as different as possible from his former

plain habits. Lizzie was just like a petted and indulged child; she caressed and coaxed her husband with so much girlish grace and sweetness that he never could refuse any request however unreasonable it might seem to his better judgment. Her good temper enabled her to yield so easily and so becomingly in all small matters, that she was always sure to have her way in every thing which seemed to contribute to her real gratification, and she was thus enabled to indulge her taste for gaiety and expense, without in the least degree impairing the harmony of her pleasant home. Proud of his beautiful wife, pleased with the respect and deference with which she always treated him, confiding implicitly in her really good principles, and conscious that her affections never wandered from her duties, Mr. Weldon found his highest pleasure in anticipating her every wish. His sister sometimes remonstrated and reproved, but her opinions had but little weight, and Lizzie was allowed to acquire habits which were only fitted for a life of self-indulgence; while her years fled by without affording her the experience which the ordinary chances and changes of time bring to all.

I saw but little of Lizzie during this period, for the dissipation in which she lived, did not harmonize with the quiet in which my heart found happiness. I heard continually of Mrs. Weldon's splendid parties, of her costly equipages, of her extravagance in dress, of her brilliant success in society, and of the singular attachment which subsisted between the young wife and her elderly husband, undisturbed as it seemed by all the allurements of society, on the one side, and the increasing distaste to gay life on the other. But a few years passed away, and all was changed. Mr. Weldon died suddenly, and a will, which bequeathed his fine fortune to be equally divided between his wife and sister, was found in his desk, *without signature*. Miss Weldon, however, produced a will of much earlier date, legally executed several years previous to his marriage, which gave to his sister his whole estate, and Lizzie now found herself totally unprovided for. Upon further investigation, it was found that there had been an understanding, many years previous, between the brother and sister, respecting the disposition of the estate; and that each had executed a will which secured to the survivor the whole amount of their large and undivided patrimony. The manifest injustice of such a will, after his marriage, had suggested itself to Mr. Weldon, and he had intended to satisfy his conscience by an equal division, but he had deferred the fulfilment of his design until death came to set his seal upon that which was already done.

When I heard of Lizzie's misfortunes, all my former interest in her was renewed, and I was among the first who visited her in her seclusion. I found her looking very lovely in her grief, for she retained at five-and-twenty, much of the fresh beauty which had characterized her at fifteen; and, as her sweet young face looked out from beneath the heavy and ungraceful widow's cap, she seemed

to be enacting some piquant part in a masquerade. But she did grieve heartily and truly for her kind husband, and her total ignorance of the want and value of money, led her to pay little attention, as yet, to the provisions of his unjust will. I could not but lament the fate of one who had lived in an atmosphere of luxury until, it seemed to me, she was unfitted for any other; and, when I saw her total unconsciousness of the unfortunate predicament in which she was placed, I could not but deprecate the injudicious indulgence which had left her now with a character but half formed, and a mind but half developed, to struggle with the exigencies of life. But, Miss Weldon, touched by Lizzie's genuine sorrow for the dead, and her apparent indifference to the change in her fortunes, determined to fulfil, in part, the evident wish of her brother. With a cautious degree of liberality, which certainly did credit to her prudence, she proposed to continue their splendid establishment, on the same scale of magnificence, and offered to share with Lizzie the *income* derived from Mr. Weldon's estate; thus making the widow seemingly independent, while, in fact, all the luxuries which use had now made necessary to her comfort were held only at the good will and pleasure of the spinster. This mockery of wealth might have been rejected by a more sensitive mind, but Lizzie had never felt any very delicate scruples on the subject of self-indulgence, and knowing that her husband would have wished her to continue the companion of his sister, she seemed quite content to accept Miss Weldon's offer. Indeed she possessed too generous and liberal a spirit to feel that there was any dependence in her position, for she never dreamed that Miss Weldon could feel she was conferring, as an obligation, what her sense of justice must have dictated to her as a duty. So Lizzie continued to indulge her habits of indolence and luxury without a single fear for the future. The protracted morning slumber, the late breakfast served in her dressing-room, the perfumed bath, the attendance of a well-trained dressing-maid at her toilet, and all the thousand wants and whims which unlimited wealth and the command of a train of obsequious servants could create, were still allowed to fill up the measure of her days.

Among my few tried and valued friends of the opposite sex, was one who afforded a living proof of the doctrine of compensations; since Heaven, in denying him all the appliances of fortune, had bestowed upon him every thing most desirable in the human character. Frank F— possessed the richest gifts of a commanding and powerful intellect, his brilliant imagination, his sparkling wit, his fervid fancy, his clear judgment, his correct taste, were equally exhibited in his writings and in his daily conversation; while his fine genial qualities, his kindness of heart, his warm affections, his tenderness of nature, and his susceptibility to all generous impulses, made him one of the most attachable as well as one of the most admirable of men. His person was remarkably fine, his head would have charmed a phrenologist, and his sparking, vivid,

expressive countenance left one no opportunity of criticising the irregularity of feature which would have marred a less noble face. He had passed the green springtime of youth, but was in the very prime of manhood, and had I been called to depict the character which came nearest to my beau-ideal of the sex, I should have drawn the portrait of my friend Frank.

Such was the person who accidentally met Mrs. Weldon, when, in the third year of her widowhood, she discarded the more ungraceful portion of her weeds, and returned to the gay scenes which she had once adorned. Her long seclusion, and the quiet touch of sorrow, had given a softness to her manners which added new charms to her beauty, and Frank soon became deeply and desperately in love with the gentle widow. I must confess that I was both disappointed and grieved by this untoward chance, for I estimated Frank too much to contemplate with patience his attachment to so frivolous a character. The devotion of such a heart to such an idol seemed to me little better than desecration. But the voice of reason has little influence over the dictates of passion, and though I availed myself of the privilege of long-tried friendship, in my remonstrances against the folly of such an attachment, I found all my arguments of no avail.

"You do not know Mrs. Weldon," said Frank to me, one day, when I had been discoursing at some length of her utter incapacity for loving as he deserved to be loved; "you do not know her, if you believe her to be incapable of strong emotions. There are some hearts, in which, as in the burning soil of a tropical climate, passion-flowers spring up spontaneously, but there are others where are found only the sweet wild-flowers of the gentler affections, until culture brings forth the perfumed blossoms of a sunnier clime. The full strength of Lizzie's womanly nature has never been called forth. The joyousness of temper which to you seems an evidence of frivolity, is but the overflow of a deep and living spring of tenderness which lies unstirred within her bosom."

"And can you believe, Frank, that in all the changes which come over woman's character from childhood to youth—as a maiden, and as a wife—can you believe that those deep affections could still remain hidden, if she really possessed them?"

"Surely, surely," was his earnest reply; "she never knew the strong love which binds a daughter to the mother who watches over her infancy, and to the father who guards her youth; a feeling somewhat filial, but less devoted in its character—a feeling of mingled respect and gratitude—bound her to her husband; the maternal instincts, which in so many hearts supply the place of passionate emotions, have never been awakened in her heart; her duties have all been performed without the need of earnest affections; her character is only half-developed."

"And now, at eight-and-twenty, you expect to discover and bring to light these precious treasures?"

"I do; nay more, I have already succeeded in inspiring emotions such as never before disturbed the calm current of her life."

"Wait till the moment of self-sacrifice comes, and then test the value of that which you deemed fine gold, Frank; if she could relinquish all her selfish indulgences, and adapt herself perfectly and entirely to your fortunes, I might give her credit for some energy of feeling and action; but her position places her above the reach of such a trial, and you will be more likely to be spoiled by the luxury with which your marriage will surround you."

"Good heavens! my dear madam, is it possible you do not know the penalty attached to her union with me? Miss Weldon, upon whom her husband's sudden death left her entirely dependent, has declared that in the event of a second marriage, she shall withdraw the allowance which she has hitherto permitted her to derive from the estate."

"Can it be possible? What then is to be done?"

"For my part, I am glad of it, since it obviates my only objection to wedding the object of my tenderest love. I would not have the world give me credit for a prudential marriage, and when we are united, Lizzie will be as poor as myself."

"And has she consented to be your wife at such a sacrifice?"

"I have a great mind not to satisfy your ungenerous doubts. We are to be married next week."

"But what will you do, Frank, with so perfectly useless a wife?"

"I am going to settle in the West, that Eldorado of all imprudent and unsuccessful people."

I laughed heartily at this wild project. "What! take Lizzie to a log-cabin, and expect her to cook your bacon and knead your bread? Why, Frank, she never rises in the morning till eleven o'clock, and then cannot breakfast except upon French chocolate, served up in Sèvres china."

"She will learn better, and be all the happier in the novelty of a different kind of life."

I shook my head with a most knowing expression of doubt and dissatisfaction, and our conversation ended.

A second time I saw Lizzie arrayed as a bride, and if she had lost some of the freshness of her glad youth, I fancied she had gained something more elevated and noble from the daily contemplation of moral excellence in her lover. But, when I looked on Frank, and remembered that he was, now, in the very lowest ebb of fortune, and that he was uniting to his own the destiny of a creature nursed in the lap of luxury, I could have wept at my own melancholy forebodings.

Miss Weldon fulfilled her threat, for her indignation at Lizzie's second marriage knew no bounds, and the gentle widow was a portionless and penniless bride. A few weeks were given to the enjoyment of society, and then the newly wedded pair wended their way to the Far West.

Twelve months had elapsed after their departure, when I was gladdened by a letter from Frank F.

"How you would wonder," he said, "if you could look in upon us now. Lizzie is actually cooking a piece of bacon for my dinner, and its savoury smell mingles with the rich steam of the corn-bread which

she has just placed smoking upon the table. Our house is divided into two apartments—one is our parlour, kitchen, and hall,—the other is our bed-chamber, and Lizzie's taste has contrived to give an air of comfort to the desolate dwelling. Instead of rising at eleven, Lizzie is up with the sun, and her first care is to bring me a cup of soft warm water for my toilet, (for she insists upon my shaving every day, though in this part of the country it is only a weekly luxury.) While I am performing this operation, she prepares our breakfast, and though it is not made of French chocolate, nor drank from any more costly cups than common white delph, yet we enjoy it with an appetite such as only health and happiness can give. I wish you could see how sweet Lizzie looks in her calico dress and clean check-apron. She is a little browned by the sun, and her hands are sadly spoiled, but she is lovelier than ever. I wish you could see her, if it were only to convince you of the truth of my prediction. The fountain of affection has been unsealed, its waters have found a channel broad and deep, and never did man drink from a purer and more refreshing stream."

"Wonders will never cease," said I to myself, as I folded the letter; "Lizzie F— cooking, baking, waiting upon her lazy husband, wearing check-aprons, and—pshaw, it is nothing but a lover's exaggeration."

By and by another letter brought me tidings of an addition to their happiness. Lizzie was a mother; her baby was a sturdy boy, as pretty as its mother, and with every promise of being as robust as its father. "How will all the baking and boiling go on now," thought I, "with this new claimant upon Lizzie's time?" But there came no murmurs in the frequent letters which I received from both my friends, and I must confess, that the refined and intellectual tone of Lizzie's epistolary communications struck me with surprise. She seemed to have undergone a complete metamorphose, and, excepting in her sunny cheerfulness, I could discern no trace of the light-minded, frivolous, indolent woman of fashion.

Seven years passed away, and then another change came over the fortunes of the twain. Miss Weldon was afflicted with a lingering illness, which, while it brought death to watch beside her pillow, still allowed her time to lay aside her prejudices and animosities. She had no relative to inherit her wealth, and the remembrance of the child whom she had reared from infancy, came to her like a gentle vision. She would fain have summoned Lizzie to her sick bed, but it was too late. She did all that she now could, however, and with the news of her death, which I was deputed to convey to my friends, I was enabled also to make them acquainted with their accession to a large and unincumbered property. Of course the log-cabin was speedily abandoned, and among the list of arrivals at the Astor House was soon numbered the name of Frank F—, Esq., and family. I hastened to offer my congratulations, and I hope I may be pardoned if a little curiosity to witness time's changes in Lizzie,

mingled with my better feelings. But Lizzie was one of those happy creatures whom Love renovates faster than Time can despoil. Her person had acquired a noble fulness, without losing the slightest portion of its grace, and her face was as radiant in its fresh beauty as if she had numbered only weeks instead of years, during the latter half of her life. She showed me her three children, fat, chubby little creatures, full of life and animal spirits, as all healthy children should be, and the pride which sparkled in her eye left me in no doubt as to her maternal feelings. She spoke of her husband with a degree of enthusiasm, which charmed me, and, when he entered, and I saw the bright *heart-beam* which flashed over her face, as she looked upon him, I readily acknowledged in my own soul that Frank had proved a true seer. Love had wrought

out his mighty work,—the beautiful statue had been vivified by his touch, and the heart which had so long slumbered in quiet apathy, now throbbled with the firm, strong, healthful pulsations of self-forgetting and devoted womanly tenderness.

Lizzie still lives in comfort and affluence, the idol of her husband, the beloved of her children, admired and esteemed by all who know her, and affording by her daily life, a beautiful testimonial of Love's magic.

Reader, there are hundreds of women who live and die with energies but half awakened, and characters but half developed. The oracle within their souls is dumb, or only utters those unintelligible words which require the interpretation of the prophet voice of Love or Sorrow ere they can be fully understood.

THE ARM CHAIR.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

(See Plate.)

THERE's pleasure in the humblest home,
If childhood's smile is there,
And comfort in the lowliest room,
Where stands an old Arm Chair,—
We know that Hope, with heaven-bright flame,
Hath warm'd the mother's breast;
We know the father's toil-worn frame
Hath found a place of rest;
Bright visions of the household band,
Of love, and faith, and prayer,
Heart joined with heart, and hand with hand,
Surround the old Arm Chair.

But childhood's happy grace can give
A charm to homes most fair,
And wealth, if wise, will never live
Without his good Arm Chair;—
It is a throne of holy power,
If hearts of love surround,

A refuge in the world-sick hour,
Where soothing dreams are found;—
What nerves the care-bow'd man with strength,
Life's battle field to dare?
That he and his may rest at length,
Within a good Arm Chair.

The monarch, on his golden throne,
Of hundred kings the heir,
Can he, as man, compare with one
Who wins his good Arm Chair?
With willing hand and open mind,
Looks up, clear-eyed, to heaven,
Strong, pure, and free as mountain wind,
And kind as dews of even?
Ay, such the man that God hath bless'd,
Whom angels guard with care,
He'll rest, and see his lov'd ones rest,
Within his own Arm Chair!

SONG.

BY C. FENNO HOFFMAN.

I ASK not what shadow came over her heart,
In the moment I thought her my own—
If love in that moment could really depart,
I mourn not such love when 'tis flown!
I ask not what shadow came over her then,
What doubt did her bosom appal,
For I know where her heart will turn truly again,
If it ever turned truly at all!

It is not at once that the reed-bird takes wing,
When the tide rises high round her nest,
• But again and again, floating back, she will sing
O'er the spot where her love-treasures rest:
And oh, when the surge of distrust would invade,
Where the heart hoped forever to dwell,
Love long upon loitering pinions is stayed,
Ere his wings waves a mournful farewell.

TOO CONSCIENTIOUS TO DANCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"MAY I have the pleasure of your hand for the next cotillion, Miss Anderson?" said a Mr. Green, addressing a young lady to whom he had been introduced at an evening party.

"Thank you, sir, I never dance," was the somewhat grave reply, and the young lady drew back her head with dignity.

"Never dance!" the young man said, in a slight tone of surprise, seating himself beside Miss Anderson as he spoke. "I thought all young ladies danced."

"No, sir. All do not dance. I know very many who never engage in any thing so idle and trifling as dancing."

"Idle and trifling! What do they do, pray, at evening parties?"

"Engage in rational and instructive conversation, sir. Life is too serious a matter to waste in mere dancing. We are placed here for higher purposes. For my part, I think dancing sinful."

"Dancing sinful!" ejaculated the young man. "Excuse me, but I should be glad if you would point out in what its sinfulness consists."

"It is a waste of time, for one thing, and that is sinful. And then it is a mere amusement. Every reflecting mind must see that the design of our Creator in placing us here, had reference to something above idle pleasure-taking—and any deviation on our part from that design must be sinful."

"Yes, but you must remember, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

"A mere idle saying."

"Not at all, Miss Anderson. It is a truth, expressed though it be in homely phrase, and one of very general application. Mind as well as body needs recreation."

"But not such recreation as dancing. Surely, you will not call jumping about on the floor to the music of a piano or violin, conduct for a rational being. Look, now, at that cotillion! Is it not hard to convince yourself that the young ladies and gentlemen who compose it are really in their senses?"

"And so you think it sinful to dance?" Mr. Green said, after pausing a moment or two to reflect whether or no it would not be wasting words to endeavour to convince the young lady, that dancing was not only innocent in itself, but really useful to those who participated in it with actional moderation. His conclusion was not to waste his arguments.

"Certainly I do," was the emphatic answer.

"Then, if you think it sinful, you ought not to participate in it, by any means," he said gravely.

"But as I do not, and as my heels and toes have felt exceedingly restless ever since the music commenced, I must seek out some one less conscientious than yourself." And so saying, Mr. Green arose, and slightly bowing, turned away in search of a partner. In his next offer he was more successful.

"O yes. I knew *she* wouldn't refuse!" Miss Anderson remarked sarcastically, to a young lady by her side, as she saw Mr. Green with his partner complete a new set. "Sarah Ellery would dance all night if she could get a partner. She's a forward, bold kind of a girl, anyhow! I never could bear her. She would laugh and dance at a funeral, I believe. I should be sorry indeed, if I had all her idle words to answer for. A serious thought, I don't suppose, ever passed through her head. And just see how foolishly she dresses. What use, I should like to know, is there in that bunch of flowers in her hair? Or in those rosettes. And her sleeves too—did you ever see such unbecoming things? But they're the last fashion, and that's all she cares about. And there's Emeline Crawford in the same cotillion. She'd a great deal better be at home attending on her sick sister. Just look at Mary Walker's waist! Isn't she laced to death! It really makes me angry to see girls act so. She thinks Henry Jacobs admires a small waist, and so screws herself up to please his eye. It's too bad! Well, thank goodness! I never was such a simpleton. And there's Caroline Murry with her sister's dress on! Or, I suppose, they have but one good dress between them, and go out alternately. It is certain you never see them together."

"Perhaps there is a reason why they cannot both leave home together," suggested the lady by her side.

"No doubt of it," said Miss Anderson. "That one dress is the reason, depend on it! You wouldn't catch me out in any body else's dress, I know! I'd be above going into company unless I could appear in my own clothes."

"Are you particularly acquainted with Caroline Murry and her sister?" asked the lady.

"No—nor do I wish to be. I never keep company with girls of their frivolous character."

"Why do you call them frivolous, Miss Anderson?"

"Look and judge for yourself. There is Caroline, now before you. Watch her face for ten minutes at a time, and see if it has once a serious expression. Listen to her conversation, and note if she utters a serious word. All is froth and chaff."

"You do not know Miss Murry, I find," was

the lady's quiet reply to this. "If you did, you would estimate her differently."

This rebuke offended Miss Anderson, and she replied a little warmly—

"I am not in the habit of forming a wrong estimate of people. A tree is readily known by its fruits."

"Justly said," returned the lady by her side, and then, as neither of them felt much inclined to continue in conversation with the other, a prolonged silence followed.

After Mr. Green had danced long enough to satisfy his excitable heels and toes, and had thought over, in the mean time, Miss Anderson's objections to the innocent amusement in which a large proportion of the younger members of the company were engaged, he felt curious to have a little more talk with her, and so took a vacant seat by her side.

"Can't I prevail upon you to be my partner in the next set?" he said jocosely.

"No, sir, you cannot!" was the prompt reply, while not a feature relaxed from its dignified, half offended expression.

"I wish I could induce you to get upon the floor. I am sure you would feel better," urged Mr. Green good humouredly.

"If you are so anxious to dance, Mr. Green, you can get plenty of partners. There is Caroline Murry. She's always in the market for a cotillion." This was said with a very perceptible sneer.

Now Mr. Green was in the habit of saying plain things, in a plain way to almost every one. He meant no offence; but it was a failing with him—so many of his friends thought—to speak out upon nearly all subjects the exact truth as it appeared to him. It was this peculiarity of his character which caused him to reply, notwithstanding Miss Anderson was only a mere acquaintance, after this fashion.

"Well now, Miss Anderson, to speak out the plain truth as it strikes me, I don't think dancing at all to be compared, as an evil, with the spirit that prompts us to speak unkindly and censoriously of each other. Caroline Murry might dance with every young man in the room, and yet be perfectly innocent—but you cannot indulge in the temper that caused you to allude to her as you did just now, without committing sin."

"Honestly and justly spoken. Mr. Green!" said the lady to whom Miss Anderson had so freely indulged her ill-natured remarks. "I find we are getting two parties in our evening social assemblies. A dancing party, and a party too conscientious to indulge in any amusements. The latter, having nothing to do but to sit and look on, and finding their subjects of conversation rather limited, soon fall to work and criticise, and find fault with those around them who do not look upon the world with their eyes. And what is even worse, too often indulge in an ill-natured and wicked judgment of their motives."

"You do not refer to me, I hope," Miss Anderson said, looking the lady somewhat sternly in the face.

"You know, my young friend, whether or no you have acted as I have said. If not, then I could not have alluded to you. If you have done so, however, the wise course for you is to go and sin no more in this respect."

"Thank you, ma'am!" returned Miss Anderson with offended dignity, and turned away. In a few moments after, she arose and sought a place in another portion of the room, beside a young lady with whom she could interchange the very sentiments that it best pleased her to utter.

"Dancing versus ill-nature! Which is most sinful? That is the cause to be tried," said Mr. Green, half laughing, as Miss Anderson stepped with a slow, dignified air across the room.

"Yes, that has come to be the question," remarked the lady seriously.

"And one not hard for sensible people to decide."

"No. But, unfortunately, there are too few in society who think for themselves, and for themselves determine principles of action. Dancing, for instance, is pronounced an evil in certain influential quarters, and forthwith we find a number of persons who before had danced without the first thought of evil, giving up the delightful means of social enjoyment, seating themselves like stocks at an evening party, and throwing a chilling influence over every one who happens to come in contact with them. It is not the sound dictate of their own unbiassed judgment, that has led them to this course; but the mere result of prescriptive opinion. They do not, in the light of rational intelligence, determine a thing to be evil, in just the degree that it is done from an evil end. They know nothing of the doctrine that it is the end from which a thing is done, that gives quality to the action, and determines it to be good or evil. But, it is insinuated into their minds that dancing, for instance, is wrong, and forthwith they give up dancing, which is only an innocent expression of joyful feelings—a measured response of the body to exhilarating music—but retain all their ill-nature, selfishness, love of detraction, and every evil affection of their corrupt hearts. Instead of shunning these evils as sins, they give up dancing and indulge them fourfold."

"Really, you are warm upon the subject," Mr. Green said, with his usual frankness.

"It is because I feel warmly in regard to it. There is Miss Anderson, who has just left us, offended by my plain speaking. She has, among other ill-natured remarks, alluded to Caroline Murry and her sister in a very unkind manner. And yet the Miss Murrys are her superiors in every way—morally, as well as intellectually. Let me relate to you an incident in which all three were concerned, and which bears upon a sneering remark made by her a little while ago. You are aware, I presume, that when Mr. Murry died, he left an embarrassed estate. In the settlement of

this there was a good deal of mismanagement, finally resulting in the loss of every thing, except an annuity of two hundred dollars each for the two daughters, who, by the death of their father, were left alone in the world at the early age of sixteen. They were twin-sisters, and tenderly attached to each other. An aged aunt had always lived in their father's house, and been dependent upon him. She was, of course, thrown destitute upon the world. But the affectionate girls would not permit her to be separated from them. They took a small, neat house, and a low rent, and after furnishing it as comfortably as was required, had the residue of their father's furniture, which had been left with them, sold, and the amount obtained from it, invested so as to swell their regular income. This it did but slightly. Here they still live, with their aged aunt, ministering to all her wants, and denying themselves in various ways in order to keep a home for her. To their slender income they add whatever they can earn by sewing. But it requires great economy and prudence for them to live—and the practice of constant self-denial. But you always find them cheerful. Look at Caroline now! Is there a happier or sweeter face here to-night? Her temper is as sweet as her face. She looks upon every one with kindness, and never speaks of another except to allude to some good quality.

"During the early part of the winter, an effort was made among the members of the church to which both the Miss Murrys and Miss Anderson belong, to raise a certain sum of money to buy fuel, food, and clothing for the poor of the congregation. Miss Anderson is an orphan as well as the others,—but with this difference—she has an income of two thousand dollars a year, and they, as I have said, but two hundred each. Well, it fell to my lot to call, with another lady, upon Miss Anderson. When we stated our errand, she drew herself up coolly, and said, that she made it a point not to give to poor people. Their poverty was usually their own fault, and to supply their wants was only to encourage them in idleness and improvidence. We did not urge the matter upon her, for we wished all who gave to do so in cheerfulness and freedom. Our next call was upon the twin sisters. I cannot soon forget that interview. Both myself, and the friend who accompanied me, were on terms of close intimacy with them, and they therefore

concealed nothing from us. I need not go into a minute account of the interview. Its result was briefly this. A determination to give twenty dollars. The sum was a large one for them, but it was given in the spirit of pure self-sacrifice for the good of others. They were enabled to do it in this way. Their aunt is quite old, and they never, on that account, leave her alone. One of them always remains with her. Of course both could not go into company at the same time. Caroline was dressed to go out shopping when we called upon them, and was going to purchase two handsome dresses, the patterns of which they had chosen, with some other things, preparatory to the coming social season. After we had stated our errand, Caroline thought a moment, and then proposed to buy only one dress, as they could never go out together, to be worn by the one whose turn it should be to go into company. The sister instantly acquiesced, with a cheerful pleasure that really caused the tears to dim my eyes. We remonstrated—but they seemed to feel it to be an obligation, which as Christians, they owed to the poor—thanked us for reminding them of their duty, and handed us twenty dollars! Now, as a sequel to this, I cannot help alluding to the fact, that the young lady who was too conscientious to give to the poor, and too conscientious to dance, did not hesitate to sneer at these sisters, because she had made the discovery that they owned but one party dress, alleging it as her belief, that the reason why only one of them was seen in company at a time, was because they had only one decent dress between them!"

Mr. Green sat silent and thoughtful for some time after his companion had ceased speaking. Then he made his own comments upon the incidents related. These need not be mentioned here. He soon after moved to the side of Caroline Murry, and kept his place most of the evening. He found her intelligent, and kind in her allusions to every one—even to Miss Anderson, pitying rather than censuring her for her false views in regard to dancing, and making the excuse for her of a defective education.

After that, Mr. Green was a regular visitor at the house of the sisters. Miss Anderson sneers at this—but will no doubt attend Caroline's wedding soon, as she will be invited.

THE RAINBOW BY MOONLIGHT.

EVEN on the brow of night,
Lovely is the rainbow's hue:
In thy pale ethereal light,
Zone of beauty! thou art bright
As the bow the daylight drew.

Beaming from the midnight storm,
Art thou not more meet to cheer us?
Is not hope a fairer form
Reared alone, than when there swarm
Dear delights around and near us?

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

BY A PARISIAN.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.



GOING A SHOPPING.

ONCE we had shops filled with pretty things, then we had stores; now the stores are changed into immense bazaars, upon entering which, you may imagine a whole town of curiosities to lie before you.

On the ground floor, spacious apartments, ornamented with splendour, counters in a new style, mirrors on all sides, a painted and waxed floor, and magnificent carpets. You imagine yourself deceived, you fancy yourself in the gallery at Versailles, and would not dare to ask for a small quantity of flannel, or a piece of waistcoating in such a palace, if it were not that you perceive a world of clerks and shop boys, coming and going, folding and unfolding, measuring shawls, and selling scarfs, silks, cravats! and a crowd of people of all classes, looking, admiring and buying.

If you wish to go into one of those great establishments, which, despising the outward show of signs and patterns, leave such quackery to shops of a second order, (for example, *those of the Ville de*

Paris,) a gentleman in a black coat, and distinguished for the suavity of his manners, presents himself immediately to know what you want.

"A muslin dress."

The handsome gentleman bows, makes you a sign to follow him, and walks forward. He causes you to pass through various apartments; there are the woollen department, the silk, that of fancy articles, of merinoes, of French shawls, cachemires, and a dozen more. At last you arrive at the muslin room.

Your conductor bows and retires. You now find yourself opposite to several elegant young men, with very good manners, who express themselves well, and remind you of the loungers about the theatres.

These gentlemen spread out the wares before you, with a grace and politeness which charms you—captivated by what they show you, enchanted by their politeness and gallantry, you allow yourself to be persuaded. You intended to spend only 200 francs, you are now in debt to the amount of 1,000. You exclaim—

"I have not so much with me!"

"It is of no consequence at all, madame," is the quick answer. "Do not let that stop you. Choose any thing you want. Take it with you, or let us send it, just as you please!"

How is it possible to resist such politeness, such confidence, such urbanity; you make other purchases, and give your address. They will send every thing home; the young men bow, and offer to show you the way to the door, but you refuse; you are sure you can find it yourself. Nevertheless you are very apt to get lost among the silks, or become bewildered in the cachemere shawls, or batistes; but there are always officious clerks who will lead you out of the labyrinth.

These great stores, instituted upon so royal a plan, are generally only frequented by the rich, and by actresses at the height of their fame, by the commercial aristocracy, who will only wear what comes from one particular shop, and can never admire what has been bought anywhere else. The shops with signs and windows filled with pretty articles of dress, have a much gayer appearance from without; and although besides the ground floor, they almost all have large rooms up stairs, grisettes, citizens, and even country people are seen in them. You may meet there a specimen of every class of society, and often observe strange and amusing scenes.

There is always a crowd before the windows—a crowd of women, young and old, pretty and ugly, all so fond of dress. How they admire these shawls, so beautifully folded, and these dresses, arrayed so artistically across each other! Listen a moment.

"I like that red one on top best; red is so becoming to me."

"Oh! Adelaide, if I had a cravat like that to wear to your wedding, how happy I should be!"

"What a sweet shawl!"

"The figure of it is beautiful."

"It is a French cachemire; how long I have wanted one."

And the lady sighs. A great many ladies sigh when they look into shop windows.

Let us go inside. Here is a rich old lady who is going to buy a dress at 29 sous a yard, and who, for fear of being cheated, has brought with her her sister, her niece, and her sempstress. She will look at thirty pieces before she decides upon one; for nobody is so particular as a lady who is no longer young, and who has never been handsome.

Here is a pretty little woman with a young man, they are a new married couple; they will not buy any thing without consulting each other. The husband wants a waistcoat, the wife a dress. Waistcoats are shown to the husband, who says to his wife—

"Which do you like the best of all those?"

"But, my dear, you had better choose. It is for you."

"No matter. I wish it to be according to your taste. You always know. I like that which pleases you."

"And do you look at these. Which will make me the prettiest dress?"

"I! I know nothing about such things."

"Yes! Yes, you must choose it. I will take whichever you prefer."

After a long consultation, the husband chooses the dress, the wife the waistcoat; the consequence is, the lady wanted a green dress, he has fixed upon a gray one; the gentleman wanted a striped waistcoat, she has chosen a spotted one. They bite their lips, and try to look pleased, and are in reality very much displeased with their purchases.

Here is a tall woman who talks very loud, and moves from side to side as she does so. She must be a sempstress. She applies to every shopman. She has in her hand a small bit of some stuff that she wants to match; she looks at twenty different pieces, exclaiming:

"This is it. Oh, no, no it is not that, this is a shade darker."

After exhausting the patience of the shopmen for three quarters of an hour, she at last finds it, and takes—a quarter of a yard.

Here are two grisettes looking at merinoes for spencers; but they cannot decide as to the colour. The shopman exhausts his commercial vocabulary to persuade them to take that of which he has the most.

"Take this, Miss. You will be pleased with it, I know, and it will wear so well, you will come back and thank me for it. It is a very fashionable colour."

Farther on, a young girl is examining a simple shawl, a very humble one, which she wishes to make a present to her mother; for this she has put by a little money at a time for the last year. She has not been able to lay up much, but her mother will have a shawl for Sundays, and she is in great need of one.

A stout gentleman comes in with a lady leaning on his arm. By the ill pleased look on the gentleman's face, and by his manner of frowning, it is easy to perceive that he has come to make some purchases for his wife.

Look. They are approaching the counter, the gentleman separates his arm from the lady's, and throws himself into a chair, saying—

"Well! choose what you want, since you are always wanting something. What plagues wives are. Bachelors are lucky fellows! They have not to pay for all these things."

"You cannot complain of me; I spend very little on my dress."

"Quite enough, I think."

"I have worn this dress three years."

"And if you had worn it ten, and it still looked new, what need you have another? but go on."

The lady looks at different stuffs; when she sees any thing she likes, she shows it to her husband, who asks the price of it, and makes a grimace, muttering—

"It is too dear. I told you how much I would spend. I will not go beyond it."



"But, my dear, I want a good dress, and a very little more"—

"My dear, I don't understand that at all. You must be economical—choose something cheaper."

The lady tries very hard to persuade him; but he intrenches himself behind the words *economy* and *order*, until he carries his point.

The stout gentleman now goes away in a good

humour, because he has obliged his wife to take a little less than the proper quantity for her dress, telling her that she always wears them too full. Whatever may be the satisfaction of such people, it never can exceed that of the poor young girl who has brought her little savings to purchase a shawl for her mother.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

SHE stood with open lips and earnest eye,
Her eager face turned upward to the sky,
Watching the heavy clouds, that o'er the blue
The deepening darkness of their shadows threw,
While, ever and anon, a quivering light
Burst from their folds and made them briefly bright—
A moment's splendor quenched in deeper gloom,
And followed by the far-off thunder's boom!

Delight, half-tempered by religious awe,
Kindled her face at all she heard and saw;
And her clear eye grew brighter, with the glow
Of thoughts that stirred her bosom's depths below.
What radiant vision to her gaze was given?
What rapturing melody was heard from heaven?
For who beheld her thus, all eye, all ear,

Tranced in a bliss too perfect for our sphere,
Might well believe she held communion high
With the pure spirits of the upper sky,
And heard the songs that ransomed spirits sing,
And golden harps with music quivering!

"Daughter!" her mother said, with gentlest tone,
"Too long you linger while the rain comes on—
Haste—for the clouds grow darker."

Then the child
Looked in her mother's serious face, and smiled
With more of meaning than could be allied
To human words: "Oh, mother dear!" she cried,
(As burst again the thunder's sullen roar,)
"I hear God's horses trampling Heaven's high floor!"

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH KITCHEN.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN SANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "THE AMERICAN IN PARIS," ETC.

THE English are before all nations in bull-dogs; perhaps also in morals; but for the art of dressing themselves and their dinners the first honours are due by general acknowledgment to the French. The French are therefore entitled to our first and most serious consideration.

FRENCH KITCHEN.

The Revolution having broken up the French clerical nobility, cookery was brought out from the cloisters, and made to breathe the free and ventilated air of common life, and talents no longer engrossed by the few, were forced into the service of the community. A taste was spread abroad, and a proper sense of gastronomy impressed upon the public mind. Eating-houses, or *restaurants*, and *cafés* multiplied, and skill was brought out by competition to the highest degree of cultivation and development. The number of such houses now in Paris alone, exceeds six thousand. But the shortest way to give value to a profession is to bestow honour and reward upon those who administer its duties, and to this policy, nowhere so well understood as in Paris, the French kitchen chiefly owes its celebrity. I begin therefore with a brief notice of some of its most distinguished artists.

I must premise, however, that in fine arts generally, and eating in particular, America lags behind the civilization of Europe, a deficiency the more to be deplored that ingenious foreigners who visit us, do not fail to infer from it a low state of morals and intellect. How, indeed, entertain a favourable opinion of a nation which gives us bad dinners! I must observe, too, that women are the natural pioneers in this and other matters of taste, and that their special province is to take care their country be not justly at least subjected to these injurious imputations. Men, it is true, are accounted the best cooks, and the kitchen, like the grammar, prefers the masculine to the feminine gender; but this argues no incapacity in the sex, as I shall show hereafter, but a mere physical inferiority. The best culinary critics and natural legislators in this department, are indisputably women. And farther, it is scarcely possible to impress the world with an idea of one's gentility without a studied knowledge of this science, its very language having become a part of the vocabulary of polite conversation. All over Europe it is ranked with the liberal sciences, and has its apparatus, its technology like the rest. Indeed, a very sensible French writer, president of the court of Cassation, has declared gastronomy to be of greater use and dignity than astronomy; "for," says he, "we have stars enough, and we can never

have enough of dishes." Nor is it to be looked at as a mere accomplishment to him or her who visits Paris, but a dire necessity. How often, alas, have I seen a poor countryman seated in despair at a French table, scratching his head over its crabbed catalogue of hard names, as a wrecked voyager who looks from his plank upon the desolate sea for some signs of safety—upon its fifty soups, its *consommé*; *puré, à la julien*; its *casserole, grenouilles, poulets en blanquets, &c.* Nothing can he see, for the life of him, in all this, but castor oil, green owls, and chickens in blankets.

Some writers do indeed pretend that republicanism is of a gross nature, and opposed to any high degree of polish in this and the other arts. But it is sheer assertion without a shadow of evidence. Surely, the Roman who dined at Lucullus's, with Tully and Pompeius Magnus, in the "Hall of Apollo;" and surely the Athenian, who passed his morning at an oration of Pericles in the senate, who strolled after dinner with Phidias to the Pantheon, who went to the new piece of Sophocles at night, and to complete his day supped with Aspasia, was not greatly to be pitied or condemned by the most flagrant *gourmands* of Crockford's or Tortoni's. These are but foreign and monarchical prejudices, which will wear away under the slow but sure influence of time and the ladies. Indeed, if I am not greatly mistaken, there is a revolution in eating silently going on in this country at this very time. Many persons in our large cities begin already to show taste in culinary inquiries, and a proper appreciation of the dignity of the subject; and, in some instances, a degree of the enthusiasm which always accompanies and intimates genius, and which leaves the question about capacity for the higher attainments indisputable. I know a lady of this city—a Quaker lady—who never speaks of terrapins without placing her hand upon her heart. I shall now proceed, without any apology for selecting the "Lady's Book" as a proper medium, to offer some remarks upon this interesting subject.

The classical school has at its head the name of Beauvilliers, of the Rue Richelieu, No. 20. He was in great vogue at the end of the imperial government, and in 1814, 15, shared with Verry the favour of "our friends the enemy," as he used to call the allies. He left a standard work, in one vol. 8vo, on the *Art de Cuisine*, and closed his illustrious career the same year as Napoleon, and his monument rivals the heroes of Wagram and Rivoli, at Pere la Chaise. He died, too, of a good old age, in the course of nature; while the tap of the drum was thy death larum, Prince of Moscow.

At the head of the romantic school, and ahead at no moderate distance, is Jean de Careme, whose works are in the hands of every one, and whose name is identified with the great personages of his age. His descent is from the famous Chef of Leo X., and is called Jean de Careme, (Jack of Lent,) in honour of a *soupe maigre* he invented for his holiness during the abstemious season. He began his studies with a regular course of roasting, under celebrated professors, served his time to sauces under Richaut, of the House of the Prince de Condé, and finished his studies with Robert the elder, author of "*Elegance Moderne*," a person remarkable not only for his great invention, but for a bad memory, as you may see in his epitaph—

Qui des l'age le plus tendre,
Inventa la soupe Robert;
Mais jamais il ne peut apprendre
Ni son credo ni son Pater.

After refusing nearly all the sovereigns of Europe, he was prevailed upon to become chef to George IV. at 1600 guineas per annum. But at Carlton House he was before the age, and quit after a few months, indignant at wasting his time upon a nation so imperfectly able to appreciate his services. On his return he accepted an appointment from the Baron Rothschild, and remained with "the Jew," dining the best men of a glorious age, and acquiring new laurels till the close of life, with the conscious pride of having consecrated his entire mind to the advantage and honour of his native country.—Drop a tear, gentle reader, if thou hast ever tasted a *soupe maigre a la Pape Pie-sept*, or *Potage a la Rothschild*—a tear upon the memory of Jack of Lent!

Verry, of the Palais Royal, also is of this school, and belongs to the *haute cuisine*. He feasted the allied sovereigns, and has a monument at *Pere la Chaise*, on which you will read this simple inscription,

"His life was devoted to the useful arts."

This is a name also to be revered wherever eating is held in proper veneration—a veritable and authentic artist, seeking fame by no diplomatic trick, no *ruse de cuisine*, but honestly and instinctively obeying the impulses of his splendid abilities. He employed his mornings and heat of imagination in composing—pouring out a vast number of dishes, as Virgil used to do verses of the *Æneid*, and giving his afternoons, when fancy was cool and judgment predominated, to revisal, correction, and experiment. A person came in once of a morning inconsiderately to consult him, and addressing the waiter, "*Pas visible, Monsieur*," replied the garçon, with an air significative of his sense of the impropriety, "*Il composé*;"—and the gentleman with an apologetic bow retired.

I omit many others of nearly equal dignity, for want of space. There is one, however, of the old school, who, like Homer or Hesiod, announced from afar the future glory of his country, whom I cannot pass altogether in silence—*Vatel*. While in Paris, I went out to Chantilli—the Utica of the gourmands

—not, as you may conceive, to see the races, or the stables of the great Condé, that cost thirty millions, or his *magnifique maison de Plaisance*, which opened its folding doors to a thousand guests of a night, but . . . I stood in the very spot in which the illustrious Martyr fell upon his sword—the very spot in which he screamed in glorious agony—"Quoi le marais n'arrive pas encore!" and died. Poor fellow! scarce had they drawn the fatal knife from his throat when the codfish arrived. I would give more of this tragical history, but it is told in its beautiful details by Madame de Sevigné, to whom the reader is respectfully referred . . . I must hasten to other branches of my subject.

Houses of established notoriety in Paris, are quite numerous, beginning, most of them, upon the fame of a single dish, and many new ones are struggling into notice by some specific excellence. So ingenious persons often practise one of the virtues, and thereby get up a reputation for all the others. For ices you go to Tortoni's, of course; for a *vol-au-vent*, to the Provincial Brothers; for a delicious *salmi*, to the Café de Paris; to Verry's for *truffles*, and to the Rocher Cancale for *turbots*, *frogs*, and its exquisite wines. The great repute of this house (the Rocher) was originally founded upon oysters. It first overcame the prejudice against those months which are undistinguished by the letter *r*, serving its oysters equally delicious in all the months of the year. It gave a dinner in 1819, which was the topic of general conversation for one month—about two weeks more than is given in Paris to a revolution. The bill is published for the eye of the curious in the *Almanach des Gourmands*. Frogs having been made to talk by *Æsop*, and looking so very like little babies, when swimming in their ponds, many dilettanti, especially ladies, feel an aversion to eating them; and the French, being the first of the moderns to introduce them generally upon the table, have infixed thereby a stigma indelibly upon the French name, their *brachtrachtonymical* designation being now as significative as the "John Bull" of a neighbouring kingdom. An Englishman being compelled lately to go to Paris on business, and holding frogs in abhorrence, especially French frogs, carried his provisions with him. I take the occasion to state that this was an idle apprehension, and that Paris not only has other provisions now, but that this quadruped is even less common, perhaps, in the French than the English kitchen. But, indeed, to the refined and ingenious it is in good esteem, always—especially to professors, doctors, *savans*, and diplomatists, the classes most addicted to gourmandize in all countries. These do not forget that the same immortal bard who sang of heroes and the gods, sang also of bullfrogs.

The French being naturally a more social people than the English, and being less wealthy, and having less comfortable homes, frequent more public-houses; so that these establishments are, of course, made to excel in decoration and convenience as well as science. Indeed, cookery at home,

and many other things at home, will always want the stimulus necessary to a very high state of improvement. No one of the arts has attained eminence ever, unless fostered by rivalry and public patronage, and brought under the popular inspection. Much is said about the undomesticated way of the French living, but certain it is that the social qualities have gained more than the domestic have lost, and it is certain that the wealthy and fashionable French are after all less erratic in their habits and less discontented with their homes than the domestic and comfortable English. Comfort! comfort! nothing but comfort! To escape, they wander everywhere upon the broad sea and land, and reside among the Loo-koos, Creeks, and Negroes—everywhere disgusted. Where—into what uncivilized nook of earth can you go without finding even their women?

"If to the west you roam,
There some blue's 'at home.'
Among the blacks of Carolina,
Or fly you to the east, you see
Some Mrs. Hopkins at her tea
And toast, upon the walls of China."

The very genteel Parisians do not incurber their houses with kitchens at all, and that ugly hebdomadal event, a washday, is totally unknown in the Parisian domestic economy. The families dine out in a family group, or by appointment with friends, or the dinner is served in their apartments—a duty which is assigned to an individual you meet everywhere in a white nightcap and apron, and whom they call a *traiteur*. Not a fellow to be quartered and his head set up on the Temple Bar, but a loyal subject, very welcome in the best houses, and dignified as the *entrepreneur general* of diplomatic dinners.

What a gay and animated picture the Parisian restaurant with its spacious mirrors, and marble tables gracefully distributed, with its pretty woman at the *comtoir*, erected for her often at the expense of many thousand francs, and with its linen of the winnowed snow, the whole displayed at night under a blaze of glittering chandeliers, and alive with its joyous and various company! The custom of dining the best bred ladies in these public saloons give them an air of elegance, decency and vivacity it is in vain to hope for under any direction where there is a public separation of the sexes, as in England and America.

Cooking, like the drama, will conform with public opinion, and bad eaters and bad judges of a play are alike the ruin of good houses, and the reputation of the artists. Woe to the gastronomy of a people whose public taste is gross and uncultivated. In those countries where men dine with cynical voracity in fifteen minutes, why talk of it?—*dine*, as Careme eloquently and indignantly expresses it, as if they had craws for the comminution of their food after its deglutition.

I remember about five hundred dyspeptics who used to group themselves about the Red Sulphur, (which they preferred of all the Virginia Springs

for the abundance of its table;) how they used to saunter about in little squads, or huddle altogether at the source of the little ruby and sulphurous fountain, and discourse the live long day of gastric juices, peristaltic motions, kneading of stomachs, virtues of aliments and remedies, inquiring diligently into the cause that might be assigned for the almost epidemic prevalence of this disease; some blaming the stars, some hot rolls, others the caco-chymical qualities of our American climate, and a few threatened to leave the country. Two Virginia members believed it was the exciting nature of our institutions, and they sat about upon stumps, (these gentlemen having a great affinity for stumps,) pale, abominous, and wan, and nearly disgusted with republicanism; and there was an Irish gentleman, who had a strong suspicion he might have been changed at nurse, for he was a healthy baby.

These things are better managed in China. Chewing is done, they say, at a large Chinese ordinary, by a kind of isochronal movement, regulated by music. They have a leader, as at our concerts, and up go the jaws upon sharp F, and down upon G flat. I wish our "Conscript Fathers" at Washington, if it would not interfere too much with the liberty of the subject, would take this matter under consideration, and if, themselves, they would chew and digest a little more their dinners and speeches, I beg leave to intimate, it would be not only a personal comfort, but an economy of the money and reputation of the republic. The destiny of a nation, says a sensible French writer, may depend upon the digestion of the first minister. Who knows, then, but the distress that has fallen, without any assignable cause, like a blight upon our prosperity; that the contentious ill-humours of our two houses; their sparrings, duellings, floggings, removal of deposits, expungings, vetoings, and disruption of cabinets, may not be chiefly owing to an imperfect mastication by the two honourable bodies, the president, secretaries, and others entrusted with the mismanagement of the country. Legislation on such subjects is not without respectable precedent. The emperor Domitian had it brought regularly before his senate what sauce he should employ upon a turbot. It was put to vote in committee of the whole, and the decree (as related by Tacitus, and translated by the *Almanach des Gourmands*) was a *sauce piquant*.

The entire force of appetite is concentrated in Paris, upon two meals, and an infinite variety of dishes is sought to give enjoyment to these two meals. To dine on a single dish the French call an "atrocious." The precept of the *gourmand* is to economize appetite and prolong pleasure, and therefore intermediate refreshments of all kinds are strictly forbidden. Cake-shops are patronized by foreigners only. Madame Felix—alas, how difficult to resist her seducing little pies!—sells 15,000 daily! If you offer to touch one in company with a Frenchwoman, she insists on your not impairing the integrity of your appetite for the regular meals; and she only remarks, "*C'est pour les Anglais.*"

While the allies staid in Paris, Madame Sullot sold from her room, twelve feet square, of her incomparable *petits patés* 12,000 per day. The Englishman will have his breakfast, will have his lunch, his dinner and supper, and thus anticipating hunger has no meal at all of enjoyment. So, also, is he morose and peevish, snuffing with suspicious nose the flavour of his wine, and approaching his dishes with a degustatory fastidiousness, not unlike that town mouse so well described by Lafontaine. In the cafés you see him alone at his table, spooning his soup, and encouraging appetite by preliminary excitements, or with newspaper, eating and perusing, apparently seeing no one, with an air that intimates the very great honour he does the French nation by dining at all. Moreover, they do not in Paris, as in London, under pretext of giving an appetite, cozen you out of your dinner by oysters. A Frenchman, on a visit to England, once tried this experiment; but, after eating three dozen, he declared he did not feel in the least more hungry than when he began.

The rules of eating of the French table are as accurately defined as axioms of geometry—but these rules I defer to another occasion.

The French Breakfast.—It is not your ghost of a breakfast, tea and toast and the newspaper, to guests eating in their sleep. It is late; it is at eleven; above all it is with appetite sharp from early exercise; it is the ornamental butter of gold in a fine frost-work, as if winter herself had woven it, spicy as Epping or Goshen, and the little loaf and heaving omelet, the agreeable ragout, the fruit and fragrant Burgundy, spread as by the fair hand of Ceres herself upon the snowy linen, bordered blue or red, to enhance its immaculate whiteness. And for those who love better Araby and the Indies, coffee poured from the strainer, fresh and aromatic, into the gilded porcelain, with rich cream, or of a strength to be diluted with more than half milk, poured out exactly at the point of ebullition;—but the Chambertin or Burgundy to refined tastes is better. Coffee, pure, and at its side the little glass of Cognac or Maraschino, worth a pilgrimage to Mocha, is the glorious appendix of the dinner.

The French Dinner.—Atmosphere from 13 to 16 degrees, Reaumur. Dining-room simple, with only mirrors and a few agreeable pictures by Teniers. A light soup introduces this meal, by all means without bread, followed by a gentle glass of claret. A rich and heavy soup, where any thing else is to be served, is a total misconception of a dinner. Then follow, with a nice regard to succession and analogy, fish, poultry, roasts, with the entremets, and finally game. A delicate eater may begin with a *paté* of larks or other *petit plat*, and overleap the fish, which deadens somewhat the sense of delicious aromas; and the dessert is spared always by the very prudent of both sexes. The monstrous desserts are superseded by a better taste. Instead of the Louvre or St. Peter's, of such dimensions as required sometimes the ceiling to be removed, you

have now for the robust olfactories a little Gruer cheese—or for the softer sex, perhaps, an ice, a *crème soufflé*, and you may offer a Dutch lady an accompaniment to her coffee, a little Cupid just starting from sugar candy into life. Each service must have the air of abundance. Any apprehension of deficiency, or the being obliged to refuse out of politeness, would check the appetite and natural impulses of the guests. All that you admit upon your plate is to be eaten; in your glass to be drunk; you intimate otherwise the badness of the fare, and insult your host; besides to have the eyes larger than the appetite is proverbially vulgar. No solos are allowed, or “long yarn,” as it is styled, and lions are in bad taste. Also, there is no rush of waiters; servants at the slightest hint anticipate your wants, and a tender conversation is never interrupted by the untimely interposition or removal of a dish; observing always that a sentence, though two-thirds gone, should it even be a declaration, is to be suspended at the entrance of a *dinde aux truffes*. No one at table descants on the excellence of a dish or the wine. There is no surprise at what one is used to daily. In conversation gentlemen are to be without pretension, and ladies, if possible, without coquetry, and the mind, by all means, left to its natural impulses. No one is pressed—all is “fortuitous elegance and unstudied grace;” this is one of Johnson's definitions of happiness. In the first course the guest is required to be polite merely; he is expected to be gallant in the second, and at the dessert he may be affectionate; but after the champagne . . . (no rules of propriety are laid down in any of the books.)

In the drawing-room is merry conversation and music, if excellent, tea of a rich flavour, or punch of the best. Together at eleven—in bed at midnight.

The English and French hare with truffles, is a delicacy well worth our canvas-backs. The Roman ladies believed the food of hares improved beauty. Martial, in an epigram, tells of a woman so ugly in his time, as to set hares at defiance. I do not know if the modern hare inherits this beautifying quality, and few of my female acquaintances have any interest in the inquiry. Many sensible people, however, believe there is such efficacy in nourishment, and it is worth consideration. Achilles, they remind us, was fed on lion's marrow, and Madame Grisi, I have heard said, was nourished in her tender years upon nightingales' tongues, a diet much to be recommended to others of the quire, some of whom seem to have been brought up upon bulfrogs.

It is a matter of much interest to those who would dine out to have their sense of eating, as far as possible, refined. By rich persons, who entertain, bad eaters are held in a kind of horror, and shunned as much as tuneless ears by musicians. To serve an exquisite dish to a face that expresses no rapture—it is Timotheus' song to the Scythian, who preferred the neighing of a horse. And well-bred gourmands are known to have applied often certain

diagnostics by which to detect indifferent or refined eaters. When a dish of indisputable excellence is served, it is expected the very aspect of it will excite in a well-organized person all the powers of taste, and any one who, under such circumstances, shows no flashes of desire, no radiant ecstasy of countenance, is noted down at once as unworthy, and left out in subsequent invitations.

The learned author of the *Physiognomie du Gout*, has given three sets of dishes, (I beg leave to translate for your edification,) which he calls *eprouvettes gastronomiques*, or tests of good eaters, suited to three several conditions of fortune—for you are not to suppose a person born in the *Rue Coquenard*, though equally endowed, should have the same acumen as one bred *au premier* in the *Rue Rivoli*, or the vicinity of the *Palais Royale*. Here they are:

FIRST CLASS.

Revenue 5000 francs. (*Mediocrity.*)

A large veal steak, larded, and done in its own gravy.

A farmyard turkey, stuffed with chestnuts, from Lyons.

Tame-pigeons, fattened, and larded with a slice of bacon, done nicely.

Eggs *a la neige*.

A dish of sour-kraut, garnished with sausages, and crowned with bacon from Strasbourg.

Expressions.—Pest! that looks well; we must do it honour.

SECOND CLASS.

Revenue 15,000 francs. (*Easy circumstances.*)

Chine of beef *cœur rose*, *piqué*, done in its own gravy.

Haunch of venison, chopped-pickle-sauce.

A boiled turbot.

Leg of mutton, *presalé a la Provençale*.

A turkey with truffles.

Early sweet peas.

Expressions.—Mami! a delicious spectacle.—This is indeed a *regale*.

THIRD CLASS.

Revenue 30,000 francs. (*Affluence.*)

A piece of poultry, 7 lbs., stuffed with truffles of Perigord till it becomes a spheroid.

An enormous pie of Strasbourg, in form of a bastion.

A large carp from the Rhine, *a la chambod*, richly decorated.

Quails with truffles, *a la Mosle*, laid on pieces of buttered toast, and sweet basil.

A rich pike, *piqué*, stuffed and soaked in cream of lobsters, *secundum artem*.

A pheasant *à son point*, *piqué en trouflet*, resting on a roast, done holy-alliance-fashion.

One hundred asparagus, 5 or 6 lines in diameter, in season, *sauce à l'osmagôme*.

Two dozen ortolans, *à la Provençale*, as described in the *secretaire*, and *cuisinier*.

A pyramid of *maringues*, with vanilla and rose. (This last for women only, and men of feminine and delicate habits.)

Expressions.—Ah, milord! An admirable man is your cook! Such dishes are found on your table only.

The last of these bills, our learned author thinks a decisive test of cultivated taste and natural endowments. "I was lately," says he, "at a dinner of gourmands of this third category, and had a fair chance of verifying the effects. After a first course an enormous *coc-vierge de Burbezieux*, *truffé à tout rompre*, et un *Gibraltar de foie gras de Strasbourg*, was brought in. . . . In the whole assembly this apparition produced a marked effect, but difficult to be described. Something like the silent laugh described by Cooper. In fact conversation ceased among all the guests. Their hearts were too full! The attentions of all were soon turned to the skill of the carvers, and when the plates of distribution were passed round, I saw succeed each other, in every countenance, the fire of desire, the ecstasy of joy, the perfect repose of beatitude!

Persons are rarely subject to these violent emotions, if not bred in Paris, and to many they might appear exaggerated, but let them look into history. I will cite a few authentic anecdotes in illustration of this part of the subject; and I will show, too, that these gastronomic emotions and elegant dinners do not appertain exclusively to the French, and are marks of a high civilization in all countries.

Fontenelle, dining a friend one day, and his politeness getting the better of his reason, yielded reluctantly to his desire of having the asparagus dressed with butter instead of oil, and went slowly towards the head of the stairs to give orders to this effect. During the absence his friend had fallen down in apoplexy, which, observing at his return, he hastened back to the stairs: "Cook! cook! cook!" he cried out in a subdued voice, "you can dress them with oil!" and he afforded then to his deceased friend the due offices of humanity.

Judge Savarin, hunting one day with Jefferson, near Paris, caught a couple of hares, and they returned home with their game late in the evening. To lighten the way, the American ambassador related to the judge various anecdotes of Washington; and was encouraged to continue for two or three miles by the close attention and meditative air of his companion. But at length the judge awaking up and breaking through his long silence, said, with the decision of one who has made up his mind, "Yes! I will cook them with truffles," Jefferson being about half through the battle of the Cowpens.

Among the Latins and Greeks a great many interesting examples are recorded of the same kind. *Cratinus* seeing his wine spilt, one day, died of grief; he had survived the loss of his wife. His fate is recorded in *Aristophanes*. *Apicius* sailed to Africa to pass his life there, hearing that the oysters were better than in his native country; but, finding them worse, sailed back again. An epicurean is mentioned by *Athenæus*, who, having eaten a sturgeon at a meal—all but the head—fell into indigestion, and was given up by the doctors—says he,

"Well! if I must die, I'll thank you to bring me in the rest of the fish." Apicius, as it is well known, spent two millions of dollars upon his table, and when he had but a *fippenny-bit* left, blew out his brains.

Some very creditable instances have been found even in England. Pope, the actor, one day received the invitation of a lord: "Dear Pope, if you can dine on a roast, come at six; we have nothing else." He came and acted accordingly. At the conclusion, however, a truffled hare of most appetizing flavour, was brought in. Astonishment and dismay succeeded in Pope's countenance, as he looked at it, scarce believing his eyes. He took up his knife, tried, but could not . . . At length, after several vain efforts, pushing his plate aside and putting down his knife, he said, tears starting in his eyes, "From an old friend, I did not expect this!"

Of Lady Morgan's France, one of the prettiest pages by far, is her description of a dinner at Rothschild's villa, near Paris, served up by the celebrated Careme, at which she was present. A few sentences of which will show that the fair authoress would have run no risk from M. Gerardin's "*Gastronomical eprouvettes*," and furnish proof, if proof be wanting in a matter of such notoriety, that ladies have talents for eating, when rightly cultivated, quite equal to the other sex.

"With less genius," says her ladyship, "than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks as to actors, the wreath of Pasta and Sontag (divine as they were) was never more fairly won than the laurel that should have graced the brow of Careme for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of his art—the standard and gauge of modern civilization. Cruelty, violence, barbarism were the characteristics of men who fed upon the tough fibres of half fed oxen. Humanity, knowledge, refinement, of the generation, whose tastes and temper are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Careme, and such Amphytrions as Rothschild."

Of the dinner, she says, "It was in season; it was up to the time—in the spirit of the age. There was no *peruque* in its composition, no trace of the 'wisdom of our ancestors,' in a single dish; no high-spiced sauces, no *sauce blanche*; no flavour of cayenne and alspice, no tincture of catsup, and walnut pickles; no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cookery of the good old times. Fire and water distillations of the most delicate viands exhaled in silver dews, with chemical precision,

"On tepid clouds of rising steam,"

formed the *fond* of all. Every meat presented its natural aroma; every vegetable its shade of verdure; *margonnese* was fried in ice, (as Ninon said of Sevigne's heart,) and the tempered chill of the *plombian*, which held the place of the eternal *fondus* and *soufflets* of an Englishman's table, anticipated the shock, and broke it of the exaggerated avalanche," &c. &c.

It is scarcely fair to quote farther of a work so accessible to all, or I would give you also her description of the dining-room, so romantically standing apart from the house, in the shade of oranges; of the elegant pavilion of green marble, refreshed by fountains that shot into the air through scintillating streams. Of the table itself, covered with its beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitting no odour that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene, and fervour of the season.—"No burnished gold reflected the glowing sunset, nor brilliant silver dazzled the eye; porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals by its beauty and its fragility; every plate a picture, consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity, which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the master of the feast had consulted the genius of the place in all."

Lady Morgan solicited and obtained permission to see and converse with the illustrious chef, who in the evening entered the circle of the saloon, where a feeling and interesting interview ensued. (See her own account of it.) Such honours are every day lavished upon heroes, and surely he who teaches to nourish men is well worth him who teaches to kill them.

Lord Byron has expressed his dislike of "eating women." But his lordship had an infinity of little capricious dislikes. Monsieur Savarin, of much better taste in such matters, describes his "pretty gourmande under arms," as one of the most interesting of objects. From the stimulus of eating she has greater brilliancy of eyes and grace of conversation; the vermilion of her lips is of a deeper dye, and she is improved in all the attributes of her beauty, and in all respects better recommended to our sympathies, as the honey-bee that sips the golden flower is better liked for its appetites. Nothing that is natural can be justly called an imperfection, and I would respectfully suggest in reply to his fastidious lordship that the first temptation of mankind was eating, and that it began with the fair sex.—What I have to say of the English kitchen I reserve to a future occasion.

THE OLD MAN IN THE GRAVEYARD.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

"There is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind!
Which may not—dare not see—but turns aside
To blackest shade—nor will endure a guide."—THE CORSAIR.

THERE are dark hours in the history of every human being,—periods of despondency and gloom, when life seems without a solitary ray of brightness, and all the future is shrouded in "mist and melancholy." At such times the spirit is depressed—the soul within is "involved in shadows," and it is in vain that we turn and turn, and endeavour to avoid the ominous thoughts that crowd upon the brain. They force themselves upon us, and all our efforts to shake off the despair of the moment are idle and fruitless. Phantom shapes flit before the imagination—dismal forebodings crowd upon the mind—evil thoughts obtrude upon us, and for a time we feel miserable. The aspect of the external world sometimes produces this disposition, and thus we may infer that suicides are more common during periods of protracted storm, than in less dreary seasons. Who has not felt the cheering influence of a burst of sunshine—an angel glance, as it were, from the blue skies above us, like a ray of prosperity amid the darkness and despair of a long season of vicissitude? There are indeed few who are not influenced in tone of mind and feeling by long periods of gloomy and unpleasant weather, with the heavens shut out from the human vision, and no cheerful object to call our thoughts from the earthliness, the dreariness of the prospect.

NAY,—there are few who have not in journeying through life felt Reason totter from her throne for a moment, and the demons of Crime and Despair assume the mastery,—few who have not looked with shuddering soul into the shadowy future, and hesitated upon the brink of that most pitiable of all crimes, self-murder. This to some may seem a wild and improbable theory! But call up the past, gentle reader, and ask if among its "faded hours," no dark and dreadful record can be discovered?—no moment when life itself seemed a burthen and a curse, and the present worse than the mysterious future? If such record may be traced, down upon your knees and thank God that the bitter cup was permitted to pass by—that the demon did not master the better spirit within—that the faith and hope of the human soul, were able to triumph over its sadness and despair. And if it may not—if you have been spared the "blackness and darkness" that I have attempted to describe—if the waters of life have not been embittered by gall and wormwood—if the coming hours have never seemed

pregnant with shame and anguish, beyond the power of human endurance, still down and return thanks to the Divine Source of all that is beneficent, that you have been saved such apprehended torment—such wretchedness of soul—such madness of despair. The curse of our first parents has thus far pressed upon you lightly. Be grateful, and invoke for the time to come the same exemption from the shadowy, the despairing, the insane, and the criminal. Who may tell what a day—what an hour may bring forth! Who point out the tree that may be riven by the next bolt from heaven! Who the form that may be laid low by the next flash of lightning!

BUT to our story. It was a gloomy afternoon in the month of August, that, restless, discontented, and unable to become interested in any volume at command, I sallied forth, scarcely knowing whither or with what object. I felt irritable and gloomy, and the more I exerted myself to shake off the evil spirit, the more did the sombre and the sad hover over and oppress me.

"It is the weather," I said to myself; "or perhaps I am not well—or perhaps some misfortune is at hand, and thus 'casts its shadow before.'"

AND then a crowd of unhappy recollections passed before me, and discoloured and distorted my diseased or darkened fancy. Thus I wandered on, in any mood but one of contentment or joy, until I found myself in the immediate vicinity of a graveyard. Scarcely conscious of my course, I slowly ascended the few steps before the gateway, raised the latch, and was among the tombs. Thought seemed to assume a still more shadowy aspect, and as I moved slowly on, glancing upon one tombstone, and then upon another, and wondering within myself the history of the perishing bodies below, the vain world, with all its gaieties and follies—its temptations and its trials, passed from before the eye of mind. I stood with the mementos of the dead around me, and my thoughts wandered into the world of spirits. The ghosts of the departed flitted before me—the impalpable shapes of an eternal life—and thus at one moment I beheld the bright wings, and heard the glad voice of a seraph, and at another saw dark and flaming pinions, and heard shrieks of agony, groans of despair, and imprecations of blasphemy. Now the ghost of a dead relative appeared, and, with looks of kindness and

recognition, beckoned me to sunny groves, blue skies, and flashing water-falls; and now the ghastly shape of some well-remembered criminal, some gory murderer, passed before my excited mind, appalling and terrifying. I felt that I was awake, and in full life; but my mental faculties seemed in some degree beyond my control—the spiritual had obtained the mastery over the physical and intellectual, and I lingered midway between sleeping and waking existence. A sort of mental dream was upon me. I had given way too fully to the influence of the dark hour—had yielded too readily to the moodiness of my nature—had lost in some degree the control as well of my mental, as of my physical being.

Thus it was when, starting from the temporary stupor, I felt a hand upon my shoulder. In an instant the mist faded from my eyes. I turned, and recognized the features of an old and much-respected citizen. For a moment we gazed upon each other with looks of surprise and inquiry, as if wondering at such a meeting, and in such a place. I frankly confessed the condition of my own thoughts, and narrated the almost involuntary manner in which I had visited the graveyard.

"Beware," exclaimed the old man, "beware of the indulgence of such fancies. The human mind is too weak to be trusted even with those who have years and experience on their side. How much less, then, is it to be depended upon, when the imagination runs wild, and the youthful spirit soars above and beyond the bounds of reason—when we give a free scope to the fancy, and quitting earth, and the things of earth, lose ourselves in wild and visionary meditations, that lead we know not where?"

I looked somewhat abashed, for the manner rather than the matter of my companion, together with his keen and inquiring look into my eyes, gave rise to a suspicion that he apprehended some "fitful fever of the brain."

"But," he suddenly continued, "don't blush, young man—don't blush. There are few of us who do not wander at times, or who have not gone astray for a season, during the mazy pilgrimage of life, although few have the honesty to confess it."

I assured him that he was in error, at least as to my case. But he said he was somewhat of a monomaniac with regard to suicide—never heard of an instance of self-destruction without sympathizing deeply with the victim, and had visited the tombs on that occasion with the object of kneeling by the side of a fresh grave—"the grave," he added, and his voice softened as he spoke, "of youth, genius, and despair!"

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "I should like to hear the story."

"That cannot be," he added; "at least, not for some years. It was the last request of the too sensitive victim. But," he continued, "I will briefly detail to you an incident in my own life, in order to explain to you my sympathy with, or rather pity for, the self-murderer—ay, the epithet is a harsh

one, but it is properly and justly applied. My own case, too, is not without its moral.

"I am an Englishman by birth—the only son of parents who doted upon me, and who, their means being limited, found it exceedingly difficult to secure for me such an education as they, in their parental fondness, considered suited to my natural gifts. I had, moreover, an only sister, with whom I divided their love, and for whose accomplishments, in connection with my own studies, they deprived themselves not only of all the luxuries, but many of the necessities of life. We grew up together in tenderness and affection, until I reached my nineteenth, and my sister her seventeenth year—when, in the space of a fortnight, both father and mother were summoned to another and, doubtless, a brighter world. My father was a mechanician, with feeble constitution; and had toiled beyond his physical powers. He was seized by a prevailing malady, and although he lingered but a few weeks, the incessant night-watches and other toils, which none but those who have attended long upon a sick room, in which the head of the family lay stretched upon the bed of death, can fully appreciate, reduced my mother to a shadow. In brief, she speedily followed him. The first blow was a dreadful one—but the second seemed still more fearful and appalling. I felt it more on account of my sister's condition than my own. She was a slight, fair, gentle, and beautiful being, and unfortunately, as the result showed, she had not been fitted by habit or education, to wrestle with the heartless world. She knew nothing of life—had mingled little with society, and was wholly inadequate to obtain a livelihood for herself, except in some easy and agreeable situation. This I soon discovered it was next to impossible to obtain for her. Our means were extremely limited. We were compelled, indeed, to dispose of the furniture and few trifles of silver-ware that had been hoarded up in our little family, with the object of maintaining, even for a short time, an appearance of gentility. For myself, I soon saw the lonely and wretched position I occupied, and also speedily discovered how utterly unfit I was to make my way through the crowd of such a metropolis as London. We had some friends, it is true, but they were for the most part in humble life, or at least unable to render any permanent or satisfactory assistance.

"Week after week, and month after month, we struggled to obtain situations. We travelled from one end of the great metropolis to the other at least a thousand times—feeling alone and deserted amidst the vast crowd, and fancying at last that we were pointed and scoffed at, because of our frequent appearance in the streets, and for reasons which at that time I could not comprehend. Probably we were deemed idle and worthless, and the very shyness and timidity which must have marked our conduct and appearance, doubtless formed a cause of scandal and distrust. Oh, God!—what a life of misery I lived during those few months! I saw my sister fading before me hour after hour—I saw

her without the means of satisfying her hunger—I saw her patient and resigned as an angel, and endeavouring to jest and make light even of the miserable condition of her apparel. A thousand demons would sometimes seem whispering to my soul. Crime and all its temptations appeared before me, and in various forms; and more than once some momentary companion in misery endeavoured to urge me over the precipice on which I felt I was standing. Nothing saved me but the early lessons of my lamented parents. *Their* voices seemed to ring through my ears at every crisis, and when Resolution hesitated and faltered before the gnawings of hunger and the pleadings of Despair—when my better genius seemed about to fall and desert me, some bright gleam would penetrate the darkness, and the phantom shape of my mother whisper, ‘my son—my son—my *only* son!’”

A tear trickled down the cheek of the old man, as the image of his maternal parent rose above the past, and the recollection of his early sufferings came back upon his memory.

“But,” he resumed, “no language can give an adequate idea of the horror of those moments. The turf was scarcely green above the grave of the authors of my existence, when my sister perished of poverty and want—mad, perfectly mad: her sufferings of body and mind having thrown her into a brain fever. Nay—she might have lived, had she been provided with adequate medical skill, and the comforts essential to the sick chamber. But by this time we were compelled to lodge in a damp cellar in Liverpool, having, as a last resort, proceeded thus far on our way to this country. We had heard much of it in the old world, and gathering up the last fragments of our broken fortunes—scarcely enough to pay for two berths in the steerage of an American ship—we seized, in our desolation and desperation, upon the hope of brighter prospects in the new world. Poor Annette! She bore up stoutly to the last, and could I have kept her alive until the sea breeze had fanned her fainting spirit, and the salt air nerved her feeble frame, she might at least have reached these shores. But her gentle heart broke beneath the vicissitudes of a cold and bitter world, and the fair young creature who had been brought up with so much tenderness and love, died in a loathsome cellar, with no being to cheer her last hours, save a wretched and miserable brother, who was scarcely able to secure to her lifeless form respectable burial. And yet, in the wisdom of an all-wise Providence, perhaps her early and painful death was a mercy. What could she have done—what might have been her destiny in a land of strangers?”

“In two months after I stood by the death-bed of my sister, I landed in these United States. I was then but twenty years of age, but I must have looked much older. I was haggard and worn, and the rosy hues of youth had utterly vanished from my features. On my way over, I had told my sad story to a fellow passenger, and on parting with me in New York, he gave me—more than he could afford,

poor fellow—a few dollars, to keep me, as he said, from the poor-house, or worse, until I should obtain employment. But what employment could I obtain? I knew no trade—possessed little strength of body—and had a vagabond look, more in consequence of the wretched plight of my wardrobe, than because of any revolting aspect of features. For three days I wandered through the streets of the great city of the new world, an object possibly of curiosity to some, probably of contempt to others. The fourth night I sought, as I fancied, the humbler part of the city, with the object of economizing my means as much as possible. And here another misfortune.

“During the fitful slumber incident to my condition, I was robbed of my last farthing! Imagine my situation. A stranger in a strange land, with a broken spirit, a despairing mind, and utterly penniless. My brain reeled with its reflections. Reason tottered, and despair gathered over my soul, black and terrible! Life seemed about to stop! The blood rushed madly through my veins! Want stood grim and horrible before me! Crime, also, appeared, and with a still more dreadful aspect! My own thoughts writhed like scorpions, and I felt as if my hour had come! In vain the images of the past struggled for a place in the frightful picture—in vain the faint voice of conscience whispered within me—in vain the still small voice cried ‘forbear—forbear!’ The various means of suicide crowded rapidly upon me—the knife—the dagger—poison in its many forms. ‘A single plunge,’ the demon whispered, ‘and the spirit will be at rest.’ The struggle was a dreadful one, but the future was black as night—not a ray rose above its midnight of horrors! The felon’s fate might be mine—the prison—the gallows—the gazing crowd, and the heartless executioner! ‘These, all these, may be avoided,’ urged the demon. ‘A single plunge!’ and with this thought, I nerved my trembling and agitated spirit, and moved towards the Hudson. Rapidly I hastened on. The world about was disregarded. The dark, deep waters of the river were now in view. A few steps more, and the spring might be made. And yet my resolution wavered not. A single plunge, I thought, and all will be over!”

“A sharp shriek rang through the air. Starting, with an involuntary motion, I turned. Within a few yards of me was a lovely child, unconscious of danger, and crawling slowly and playfully across the street. A few yards further, and a carriage with two excited horses came dashing on—the driver in vain endeavouring to check the speed of the furious animals, or change their course. The terrified mother stood at a window above, and from her the shriek had come. Another instant, and it would have been too late! But thank God! that instant was all-sufficient. The danger was imminent, and the chances such as would have made any other than a madman pause. Such a pause would have been fatal. As quick as thought, I rushed to and rescued the child; and thus was not only an act of self-murder averted, but I became

in the hands of Providence, an instrument in preserving the life of an only son—a darling, cherished, idol boy.

"From that hour the shadow passed from my spirit. The fiend abandoned me. The bright features of my dead mother were again glassed by memory in my soul. Wretched and lonely as my condition was, I saw that it was still my duty to live—I saw that the meanest and most abject might in the hands of Providence, be wielded to noble uses.

"A change came over the spirit of my dream.' My fortunes speedily improved. The father of the rescued boy became my patron and my friend. More than forty years have gone by, and I now am beyond the reach of worldly want. But can you wonder that with such an incident in my early history, my spirit will sometimes grow sad when visiting a solemn spot like this, and bending o'er the grave of some wretched victim of despair!"

MOURNING FOR AGE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Who saith that when the aged die,
And find a couch in mouldering clay,
That lightly parts the loosen'd tie,
And scarcely mourn'd, they pass away?

Speak,—ye who o'er their calm decline
Have bent so tenderly and long,
Did filial love its charge resign,
And careless seek the unsadden'd throng?

When to your brow, their dying eye
With speechless recollection clung,
Burst from your breast no bitter sigh?
Nor pang convulsive chain'd your tongue?

Speak,—ye who by a father's side
So fondly sate, while years swept by,—
Making his hoary locks your pride,
And learning how the righteous die.

Who deftly cull'd from storied page,
Sweets o'er the deafen'd ear to strew,
And quicken'd oft your homeward step
Because that dim eye watch'd for you.

Who felt his meek and helpless years
Relying where he once controll'd,
Wake in your soul a thrill that made
The love of cloudless manhood cold,—

Say,—was the shaft of anguish slight
Or soon dispell'd the painful gloom,
When sank your counsellor and guide,
A tenant of the voiceless tomb?

Hence with the thought!—It is not so!
Methinks even deeper woe should wait
Their loss,—whose rooted virtues show
The ripeness of a longer date.

When wisdom's crown, so meekly worn,
Is shrouded 'mid their frosted hair;
And from a younger race withdrawn
The example they but ill could spare.

With smitten heart, and lingering sigh,
We miss them from our side away;
Then deem not when the aged die,
The tear is cold that dews their clay.

SONNET.

Illustration of a Cameo: the device a female figure writing, while an Angel feeds the lamp.

BY MRS. E. OAKS SMITH, AUTHOR OF "SINLESS CHILD."

STEAL softly in, for she, who sitteth there,
Pale in her watching, mindless of the night,
Alone with that faint taper's gleaming light,
Thus findeth refuge from a world of care.
Oh! twine no chaplet for her brow; no voice
That tells of fame can make her heart rejoice!
She giveth form to visions of delight,

That throng the simple hearth-stone, and the soul
Alive to genial promptings, and would ask
Requittance of the same for her sweet task.
Perchance a strain of grief may sometimes roll
Amid her song, yet lurks an angel nigh,
To feed life's flickering lamp, and heavenward point the
eye.

HARRY CLINTON.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

My chum at Rome was Charles Arlington, an amateur painter. He had precisely that disposition which makes a comfortable inmate. No strong and obtrusive points of character or stereotyped manners vexed you in his presence. He was not one of those individuals whose feelings it is necessary to consult every moment for fear of giving offence. There was nothing angular and positive about Arlington. The clime in which he had so long sojourned had apparently melted the starch of northern prejudice quite away. Without being greatly admired or loved, he was liked by every one. Rome was crowded with strangers when he arrived, and he was glad to accept of a bed in the ante-room of my apartment, in the Piazza d'Es-pagna, until more commodious lodgings could be procured. In three days we were so nicely fixed that he determined to remain permanently. His easel was placed before a window that opened upon a broad clear vista between the dingy houses, in a light which he declared magnificent. Portfolios and prints littered the floor, and my hitherto prim and quiet room assumed a very artist-like and *negligé* aspect. I used to sit by the fire reading, while Arlington painted; and a most rational scene of tranquil enjoyment our quarters presented during those long dreamy mornings. My companion, who was something of a humorist, had amused himself by painting the walls in fresco, as he chose to dignify his rough but graphic designs. In one corner was depicted a well-filled bookshelf. It was a great diversion to us to watch visitors, whose eyesight was not the best, examine with astonishment the titles of this unique collection of books in effigy. They were in fact, the very last one would expect to encounter in Rome, and nearly all prohibited. Another device was a canary bird in a cage, with the door open, which naturally excited frequent observation. A few national portraits and emblems were scattered here and there, so that our *padrone* used to call the room *la camera Americana*. The daughter of one of our neighbours brought a bouquet every morning, and this with the fruit which remained from our breakfast, it was Arlington's business to arrange to the best advantage on the marble centre-table. He had disposed a few beautiful casts and oil paintings very gracefully around, and managed the curtains so as to produce that agreeable effect of light and shade which artists best understand. One rainy morning, instead of settling to his task as usual, he sallied out to finish a sketch of the celebrated Broken Bridge, which he was about to transfer to canvass, and I had resigned myself to at least three hours uninterrupted

wandering through the "Inferno," when the little flower girl thrust her head in at the door, saying that there was a gentleman in the hall very anxious to see Signor Carlo,—“I think he is an Englishman, and quite ill,—*poverino*,” added the child. I went out to explain the absence of my compatriot. The stranger was a finely formed and genteel young man, with a handsome face, although very thin and pale. I soon ascertained that he was an American, who came abroad for his health, and reached Rome only the night before, exhausted with his journey. He brought an introduction to Arlington, and his first and most anxious wish was to find comfortable lodgings. This was no easy thing at the moment; but so impatient was the young man that it was with difficulty I could persuade him to come in and rest himself. The sight of our cheerful fire and warm carpet seemed, however, to alter the invalid's mood at once. He threw off his cloak, and held his almost transparent hands to the fire with almost childish delight.

“How comfortable!” said he, “how like home!”

The last expression seemed to awaken the most cherished associations. He continued to gaze on the bright and flickering blaze absorbed in thought, and as the warmth pervaded his frame, and his eye unconsciously followed the quivering flame, I could easily fancy the tenor of his musings. He was calling to mind his hasty and cheerless journey across the continent, the stone-floors, vast and cold chambers, and days and nights of lonely wayfaring, with disease weighing on his heart; and all this was contrasted in his imagination, with the comforts and kindness of home. I began to feel a deep interest in the sufferer, and it occurred to me that the occupants of the rooms above might have a vacant apartment. I lost no time in suggesting an inquiry to my visitor, and in the course of an hour had the satisfaction to see him pleasantly quartered directly over us. Our studio, as he called it, continued, however, to be his favourite resort; and we soon found so much to awaken our sympathies in his character and condition that Clinton became our constant companion. When the weather was fine, we accompanied him to the Pincian Hill or St. Peter's. Sometimes he joined me in a visit to the Forum, and at others Arlington in one of his sketching excursions; but his health generally confined him to the fireside; and often, when in his own chamber, a knock on the floor would summon us to his aid. He still cherished hopes of recovery, and avoided as much as possible any allusion to his illness. In conversation he was spirited and interesting, and gained daily upon our regard by his

frank bearing and manly intelligence. One bright morning, Signor Carlo was putting the last touch to his Broken Bridge, and I was reading the last paragraph of Galignani's Messenger, when we were startled by a crash above us, and the fall of several heavy bodies. Without a word we hastened to our friend's apartment. He was sitting up in bed, trembling with excitement. On the floor were several broken vials, and in the centre of the room stood the hostess, pouring forth a volley of imprecations, and holding aloft an enormous broom, while the air was filled with dust. The rapid utterance of the landlady, and the violent fit of coughing which interrupted Clinton, prevented us, for several minutes, from ascertaining the real state of affairs. At length it appeared that the *padrona* had undertaken to sweep the room in order to save time to go to a *festa*. Her invalid lodger, not having Italian enough at command to make her understand his objection to the proceeding, had expostulated in vain, and, finally, enraged at her obstinacy, threw vial after vial, besides two or three large volumes and an inkstand, at her head, and this was the cause of the uproar. After matters were explained to the satisfaction of the belligerents, Arlington and myself retired highly entertained at the scene; but not a little surprised at such violence on the part of our quiet and sensible friend. When the latter joined us he seemed somewhat mortified at what had taken place; and soon proposed a walk.

"My poor mother," said he, as we went forth, "used to call me impulsive, and with good reason; I inherited her sanguine temper; that same impulse lost me a fortune and gained me a wife."

I was eager to know how this happened, and when we had found a sunny and retired path in the Villa Borghese, Clinton took my arm, and, as we strolled to and fro, thus explained his remark.

"My parents were quite delighted when a place was secured for me in the counting-house of Harrod & Co. I well remember the discourse of my father the evening before I commenced my apprenticeship. He told me that Mr. Harrod was a bachelor of enormous wealth, that his partners had all been clerks with him, and that I had nothing to do but conform and make myself useful, to experience similar good fortune. I followed this advice, and at the end of four years was a general favourite with the whole concern. Mr. Harrod treated me with great partiality. I soon discovered that pride was his foible, an indomitable sense of reputation, a passion for consideration in society and in trade. He aspired to be esteemed first in New York, both as a merchant and a man. And his ambition was satisfied. There was no one whose credit stood higher, whose opinion was more valued, or whose influence was greater than his. I have never seen a human being who appeared so thoroughly self-dependent, whose 'blood and judgment were so well commingled.' He seemed wholly superior to the blandishments of the fair. Business was apparently his pleasure, and, as he never was seen at any place of amusement or known to speak

to a woman, except his housekeeper, while his charities were munificent, many people esteemed him a kind of saint. I could not, indeed, love such a character; but there was a sustained elevation about it that enforced my reverence. One evening, within a few months of my majority, I attended the theatre. Before the curtain rose, my attention was attracted by the appearance of a lady in the opposite box, whose beauty I have never seen equalled. The persons about her were evidently unknown to her, and I did not perceive that she was attended by any gentleman. I could not refrain from turning my eyes constantly in that direction. The more I contemplated the lady, the more lovely she appeared. As I am an enthusiastic admirer of beauty, I was familiar with the appearance, at least of every one in the city, who boasted any rare attractions, and of course inferred that the lady before me was a stranger; and yet there was none of that curiosity or surprise which can be traced in the manner of one to whom a scene is wholly new. On the other hand, I could not account for loveliness such as hers being so apparently unnoticed. At the commencement of the afterpiece I saw a man, whose figure and face were concealed in his cloak, enter the box and take a seat immediately behind the *incognita*. It struck me that he frequently addressed her, and that she replied, though neither changed their posture in the least. When the play was over, I continued to watch as before. She rose at the same time with her mysterious companion. He assisted her in putting on a shawl and gave his hand to lead her from the box. His cloak became entangled, and, as he moved away, was half drawn from his shoulders. He turned to recover it, and I recognized Mr. Harrod. Before I could rally from my astonishment, they were lost in the crowd. To understand my intense curiosity at this incident, you should have known Harrod; you should have experienced, for years, his dignified reserve, his calm self-possession, his contempt of what the world calls pleasure. You should have learned, as I did, to regard him as a being superior to the infirmities of humanity, living in a more exalted atmosphere than his fellows, and actuated by motives of a loftier nature. He was regarded as a woman-hater, or at least as a man who lived too much upon his resources to be swayed by common passion. I was haunted by an inquisitiveness such as possessed Caleb Williams with regard to Falkland. A moment's reflection would have made me aware of the danger of invading the privacy of a haughty man like Mr. Harrod; but I paused not to consider. I knew of only one man in his employ who seemed to have his entire confidence. There was an air of respectability and a grave decorum about 'old Ben,' which probably chimed in with his master's humour. He was a kind of confidential servant, waited at table on great occasions, and acted as footman or errand-boy, as emergency required. He was the major-domo of Harrod's splendid bachelor's-hall. To this personage I determined to have recourse, and the very next day,

upon pretence of asking about a missing letter, I beckoned him to a corner of the warehouse, and very cautiously opened an inquiry as to where his master passed the previous evening. He appeared instantly to be upon his guard, assured me I was mistaken in my surmises, and pretended total ignorance on the subject. For a week I brooded over the mystery in silence. I perused that serious and tranquil countenance, that awed my boyish spirit, striving to detect the lines of cunning or the smoothness of hypocrisy. I peered into those clear gray eyes to discover the dormant fire of passion; but my observations only puzzled me the more. The same indifference to ordinary motives, the same self-respect and apparent stoicism was obvious in every look and movement; nor was I able to subdue the habitual deference with which this singular man inspired me. One forenoon, as I was leaning over the ledger, biting the end of my pen, and musing over the incident which excited such an interest in my mind, I observed Old Ben, watching me intently. The moment he caught my eye, he moved towards the door; I followed, and when we were in the street, he thrust a note into my hand, and walked away. The tasteful envelope, elegant writing and fancy seal, indicated a lady's handiwork. The contents were as follows:

"If Mr. Clinton will call this afternoon between five and six o'clock, at No. 30, ——— Street, his curiosity on a certain subject shall be amply gratified."

"You will readily conceive with what impatience I awaited the time specified. Precisely at half past five, I rang the bell of a very genteel dwelling-house, at the place indicated, and was immediately ushered by a coloured servant into a splendid drawing-room, in which rich ottomans, beautiful paintings, a harp, and various other evidences of wealth and taste met the eye. Upon a couch by the fire, sat the lady whose beauty had so strongly attracted my admiration at the theatre. In her present costume she appeared more lovely than before. Upon my entrance, she rose and received me with great courtesy, but there was a slight embarrassment mingled with the almost playful cordiality of her manner. She evidently enjoyed the surprise and delight exhibited in my countenance.

"'I fear,' said she, archly, 'that I have done a foolish thing, to say the least, in sending for you; but the fact is, I had my share of curiosity as well as yourself. I had a strong desire to see Mr. Clinton, of whom I had heard so much, and I felt from the confidence he has inspired in others, that my secret was in no danger with him.'

"I could dwell at length upon this memorable interview; suffice it, however, to repeat its essential points. Judge of my surprise, when this beautiful creature informed me that she was and had been for several years, the wife of Mr. Harrod! Her origin was very humble, and much as she was beloved by her husband, he could never bring his mind to render the marriage public. He had re-

ceived her from her parents a mere child, and had spared no care or expense in her education. In fact, this stern son of Mammon, so long deemed an incorrigible bachelor, and the most utilitarian of *millionaires*, had been all the while snugly carrying on as sweet a little romance as ever brightened into poetry the routine of common life. I owed my initiation to the imprudence of the only servant who shared his master's secret. Harrod had told his wife the evening previous that he should leave the city the next day, for a week, and she, in a moment of caprice, hearing from old Ben, of my leading questions, and wishing to see one she had often heard her husband commend, had ventured upon the bold experiment I have described. I never met so charming a woman. We chatted away like old friends, discussed Mr. Harrod's peculiar traits of character, and I openly lamented his overweening pride, as the great foible of a noble mind. You can fancy how many themes of mutual interest such an occasion would suggest. It seemed as if Mrs. Harrod was determined to atone for months of isolation by a free indulgence of her social powers. Her brilliancy and varied information, her tact and ignorance of the world, her simplicity and almost girlish enthusiasm, combined to render her a most fascinating companion. We were soon in the full tide of agreeable converse, when a slight click, like the rattle of a key in a lock, struck our ears. At this, to her well-known sound, she turned deadly pale.

"'Gracious powers!' she exclaimed, 'that must be my husband; pray conceal yourself there,' and she pointed to the voluminous folds of a window-curtain.

"'No, madam,' I replied, 'I disdain to evade the consequences of my folly.'

"At this moment steps were heard along the entry. I knew at once the firm and regular tread of Harrod, and stood silently awaiting his entrance. Words cannot paint the blank astonishment with which his gaze rested on me. There was a pause of more than a minute—to me it seemed an hour.

"'I hope I do not interrupt; I trust my presence is not intrusive,' at length he murmured in tones of the most bitter irony, and glancing with a contemptuous smile from his wife to me, as he stood thus, with folded arms, like the statue of Scorn.

"I saw that it was no time for explanation, and passing him with a respectful bow, I slowly withdrew. I did not sleep that night. From what I knew of Harrod's character, I doubted not that this adventure would blast my prospects, and it was with the keenest self-reproach that I remembered I had sacrificed my hopes to the gratification of an idle curiosity. With no little trepidation I anticipated a meeting with Harrod the ensuing day. I resumed my post at the desk as usual, and, at the customary hour of eleven, the carriage drove up, and the senior partner walked into the counting-room with as sustained a carriage and unconcerned a look as if nothing had occurred to disturb his equanimity. He was closeted in his private room

for more than half an hour with the chief clerk, who, on his egress, signified to me that I was wanted. I felt that my future career was involved in that interview, and determined to go through it with as good a grace as possible.

"'Clinton,' said Mr. Harrod, when the door was closed, 'I have always found you truthful, and trust you will now answer me candidly,—how often have you visited the house where I found you last night?'"

"'Never, sir, till then.'"

"'Are you willing to pledge yourself never to go there again, or reveal during my life what you there accidentally discovered?'"

"'Yes, sir.'"

"'Upon that condition you can remain with us.'"

"Thus ended our colloquy; but I was not long in discerning a change in Mr. Harrod's feelings towards me; not that he doubted my integrity in the least, but the thought of my participating in what he was weak enough to deem a humiliating secret, rankled in his breast. He died soon after, and I learned that a project which had been matured between him and the other partners to take me into the house, under the most auspicious conditions, was abandoned at his suggestion, several months before."

"And thus," said I, "by acting from impulse, you lost a fortune; and how did you gain a wife?"

"That is soon told," replied Clinton. "Tom Chester was my intimate friend, during boyhood and youth, and one evening he called for me to go to a ball with him. As we were leaving the parlour, I asked my mother for a master-key, as I should not be back until towards morning."

"'Ah!' said she, 'Harry, I do wish you could remain at home at least one evening in the week. The only thing that will ever make you regular and domestic is marriage. Pray, Mr. Chester, use your influence with my son, and induce him to marry.'"

"'With all my heart, madam,' answered Tom. 'I have a sweet little cousin in Jersey, who is exactly the wife for him.'"

"'Well,' said I, 'I'll marry her to-morrow.'"

"'You are not in earnest?'"

"'Quite so. You are as well acquainted with my character as any one in the world. You say your cousin is exactly the woman for me. I'll take your word for it. Write to her at once, describe me as I am, and if she is content with such a man, I will ratify the contract.'"

"The next day Chester sent to Jersey my full length portrait, drawn with an impartial hand. My good points were stated without exaggeration, and my faults honestly avowed, while the particulars of my personal appearance and prospects in life completed the picture. It hit the lady's fancy, and in a week we were married. A better wife, or one more devoted and attached, no man was ever blessed with. As to her beauty, judge for yourself,' and he drew a miniature from his bosom, representing an uncommonly sweet and expressive face. 'And thus, my friend, that rash humour which my mother gave me, lost me a fortune, which might have been my ruin, and gained me a wife, who is the joy of my heart. But there comes our little flower-girl to call us to dinner, and I dare say Arlington needs no one to wish him—*buono appetito.*'"

THE CHILD AND THE SEA SHELL.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBBINS.

CHILD.

Why do you moan so, pretty shell,
You look so bright, I cannot tell.
I laugh to see your brilliant dye,
I weep to hear your mournful sigh.

SHELL.

You must tell me why you weep,
Or my secret I shall keep.
Listen in your heart and hear,
Are there not low murmurs there?

CHILD.

That is why you make me weep—
Sometimes when I go to sleep,
Come such murmurs in my ear,
Like some songs I used to hear.

What they mean I cannot tell;
Whisper to me, pretty shell!
Is it that we love each other,
And our home was once together?

SHELL.

Little child, I love the ocean,
Once it lulled me with its motion,
And the cool and curling billow,
While I slept, would kiss my pillow.
Once you had a brighter home,
Whence all infant spirits come;
And the murmurs in your ear,
Are the songs you used to hear.
If you do as these shall say,
You will find your home some day.

THE ENGLISH LAKES AND WORDSWORTH.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUTLER.

"WINDERMERE," exclaims old Christopher North, in one of his impassioned rhapsodies, "is the most beautiful scene upon this earth!" And if, like most of his countrymen, "this earth" with him means the isle of Great Britain, he is no doubt correct, for there is not another spot in the kingdom which equals it in natural beauty. To all those who would visit this enchanting spot aright, the same old poet has said—"Forget as much as may be all worldly cares and anxieties, and let your hearts be open, and free to all the genial impulses about to be breathed into them from the beautiful and sublime in nature."

Imbued in some small degree with this requisite spirit, I set off from Liverpool in company with two most gentlemanly and refined fellow travellers for a short sojourn among the lakes. From Liverpool to Lancaster we went by steam, through a region of collieries, with the air filled with smoke, and the people by the road side as black as the Cyclops. At Lancaster, we stepped on board a canal boat no larger than a cockle shell, which was dragged over the water at the rate of nine miles an hour! to Kendal, where a coach was waiting to convey us to the Lakes. After a short altercation about our places with the impertinent coachman (the only one I met with in all England) we took our inside places, and had a slow, wearisome ride over the mountains.

The darkness of evening was just gathering over the landscape, when we were set down at "The Crown," a tidy little house, on a promontory above the lake, and just on the outskirts of the village of Bowness. Wearied and hungry as I was, I could not be enticed into our inviting looking quarters, until I had got a view of the lake, and running up to the top of a mound in the court yard, there—far below me in the bosom of the hills, lay *Windermere*, as placid as a sleeping child. The few stars that broke through the clouds revealed the varied outline of its white surface, over which two or three fishermen's boats were dimly seen, gliding silently to the shore. Just before was a lovely island slumbering on the face of the waters, with many a bower and summer house looking out from amid the dark waving willows that fringed its banks. Were I a poet or a painter, and I am thankful that I am neither, I would ask nothing more than to live and die on Windermere.

For a long time I lingered on the spot where I first caught the enchanting view, and was loath to leave it, even for the delicious supper of lake trout that was steaming on the table within. And a glorious supper was that: its memory still lives on my palate. Oaten cakes, thin, and crisp as a wafer,

fresh mountain butter, silver trout who had sported around the fairy island below us, that very day; while the face of our hostess seemed to say, like old Christopher's "gude woman" of the Highlands—"do oblige us a' sirs, by eatin' as mony eggs as you've a mind to, for our hens are gran' layers."

After a delightful sleep in a room whose thick carpet, heavy curtains, covered bedstead, and well arranged washing appurtenances, afforded a strong contrast to the desolate cells in many of our American houses, we were ready for the next morning's labours. Having heard that Professor Wilson's country seat was in the neighbourhood, we inquired the distance of a boy we met by the road side. "Wilson of Elleray do you mean, sirs?" said he, "it is about a mile and *a bit*." Let no man trust to guide posts or road side urchins in Scotland or the north of England, for "one mile" means two, and "a bit" means full another; so after three miles of up hill labour, we stood at the gate of Christopher's cottage. The Professor had just gone up to Edinburgh; but it was a pleasure to look up the long walk that led through the firs and laurels to the snug stuccoed mansion with its quiet porch, where the "old man of glee" is wont to sit, and look out upon his favourite Windermere. Had he been at home, we should have been tempted to exercise our *American* privilege, and go in, and "have a crack wi' him" about Wordsworth and the Lakes. We were well repaid for our tiresome walk by the glorious views of Windermere that burst upon us at every turn in our path. When we arrived at our hotel, we were sharpened for another attack upon the oaten cakes and the primrose butter, and then we ordered one of the little boats that were moored in the cove below, and set off for Ambleside at the foot of the lake, about seven miles distant.

The sun was just at his "halfway house" in the heavens when we pushed out into the lake; not one of our July suns, parching man and beast and every blade of grass, but a gentle modest sun, gilding the face of the waters, and making the deep, very deep green of the shores look yet more lovely. As far as the eye could reach down the lake, the low undulating hills sunk to the water's edge, bound with their green ribbons of hedges, and jewelled all over with bright cottages. Just before us on a high promontory stood an immense structure, which we at first took for a ruined abbey or fortress. But on coming near, we found it was "being built" by some ambitious commoner, who is going to doom his family to winding stairways and dark chambers, for the glory of living in a castle of the olden time.

As we passed the spot, a boat pushed out from under the castle, with music on board. This was all that was wanting to fill up the full measure of our enchantment. It was a scene of surpassing loveliness; not merely to the outward eye, but to the inner sense of one who can enjoy the association of poetry and letters.

Far above us, curling up among the hoary oaks and sycamores, arose the smoke of old Christopher's cottage; below him, on the shores of the lake, stood the beautiful mansion of the late learned Bishop Watson of Llandaff; opposite us, nestled in a little copsewood was "Dove's Nest," the cottage of the gifted Hemans; behind Ambleside arose the hill of Rydal, known all the world over as the abode of Wordsworth; beyond him lies Grassmere, the former home of Coleridge; and with a little stretch of the imagination, you may look on to Keswick, where poor Southey died, and where Caroline Bowles still lives. Was not that "glory enough for one day?"

On arriving at Ambleside, we found every house full to overflowing, this being the fashionable season for lake visits, and we were glad to get quarters at "The Salutation" by promising to sleep out in some of the neighbouring cottages, if need be. While they were preparing our trout for us, we walked out into a grove behind the house to see the celebrated waterfall called "Stockgill Force." On arriving at the enclosure surrounding the cascade, we noticed a board posted up to announce to us where "the key could be found!" A key to a waterfall! only think of locking up Niagara! But we got the key, however, and after much search up and down the rocks, we at last found the falls, which like every thing else of the kind in England, excited in me (who came from the state of Niagara, Genesee, Trenton and the Cohoes) the most irresistible laughter.

But the great object of interest to me in visiting Ambleside was to see the poet WORDSWORTH, who lives about a mile from the village. While I was walking through the traveller's room of the inn, trying to picture to myself his venerable form, I happened to look out of the window, and espied an old gentleman in a blue cloak and riding cap, with a bunch of heather stuck jauntily in the top, driving by in a little green phaeton towards Rydal. Perhaps, thought I, that is the patriarch himself, and sure enough it was he! I could scarcely believe that the singular old personage before me, was the greatest poet of the age.

The next morning I called upon him. The walk up to his cottage was delightful; with the dew still lingering in the shady nooks by the road side, and the morning songs of thanksgiving bursting forth from every grove of the mountains. At the summit of a deeply shaded hill stands his cottage, covered all over with ivy and woodbine. Just the home for a poet. I was shown at once into his sanctum, where I found him seated with his wife and his books. The old man rose, and received me graciously, and very soon I felt that I was *with a*

friend. With his appearance I was at first disappointed. Instead of the grave, melancholy man in scholastic black, whom I had expected, I found a most good humoured, affable, loveable old man, dressed in a rough coat of blue with metal buttons, and checked breeches, more like a Virginia farmer than a learned poet. The likeness given in Professor Reed's edition of his works *has been* good, but his face is now longer and thinner, and his white hair falls upon his shoulders. His eyes, which present a singular half closed appearance, betoken the lingering fire which still burns at more than three score and ten. Like his own *Solitary*—

"Plain was his garb;

Such as might suit a rustic sire, prepared
For Sabbath duties; yet he was a man
Whom no one could have passed without remark.
His limbs and his whole figure breathed intelligence.
Time had compressed the freshness of his cheek
Into a narrow circle of deep red,
But had not tamed his eye; that, under brows
Shaggy and gray, had meanings which it brought
From years of youth; which like a Being made
From many Beings, he had wondrous skill
To blend with knowledge of the years to come
Human, or such as lie beyond the grave."

We entered at once into a delightful conversation, in which he displayed all the simplicity, eloquence and earnestness which belong to his noble, and yet childlike character. He talked of the literary men of our country, and spoke of America with the highest respect. He had at one time hoped to visit us, but the duties of a small office which he held (Distributor of Stamps) and upon which he was dependent, prevented the undertaking. Now he is bound by the infirmities of age, for the short remainder of his life, to his mountain home. He occasionally makes a trip to London to see the few survivors of his early days, but he told me that his late excursion there, had proved a laborious and wearisome effort.

His library was small, but select, and he showed me with great pleasure a beautifully bound volume of the American edition of his works, sent to him by Professor Henry Reed. He told me that Mr. Murray had never produced an edition that suited him as well.

When I looked around his quiet little room, I could scarcely realize that those walls had heard the elevated converse of some of the loftiest minds our age has produced; that there Sir Walter had doled forth his snatches of Border minstrelsy, and Southey had rehearsed the beautiful fables of Persian mythology, and Coleridge had poured out long harangues about Goethe and Schiller, the Samothracian mysteries, and the libraries of Alexandria. When I was about leaving, the poet got his broad white hat, and put on his double glasses (to protect his failing eyes) and insisted on showing me his grounds, and the neighbouring views. As we walked about from one commanding point to ano-

ther, he kept up the most lively conversation, and displayed such a winning familiarity that we seemed

"A pair of friends—though I was young,
And he was seventy-four."

From the rear of his courtyard he showed me Rydal Water, a little lake about a mile long, environed by bold, towering hills. In front, over the steeple of the parish church, you see *Grassmere*, another of the cluster of lakes which abound in the county of Cumberland. Beyond is Helvellyn, the

mountain king, with his retinue of a hundred hills, and at his feet lies Derwentwater—and ROBERT SOUTHEY.

I might have spent the whole day in delightful and improving intercourse with the old man, but my fellow travellers were waiting, and I could no longer intrude on his or their time. When we returned to the door of his cottage, he bade me farewell with a parting blessing, and I went on my way, rejoicing to have seen before he goes hence, the most gifted of Nature's interpreters.

SONG.

NAY, ASK NOT WHY I WEEP.

BY A. HUNTINGTON CLAPP.

NAY, ask me not why thus I weep,
And shed the silent tear,
While all around gay festal keep,
And songs of joy I hear:
Its own deep, untold bitterness,
Each heart alone can feel:
And mine hath known that keen distress,
Which naught but heaven can heal.

I love the spring's blithe joyous hours,
Its soul-reviving breeze,
The fragrance of perfumed flowers,
The birds' song in its trees.
I love the light of sparkling eyes,
And the "thrill of happy voice,"
When, 'neath the cloudless, vernal skies,
The young and fair rejoice.

But oh! my heart is sad and lone,
And tearful yearnings sends
For those my early days have known,—
My childhood's cherished friends:
They've faded all, long ere their time,
As morning flowers decay;
While I, grown old, e'en in my prime,
Must linger on my way.

On every song sad memories come,
Of some loved voice it tells;
And joys around the hearth of home,
Where now death's silence dwells.
All gone! and I alone am left,
Their memory to keep;—
Of all most loved on earth bereft,—
Dost ask me why I weep?

THE HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

BY ADRIAN.

As when the mission dove of old
Skipped with slow flight the spreading main,
And ne'er his weary wings could fold,
Till welcomed in the ark again;
So tossed upon the rougher waves
Of human passion's restless sea,
No haven to my soul they gave,
Till my worn heart found rest with thee.

Like to the fruit all gilded o'er,
Which turns to dust within the hand,
Or like the lake which flies before
The traveller on the desert sand,

The pleasures which my wild youth sought,
Proved but a bitter cup to me,
Yet sweet the lesson which has taught
My weary heart to rest with thee.

And now, when worn with daily care,
With vexing strife for fame or gold,
The fierce encounters men must bear,
Which make the warmest heart grow cold,
Thy voice, thine eye, hath magic power,
From their dark spells to set me free;
And glad I hail the tranquil hour
When my worn heart finds rest with thee.

THE COUNTESS NYSCHRIEM AND THE HANDSOME ARTIST.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

THAT favoured portion of the light of one summer's morning that was destined to be the transparent bath of the masterpieces on the walls of the Pitti, was pouring in a languishing flood through the massive windows of the palace. The ghosts of the painters (who, ministering to the eye only, walk the world from cock-crowing to sunset) were haunting invisibly the sumptuous rooms made famous by their pictures, and the pictures themselves, conscious of the presence of the fountain of soul from which gushed the soul that is in them, glowed with intoxicated mellowness and splendour, and amazed the living students of the gallery with effects of light and colour till that moment undiscovered.

[And now, dear reader, having paid you the compliment of commencing my story in *your* vein, (poetical,) let me come down to a little every-day brick-and-mortar, and build up a fair and square common-sense foundation.]

Grème McDonald was a young Highlander from Rob Roy's country, come to Florence to study the old masters. He was an athletic, wholesome, handsome fellow, who had probably made a narrow escape of being simply a fine animal; and, as it was, you never would have picked him from a crowd as any thing but a hussar out of uniform, or a brigand perverted to honest life. His peculiarity was, (and this I foresee is to be an ugly sentence,) that he had peculiarities which did not seem peculiar. He was full of genius for his art, but the canvass which served him as a vent, gave him no more anxiety than his pocket-handkerchief. He painted in the palace, or wiped his forehead on a warm day with equally small care, to all appearance, and he had brought his mother and two sisters to Italy, and supported them by a most heroic economy and industry—all the while looking as if the "*silver moon*" and all the small change of the stars would scarce serve him for a day's pocket-money. Indeed, the more I knew of McDonald, the more I became convinced that there was another man built over him. The painter was inside. And if he had free thoroughfare and use of the outer man's windows and ivory door, he was at any rate barred from hanging out the smallest sign or indication of being at any time "*within*." Think as hard as he would—devise, combine, study, or glow with enthusiasm—the proprietor of the front door exhibited the same careless and smiling bravery of mien, behaving invariably as if he had the whole tenement to himself, and was neither proud of, nor interested in the doings of his more spiritual inmate—leading you to suppose, almost, that the latter, though billeted upon him, had not been properly

introduced. The thatch of this common tenement was of jetty black hair, curling in most opulent prodigality, and, altogether it was a house that Hadad, the fallen spirit, might have chosen, when becoming incarnate to tempt the sister of Absalom.

Perhaps you have been in Florence, dear reader, and know by what royal liberality artists are permitted to bring their easels into the splendid apartments of the palace, and copy from the priceless pictures on the walls. At the time I have my eye upon, (some few years ago,) McDonald was making a beginning of a copy of Titian's Bella, and near him stood the easel of a female artist who was copying from the glorious picture of "*Judith and Holofernes*," in the same apartment. Mademoiselle Folie, (so she was called by the elderly lady who always accompanied her) was a small and very gracefully formed creature, with the plainest face in which attraction could possibly reside. She was a passionate student of her art, pouring upon it apparently the entire fulness of her life, and as unconsciously forgetful of her personal impression on those around her, as if she wore the invisible ring of Gyges. The deference with which she was treated by her staid companion drew some notice upon her, however, and her progress, in the copy she was making, occasionally gathered the artists about her easel; and, altogether, her position among the silent and patient company at work in the different halls of the palace, was one of affectionate and tacit respect. McDonald was her nearest neighbour, and they frequently looked over each other's pictures, but, as they were both foreigners in Florence, (she of Polish birth, as he understood,) their conversation was in French or Italian, neither of which languages were fluently familiar to Grème, and it was limited generally to expressions of courtesy or brief criticism of each other's labours.

As I said before, it was a "*proof-impression*" of a celestial summer's morning, and the thermometer stood at heavenly idleness. McDonald sat with his maul-stick across his knees, drinking from Titian's picture. An artist, who had lounged in from the next room, had hung himself by the crook of his arm over a high peg, in his comrade's easel, and every now and then he volunteered an observation to which he expected no particular answer.

"When I remember how little beauty I have seen in the world," said Ingarde, (this artist,) "I am inclined to believe with Saturninus, that there is no resurrection of bodies, and that only the spirits of the good return into the body of the Godhead—for what is ugliness to do in heaven!"

McDonald only said, "*hm—hm!*"

"Or rather," said Ingarde again, "I should like to fashion a creed for myself, and believe that nothing was immortal but what was heavenly, and that the good among men and the beautiful among women would be the only reproductions hereafter. How will this little plain woman look in the streets of the New Jerusalem, for example? Yet she expects, as we all do, to be recognizable by her friends in heaven, and, of course, to have the same irredeemably plain face! (Does she understand English, by the way—for she might not be altogether pleased with my theory!)"

"I have spoken to her very often," said McDonald, "and I think English is Hebrew to her—but my theory of beauty crosses at least one corner of your argument, my friend! I believe that the original type of every human face is beautiful, and that every human being could be made beautiful, without, in any essential particular, destroying the visible identity. The likeness preserved in the faces of a family through several generations is modified by the bad mental qualities, and the bad health of those who hand it down. Remove these modifications, and, without destroying the family likeness, you would take away all that mars the beauty of its particular type. An individual countenance is an integral work of God's making, and God 'saw that it was good' when he made it. *Ugliness*, as you phrase it, is the damage that type of countenance has received from the sin and suffering of life. But the type can be restored, and will be, doubtless, in heaven!"

"And you think that little woman's face could be made beautiful?"

"I know it."

"Try it, then! Here is your copy of Titian's 'Bella,' all finished but the face. Make an *apotheosis* portrait of your neighbour, and while it harmonizes with the body of Titian's beauty, still leave it recognizable as her portrait, and I'll give in to your theory—believing in all other miracles, if you like, at the same time!"

Ingarde laughed, as he went back to his own picture, and McDonald, after sitting a few minutes lost in reverie, turned his easel so as to get a painter's view of his female neighbour. He thought she coloured slightly as he fixed his eyes upon her; but, if so, she apparently became very soon unconscious of his gaze, and he was soon absorbed himself in the task to which his friend had so mockingly challenged him.

II.

[Excuse me, dear reader, while with two epistles I build a bridge over which you can cross a chasm of a month in my story.]

TO GRÈME McDONALD.

Sir,—I am entrusted with a delicate commission, which I know not how to broach to you, except by simple proposal. Will you forgive my abrupt brevity, if I inform you, without further preface, that the Countess Nyschriem, a Polish lady of high

birth and ample fortune, does you the honour to propose for your hand. If you are disengaged, and your affections are not irrevocably given to another, I can conceive no sufficient obstacle to your acceptance of this brilliant connection. The countess is twenty-two, and not beautiful, it must in fairness be said; but she has high qualities of head and heart, and is worthy any man's respect and affection. She has seen you, of course, and conceived a passion for you, of which this is the result. I am directed to add, that should you consent, the following conditions are imposed—that you marry her within four days, making no inquiry except as to her age, rank, and property, and that, without previous interview, she come veiled to the altar.

An answer is requested in the course of to-morrow, addressed to "The Count Hanswald, minister of His Majesty the King of Prussia."

I have the honour, &c. &c.

HANSWALD.

McDonald's answer was as follows:—

TO HIS EXCELLENCY, HANSWALD, &c. &c.

You will pardon me that I have taken two days to consider the extraordinary proposition made me in your letter. The subject, since it is to be entertained a moment, requires, perhaps, still further reflection—but my reply shall be definite, and as prompt as I can bring myself to be, in a matter so important.

My first *impulse* was to return your letter, declining the honour you would do me, and thanking the lady for the compliment of her choice. My first *reflection* was the relief and happiness which an independence would bring to a mother and two sisters dependent, now, on the precarious profits of my pencil. And I first consented to ponder the matter with this view, and I now consent to marry (frankly) for this advantage. But still I have a condition to propose.

In the studies I have had the opportunity to make of the happiness of imaginative men in matrimony, I have observed that their two worlds of fact and fancy were seldom under the control of one mistress. It must be a very extraordinary woman, of course, who, with the sweet domestic qualities needful for common life, possesses at the same time the elevation and spirituality requisite for the ideal of the poet and painter. And I am not certain, in any case, whether the romance of some secret passion, fed and pursued in the imagination only, be not the inseparable necessity of a poetical nature. For the imagination is incapable of being chained, and it is at once disenchanted and set roaming by the very possession and certainty, which are the charms of matrimony. Whether exclusive devotion of all the faculties of mind and body be the fidelity exacted in marriage, is a question every woman should consider before making a husband of an imaginative man. As I have not seen the countess, I can generalize on the subject without offence, and she is the best judge whether she can chain

my fancy as well as my affections, or yield to an imaginative mistress the devotion of so predominant a quality of my nature. I can only promise her the constancy of a husband.

Still—if this were taken for only vague speculation—she might be deceived. I must declare, frankly, that I am, at present, completely possessed with an imaginative passion. The object of it is probably as poor as I, and I could never marry her were I to continue free. Probably, too, the high-born countess would be but little jealous of her rival, for she has no pretensions to beauty, and is a humble artist. But, in painting this lady's portrait—(a chance experiment, to try whether so plain a face could be made lovely)—I have penetrated to so beautiful an *inner* countenance, (so to speak)—I have found charms of expression so subtly masked to the common eye—I have traced such exquisite lineament of soul and feeling, visible, for the present, I believe, to my eye only—that, while I live, I shall do irresistible homage to her as the embodiment of my fancy's want, the very spirit and essence suitable to rule over my unseen world of imagination. Marry whom I will, and be true to her as I shall, this lady will (perhaps unknown to herself) be my mistress in dream-land and reverie.

This inevitable license allowed—my ideal world and its devotions, that is to say, left entirely to myself—I am ready to accept the honour of the countess's hand. If, at the altar, she should hear me murmur another name *with* her own—(for the bride of my fancy must be present when I wed, and I shall link the vows to both in one ceremony)—let her not fear for my constancy to herself, but let her remember that it is not to offend her hereafter, if the name of the other come to my lip in dreams.

Your excellency may command my time and presence.

With high consideration, &c.

GRÆME McDONALD.

Rather agitated than surprised seemed Mademoiselle Folie, when, the next day, as she arranged her brushes upon the shelf of her easel, her handsome neighbour commenced, in the most fluent Italian he could command, to invite her to his wedding. Very much surprised was McDonald when she interrupted him in English, and begged him to use his native tongue, as madame, her attendant, would not then understand him. He went on delightedly in his own honest language, and

explained to her his imaginative admiration, though he felt compunctious, somewhat, that so unreal a sentiment should bring the visible blood into her cheek. She thanked him—drew the cloth from the upper part of her own picture, and showed him an admirable portrait of his handsome features, substituted for the masculine head of Judith in the original from which she copied—and promised to be at his wedding, and to listen sharply for her murmured name in his vow at the altar. He chanced to wear at the moment a ring of red cornelian, and he agreed with her that she should stand where he could see her, and, at the moment of his putting the marriage ring upon his bride's finger, that she should put on this, and for ever after wear it, as a token of having received his spiritual vows of devotion.

The day came, and the splendid equipage of the countess dashed into the square of Santa Maria, with a veiled bride and a cold bridegroom, and deposited them at the steps of the church. And they were followed by other coronetted equipages, and gaily dressed people dismounted from each—the mother and sisters of the bridegroom, gaily dressed, among them, but looking pale with incertitude and dread.

The veiled bride was small, but she moved gracefully up the aisle, and met her future husband at the altar with a low curtsy, and made a sign to the priest to proceed with the ceremony. McDonald was colourless, but firm, and indeed showed little interest, except by an anxious look now and then among the crowd of spectators at the sides of the altar. He pronounced with a steady voice, but when the ring was to be put on, he looked around for an instant, and then suddenly, and to the great scandal of the church, clasped his bride with a passionate ejaculation to his bosom. *The cornelian ring was on her finger*—and the Countess Nyschriem and Mademoiselle Folie—his bride and his fancy-queen—were one!

This curious event happened in Florence some eight years since—as all people then there will remember—and it was prophesied of the countess that she would have but a short lease of her handsome and gay husband. But time does not say so. A more constant husband than McDonald to his plain and titled wife, and one more continuously in love, does not travel and buy pictures, and patronize artists—though few except yourself and I, dear reader, know the philosophy of it!

A THOUGHT.

THE restless inanity of minds, which can neither use, retain, nor even receive any of the materials of intellectual enjoyment, require, as the gratifications of sensuality cease, a continued and endless

succession of novelties, at once violent and frivolous, to relieve them from the painful sense of that vacancy which it is impossible to fill, and that lassitude of self-disgust which it is impossible to fly.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S BRACELET.

BY MRS. C. LEE HENTZ.

WE were all seated in a piazza, one beautiful summer's night. The moonbeams quivered through the interlacing vines that crept fantastically over the latticework that surrounded it. My grandmother sat in an arm-chair in the centre of the group, her arms quietly folded across her lap, her hair white and silvery as the moonbeams that lingered on its parted folds. She was the handsomest old lady I ever saw, my revered grandmother, and in the spring of her years had been a reigning belle. To me she was still beautiful, in the gentle quietude of life's evening shades, the dignity of chastened passions, waiting hopes, and sustaining religious faith. I was her favourite grandchild, and the place near her feet, the arm laid across her lap, the uplifted eye fixed steadfastly on her face, constant as the recurrence of the still night hour, told a story of love and devotion on my part, which defied all competition. As I sat this night, leaning on her lap, I held her hand in mine, and the thought that a few more years, that hand must be cold in the grave, incapable of answering the glowing pressure of mine, made me draw a deep inspiration, and I almost imagined her complexion assumed an ashen hue, prophetic of death. The weather was warm, and she wore a large loose wrapper, with flowing sleeves, left unconfined at the wrist. As I moved her hand, the folds of the sleeve fell back, and something pure and bright glittered in the moonlight. She made a movement to draw down the sleeve, but the eager curiosity of childhood was not to be eluded. I caught her wrist, and baring it to the gaze of all, exclaimed,

"Only think—grandmother has got on a bracelet—a pearl bracelet. Who would think of her indulging in such finery? Here are two sweet pearl lilies set together in a golden clasp, with golden leaves below them. Why, grandmother, you must be setting up for a bride!"

"It was a bridal gift," replied she, sliding the bracelet on her shrunken arm, "a bridal gift, made long ago. It was a foolish thought, child. I was looking over a casket, where I have deposited the choicest treasures of my youth, and I clasped it on my wrist, to see how my arm had fallen from its fair proportions. My mind became so lost in thinking of the story of this gem, I forgot to restore it to the place where it has so long lain, slumbering with the hoarded memories of other days."

"A story!" we all eagerly exclaimed,—"please tell it—you promised us one to-night."

"Ah! children, it is no fairy tale, about bright genii, and enchanted palaces, and ladies so beautiful that they bewitch every one who comes within the

magic reach of their charms. It is a true tale, and has some sad passages in it."

"Grandmother," said I, in a dignified manner, "I hope you don't think me so silly as not to like any thing because it is true. I have got over the Arabian Nights long ago, and I would rather hear something to make me feel sorry than glad,—I always do feel sad when the moon shines on me, but I can't tell the reason why."

"Hush! Mina, and let grandmother tell her story—you always talk so much," said little Mitty, who sat on the other side of her venerable relative.

The old lady patted with one hand the golden head of the chider, but the arm clasped by the magic bracelet was still imprisoned by my fingers, and as she proceeded in its history, my grasp tightened and tightened from the intenseness of my interest, till she was compelled to beg me to release her.

"Yes," said she, in a musing tone, "there is a story depending on this, which I remember as vividly as if the events were of yesterday. I may forget what happened an hour ago, but the records of my youth are written in lines that grow deeper as time flows over them."

She looked up steadily for a few moments, appearing to my imagination like an inspired sybil, then began as follows:

"When I was a young girl, I had no brothers or sisters, as you have, but was an only, I might say a lonely child, for my father was dead and my mother an invalid. When I returned from school, I obtained permission to invite a sweet young cousin of mine, whose name was Eglantine, to be my companion. We were affluent, she was poor; and when my mother proposed to make our house her home, she accepted the offer with gratitude and joy. She was an interesting creature, of a peculiar temperament and exquisite sensibility. She was subject to fits of wonderful buoyancy and equal despondency; sometimes she would warble all day, gay and untiring as the bird, perched on yonder spray, then a soft melancholy would sit brooding on her brow, as if she feared some impending misfortune. This was probably owing to the peculiar circumstances of her infancy, for she was born during her mother's widowhood, and nursed by a mother's tears. A poetical friend had given her the name of Eglantine, and well did her beauty, sweetness, delicacy, and fragility justify the name. In our girlhood we grew together, like the friends of the Midsummer's Night, almost inseparable in body, and never divided in heart, by those little jealousies which sometimes interpose their barriers to young

maiden's friendships. But I see little Mitty has fallen asleep already. My story is too grave for the light ears of childhood. I shall be obliged too to say something about love, and even you, Mina, are entirely too young to know any thing of its influence."

"Oh! but I do know something, grandmother," exclaimed I, impulsively; "that is, I have read—I have thought"—I stammered and stopped, unable to express my own vague ideas.

"You may not be too young to sympathize, but certainly too young to feel," said my grandmother, mildly; "but, ardent and sympathizing as your nature is, it will be hard for you to carry back your mind to the time when all the warm passions and hopes of youth were glowing in my bosom. It is enough to say that there was one who came and rivalled Eglantine in my affections, one to whom I was betrothed, and to whom I was to be shortly wedded: It was on such an eve as this, so clear and bright, that he gave me the pledge of our betrothal, this bracelet of pearl, and clasped it on an arm which then filled the golden circlet. Perhaps, you wonder that the first token of love should not have been a ring; but Ronald did not like to follow the track of other men, and even in trifles marked out for himself a peculiar and independent course. That night, when I retired to my chamber, I found Eglantine seated at the open window, apparently absorbed in the contemplation of the starry heavens. She sat in a loose undress, her hair of paly gold hung unbound over her shoulders, and her head being slightly thrown back, allowed the moonlight to flood her whole face, with its unearthly radiance.

"'You look very beautiful and romantic, dear Eglantine,' said I, softly approaching her, and throwing my arms round her neck, 'but come down from the stars a little while, my sweet cousin, and share in my earthly emotions.' My heart was too full of happiness, my spirits too excited, not to overflow in unreserved confidence in her bosom. She wept as I poured into her ears all my hopes, my recent vows and future schemes of felicity. It was her usual manner of expressing deep sympathy, and I loved her the better for her tears. 'All I wonder at and blame in Ronald, is,' and I spoke this in true sincerity, 'that he does not love you better than me. Never till this evening was I sure of his preference.'

"Eglantine withdrew herself from my arms, and turned her face to the shadow of the wall. There was something inexplicable in her manner, that chilled, and even alarmed me. A thought too painful to be admitted darted for a moment to my mind. Could she be jealous of Ronald's love for me? Was my happiness to be built on the ruin of hers? No! it could not be. She probably feared my affections might become alienated from her in consequence of my new attachment. Such a fear was natural, and I hastened to remove it by the warmest professions, mingled with covert reproaches for her doubts and misgivings.

"I had a young waiting-maid, who, next to Eg-

lantine was the especial object of my regard. She was the daughter of a gentlewoman, who, from a series of misfortunes, was reduced to penury, to which was added the helplessness of disease. To relieve her mother from the pressure of immediate want, the young Alice offered herself as a candidate for a state of servitude, and I eagerly availed myself of the opportunity of securing the personal attendance of one so refined in manner, and so winning in appearance. Alice now came forward, as was her custom, to assist me in preparing for my nightly rest. She was about to unclasp the bracelet from my wrist, but I drew back my arm. 'No, no, Alice,' said I, 'this is an amulet. Sweet dreams will come to my pillow, beckoned by its fairy power. I cannot sleep without it. See how beautifully the lilies gleam in the moonlight that gilds my couch.' Alice seemed as if she could never weary in admiring the beauty of the ornament. She turned my arm to shift the rays, and catch the delicate colouring of the pearls, and looped up the sleeve of my night-dress in a fantastic manner, to display it fully to her gaze. Once or twice I thought I saw the eyes of Eglantine fastened upon it, with a sad, wistful expression, and the same exquisitely painful thought again darted to my mind. I struggled against its admission, as degrading both to myself and her, and at last fell asleep, with my arm thrown on the outside of the bed, and the bracelet shining out in the pure night-beams. Alice slept in a little bed by the side of mine, for I could not bear that a creature so young and delicate, and so gentle-bred, should share the apartments devoted to the servants, and be exposed to their rude companionship. She generally awoke me with her light touch or gentle voice, but when I awoke the next morning, I saw Alice still sleeping, with a flushed cheek and an attitude that betokened excitement and unrest. Eglantine sat at her window, reading, dressed with her usual care, by her own graceful fingers. In the school of early poverty, she had learned the glorious lesson of independence, a lesson which, in my more luxurious life, I had never acquired. 'Alice must be ill,' said I, rising and approaching her bedside, 'she looks feverish, and her brows are knit, as if her dreams were fearful.' I bent down over her, and laid my hand upon her shoulder, to rouse her from her uneasy slumbers, when I started, for the precious bracelet was gone. Eglantine laid down her book at my sudden exclamation, and Alice waking, looked round her with a bewildered expression. 'My bracelet!' repeated I—'it is gone.' I flew to my couch, it was not there. I looked upon the carpet, in the vain hope that the clasp had unloosed, and that it had fallen during the night. 'Alice,' cried I, 'rise this moment, and help me to find my bracelet. You must know where it is. It never could have vanished without aid.' I fixed my eyes steadfastly on her face, which turned as hueless as marble. She trembled in every limb, and sunk down again on the side of the bed.

"'You do not think I have taken it, Miss Laura,' said she, gasping for breath."

" 'I do not know what to think,' I answered, in a raised tone; 'but it is very mysterious, and your whole appearance and manner is very strange this morning, Alice. You must have been up in the night, or you would not have slept so unusually late'—"

" 'Do not be hasty, Laura,' said Eglantine, in a sweet, soothing voice, 'it may yet be found. Perhaps it is clinging to your dress, concealed in its folds. Let me assist you in searching.' She unfolded the sheets, turned up the edges of the carpet, examined every corner where it might have been tossed, but all in vain. In the meanwhile, Alice remained like one stupefied, following our movements with a pale, terrified countenance, without offering to participate in the search."

" 'There is no use in looking longer, Eglantine,' said I, bitterly. 'I suspect Alice might assist us effectually to discover it, if she would. Nay, I will not say suspect, I believe—I dare to say, I know—for conscious guilt is written in glaring characters on her countenance.'"

" 'Do not make any rash accusations, Laura,' cried Eglantine; 'I acknowledge appearances are much against her, but I cannot think Alice capable of such ingratitude, duplicity, and meanness.'"

" 'Alice here burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and declared, with wringing hands and choking sobs, that she would sooner die than commit so base and wicked a deed."

" 'Oh! Miss Eglantine,' she exclaimed, 'didn't you take it in sport? It seems as if I saw you in a dream, going up to Miss Laura, while she was asleep, and take it from her wrist, softly, and then vanish away. Oh! Miss Eglantine, the more I think of it, the more I am sure I saw you, all in sport I know; but please return it, or it will be death to me.'"

" 'The blood seemed to boil up in the cheeks of Eglantine, so sudden and intense was the glow that mantled them."

" 'I thought you innocent, Alice,' said she, 'but I see, with pain, that you are an unprincipled girl. How dare you attempt to impose on me the burthen of your crime? How dare you think of sheltering yourself under the shadow of my name?'"

" 'The vague suspicions which the assertion of Alice had excited, vanished before the outraged looks and language of the usually gentle Eglantine. Alice must have been the transgressor, and in proportion to the affection and confidence I had reposed in her, and the transcendent value of the gift, was my indignation at the offence, and the strength of my resolution to banish her from me."

" 'Restore it,' said I, 'and leave me. Do it quietly and immediately and I will inflict no other punishment than your own reflections for having abused so much love and trust.'"

" 'Search me, if you please, Miss Laura, and all that belongs to me,' replied Alice, in a firmer tone, 'but I cannot give back what I have never taken. I would not for fifty thousand worlds take what was not mine, and least of all from you, who have been

so kind and good. I am willing to go, for I would rather beg my bread from door to door, than live upon the bounty of one who thinks me capable of such guilt,' with a composure that strangely contrasted with her late violent agitation, she arranged her dress, and was walking towards the door, when Eglantine arrested her."

" 'Alice, Alice, you must be mad to persist in this course. Confess the whole, return the bracelet, and Laura may yet forgive you. Think of your sick mother. How can you go to her in shame and disgrace?'"

" 'At the mention of her mother, Alice wept afresh, and putting her hand to her head, exclaimed,

" 'I feel very, very sick. Perhaps we shall die together, and then God will take pity on us. The great God knows I am innocent of this crime.'"

" 'Grandmother,' interrupted I, unable to keep silence any longer, 'tell me if she was not innocent. I know she must have been. Who could have taken it?'"

" 'Do you think Eglantine more likely to have stolen it from her cousin, who was to her, as it were, another soul and being?'"

" 'Oh! no,' I replied, 'but I shall feel unhappy till I discover the thief. Please, grandmother, go on. Did Alice really go away?'"

" 'Yes, my child,' answered my grandmother, in a faltering voice, 'she went, though my relenting heart pleaded for her to linger. Her extreme youth and helplessness, her previous simplicity and truthfulness, and her solemn asseverations of innocence, all staggered my belief in her guilt. It was a mystery which grew darker as I attempted to penetrate it. If Alice were innocent, who could be guilty. Eglantine? Such a thought was sacrilege to her pure and elevated character, her tried affection for me, her self-respect, dignity, and truth. Alice returned to her mother, in spite of our permission for her to remain till the subject could be more fully investigated."

" 'When the door closed upon her retreating form, I sat down by the side of Eglantine, and wept. The fear that I had unjustly accused the innocent, the possibility, nay the probability that she was guilty, the loss of the first pledge of plighted love, indefinite terrors for the future, a dim shade of superstition brooding over the whole, all conspired to make me gloomy and desponding. We were all unhappy. Ronald tried to laugh at my sadness, and promised me 'gems from the mine, and pearls from the ocean,' to indemnify me for my loss, yet I watched every change of his expressive countenance, and I knew he thought deeply and painfully on the subject. The strange suspicion which had risen in my mind the preceding night, with regard to Eglantine's feelings towards him, revived when I saw them together, and I wondered I had not observed before the fluctuations of her complexion, and the agitation of her manner, whenever he addressed her. He had always treated her with the kindness of a brother—that kindness now made me unhappy. I was becoming suspicious, jealous, and

self-distrustful, with a settled conviction that some strange barrier existed to my union with Ronald, a destiny too bright, and too beautiful, to be realized in this world of dreams and shadows. My mother was firm in her belief of the guilt of Alice, who had never been a favourite of hers. Perhaps, I lavished upon her too many indulgences, which displeased my mother's soberer judgment. She forbade all intercourse with her, all mention of her name, but she was ever present to my imagination, sometimes the shameless ingrate and accomplished deceiver; at others, the eloquent pleader of her outraged innocence. One day Eglantine came to me, and laid her hand on mine, with a look of unspeakable dismay.

"'I have heard,' said she, 'that Alice is dying. Let us go to her, Laura, and save her, if it be not too late.'

"What I felt at hearing these words, I never can tell,—they pressed upon me with such a weight of grief—her innocence seemed as clear to me as noon-day—my own unkindness as cruel as the grave. Quickly as possible we sought the cottage where her mother dwelt, and a piteous spectacle met our eyes. There lay Alice on a little bed, pale, emaciated, and almost unconscious, her once bright hair, dim and matted, her sweet blue eyes sunk and half closed, her arms laid listlessly by her side, the breath coming faint and flutteringly from her parted lips. On another bed lay her poor, heart-broken mother, unable to relieve the sufferings of her she would gladly have died to save. Frantic with grief I threw myself by the side of Alice, and disturbed the solemn stillness of the death-hour with my incoherent ravings. I declared her innocence, I called upon her to live, to live for my sake, and throwing my arms wildly round her wasted form, struggled to hold her back from the grave, yawning beneath her. It was in vain to cope with Omnipotence. Alice died, even in the midst of my agonies, and it was long before I was able to listen to the story of her illness, as related by her disconsolate mother. She had returned home sick and feverish, and sick and feverish she evidently was on her first awakening, and that wounded spirit, which none can bear, acting on a diseased frame, accelerated the progress of her fever, till it settled on her brain, producing delirium and ultimately death. During all her delirium, she was pleading her cause, with an angel's eloquence, declaring her innocence and blessing me as her benefactress and friend."

Here my grandmother paused and covered her eyes with her handkerchief. I laid my head on her lap, and the ringlets of little Mitty's hair were wet with my tears. I felt quite broken-hearted, and ready to murmur at Providence for placing me in a world so full of error and woes.

"Did you ever feel happy again, dear grandmother?" asked I, when I ventured to break the silence,—curiosity was completely merged in sympathy.

"Yes, Mina, I have had hours of happiness, such as seldom falls to the lot of woman, but those bright

hours were like the shining of the gold, that comes forth purified from the furnace of fire. The mother of Alice soon followed her to the grave, and there they sleep, side by side, in the lonely churchyard. Eglantine soothed and comforted me, and endeavoured to stifle the self-upbraidings that ever sounded dolefully to my heart. Alice had been the victim of inexplicable circumstances, and so far from having been cruel, I had been kind and forbearing, considering the weight of evidence against her. Thus reasoned Eglantine, and I tried to believe her, but all my hopes of joy seemed blighted, for how could I mingle the wreath of love with the cypress boughs that now darkened my path? Ronald pressed an immediate union, but I shrunk with superstitious dread from the proposition, and refused the ring, with which he now sought to bind my faith. 'No, no,' I cried, 'the pledges of love are not for me—I will never accept another.'

"My mother grew angry at my fatalism. 'You are nursing phantasies,' said she, 'that are destroying the brightness of your youth. You are actually making yourself old, ere yet in your bloom. See, if there are not actually streaks of gray threading your jetty hair.' I rose and stood before a mirror, and shaking my hair loose from the confining comb, saw that her words were true. Here and there a gleam of silver wandered through those tresses, which had always worn that purple depth of hue peculiar to the raven's plumage. The chill that penetrated my heart on the death-bed of Alice, had thus suddenly and prematurely frosted the dark locks of my youth. My mother became alarmed at my excessive paleness, and proposed a journey for the restoration of my spirits and health. Ronald eagerly supported the suggestion, but Eglantine declined accompanying us. She preferred, she said, being alone. With books at home, and nature, in the glory of its summer garniture abroad, she could not want sources of enjoyment. I did not regret her determination, for her presence had become strangely oppressive to me, and even Ronald's manners had assumed an embarrassment and constraint towards her, very different from their usual familiarity. The night before our departure, I felt more melancholy than ever. It was just such a night as the one that witnessed our ill-starred betrothal. The moon came forth from behind a bed of white clouds, silvering every flake as it floated back from her beauteous face, and diffusing on earth the wondrous secret of heavenly communion. I could not sleep, and as I lay gazing on the solemn tranquillity of the night heavens, I thought of the time when 'those heavens should be rolled together as a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat,' and I, still thinking, living, feeling in other, grander, everlasting scenes, the invisible dweller of my bosom's temple assumed such magnitude and majesty in my eyes, the contemplation became overwhelming and awful. The sublime sound of the clock striking the midnight hour—and all who have heard that sound in the dead silence of the night, can attest that it is sublime—broke in on my deep abstraction. Eglan-

tine, who had lain wrapt in peaceful slumbers, here softly drew back the bed-cover, and rising slowly, walked round with stilly steps to the side where I reclined, and stood looking fixedly upon me. 'Eglantine!' I exclaimed, terrified at her attitude and singular appearance. 'Eglantine, what is the matter?' She answered not, moved not, but remained standing, immovable, with her eyes fixed and expressionless as stone. There she stood in the white moonlight, in her long, loose night-dress, which hung around her, in her stillness, like the folds of the winding sheet, her hair streaming down her back in long, lifeless tresses, and lighted up on her brow with a kind of supernatural radiance—and then those death-resembling eyes! I trembled and tried to draw the sheet over my face, to shut out the appalling vision. After a few moments, which seemed interminable to me, she bent over me, and taking my right hand, felt of my wrist, again and again. Her fingers were as cold as marble. My very blood seemed to congeal under her touch. 'It is gone,' murmured she, 'but it is safe—I have it safe. It fits my wrist as well as hers.' Terrified as I was at this unexpected apparition, my mind was clear and never were my perceptions more vivid. The mystery of the bracelet was about to be unravelled. Poor Alice's assertion that she had seen Eglantine standing by my side, and taking the bracelet from my wrist, came back thundering in my ears. 'It is gone,' replied Eglantine, in the same low, deep voice, 'but I know where it is laid; where the bridegroom or the bride can never find it. Perhaps the moon shines too brightly on it, and reveals the spot.' Thus saying, she glided across the floor, with spirit-like tread, and opening the door, disappeared. In the excess of my excitement I forgot my fears, and hastily rising, followed her footsteps, determined to unravel the mystery, if I died in the act. I could catch the glimpses of her white garments, through the shadows of the winding staircase, and I pursued them with rapid steps, till I found myself close behind her by the door which opened into the garden. There she stood, still as a corpse, and again the cold dew of superstitious terror gathered on my brow. I soon saw a fumbling motion about the keyhole, and the door opening, she again glided onward towards the summer-house, my favourite retreat, the place where I had received this mysterious bracelet—the place where Flora had collected all her wealth of bloom. She put aside the drooping vines, sending out such a cloud of fragrance on the dewy air, I almost fainted from their oppression, and stooping down over a white rose-bush, carefully removed the lower branches, while the rose-leaves fell in a snowy shower over her naked feet. 'Where is it?' said she, feeling about in the long grass. 'It isn't in the spot where I hid it. If she has found it, she may yet be a bride, and Ronald still her own.' She stooped down lower over the rose-bush, then rising hastily, I saw with inexpressible agitation, the lost bracelet, shining in the light that quivered with ghostlike lustre on her pallid face. With a

most unearthly smile, she clasped it on her wrist, and left the arbour, muttering in a low voice, 'I will not leave it here—lest she find out where it lies and win back her bridal gift. I will keep it next my own heart, and she cannot reach it there.' Once more I followed the gliding steps of Eglantine, through the chill silence of night, till we ascended the stairs and entered our own chamber. Quietly she laid herself down, as if she had just risen from her knees in prayer, and I perceived by her closed lids and gentle breathing, that a natural sleep was succeeding the inexplicable mysteries of somnambulism."

"She was walking in her sleep, then, grandmother," I exclaimed, drawing a long breath. "I thought so all the time, and poor Alice was really innocent! And what did Eglantine say, the next morning, when she awakened, and found the bracelet on her arm?"

"She was astonished and bewildered, and knew not what to think; but when I told her of all the events of the night, the truth of which the bracelet itself attested, she sunk back like one stricken with death. So many thoughts crowded upon her at once, in such force, it is no wonder they almost crushed her with their power. The conviction that her love for Ronald could no longer be concealed, the remembrance of the accusation of Alice, which she had so indignantly repelled, the apparent meanness and turpitude of the act, though performed without any conscious volition on her part, the belief that another had been the victim of her involuntary crime, all united to bow her spirit to the dust. My heart bled at the sight of her distress, and every feeling wrought up to unnatural strength by the exciting scenes I had witnessed, I promised never to wed Ronald, since the thought of our union had evidently made her so unhappy. Eglantine contended against this resolution with all her eloquence, but alas! she was not destined long to oppose the claims of friendship to the pleadings of love. Her constitution was naturally frail, a fragility indicated by the extreme delicacy and mutability of her complexion, and the profusion of her pale golden hair. Day by day, she faded, night by night she continued her mysterious rambles to the spot where she had first deposited the bracelet, till she had no longer strength to leave her bed, when her soul seemed to commune with the cherubim and seraphim, which, I doubt not, in their invisible glory, surrounded her nightly couch. As she drew near the land of shadows, she lost sight of the phantom of earthly love, in aspirations after a heavenly union. She mourned over her ill-directed sensibilities, her wasted opportunities, her selfish brooding over forbidden hopes and imaginings. She gave herself up in penitence and faith to her Redeemer, in submission to her Father and her God, and her soul at last passed away as silently and gently as the perfume from the evening flower, into the bosom of eternity."

"Oh! grandmother, what a melancholy story you have told," cried I, looking at the bracelet more

intently than ever, the vivid feelings of curiosity subdued and chastened by such sad revealings; "but did not you marry Ronald at last?"

"Yes," replied she, looking upward with mournful earnestness, "the beloved grandfather, who has so often dandled you in his arms, in this very spot, where we are now seated, whose head, white with the snows of threescore years and ten, now reposes on the pillow all the living must press,—who now waits me, I trust, in the dwellings of immortality, was that once youthful Ronald, whose beauty and worth captivated the affections of the too sensitive Eglantine. Many, many years of happiness has it been my blessed lot to share with him on earth. The memories of Alice and Eglantine, softened by time, were robbed of their bitterness, and only served to endear us more tenderly to each other. The knowledge we had gained of the frailty and

uncertainty of life, led us to lift our views to a more enduring state of existence, and love hallowed by religion, became a sublime and holy bond, imperishable as the soul and lofty as its destinies. I have lived to see my children's children gather around me, like the olive branches of scripture, fair and flourishing. I have lived to see the companion of my youth and age consigned to the darkness of the grave, and I have nothing more to do on earth, but to fold the mantle of the spirit quietly around me, and wait the coming of the Son of Man."

I looked up with reverence in my grandmother's face, as she thus concluded the eventful history of the Pearl Bracelet, and I thought what a solemn and beautiful thing was old age, when the rays of the Sun of Righteousness thus illumed its hoary hair, and converted it into an emblematic crown of glory.

STANZAS FROM GOETHE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Ich denke dein, &c.

I THINK of thee when the strong rays of noon
Flash from the sea,
When the clear fountains glimmer in the moon,
I think of thee.

I see thee when, along the distant ways,
The dust clouds creep,
And when, at night, the trembling traveller strays
By chasm and steep.

I hear thee when the sea-tides murmur soft
To the calm air;
In lone and stilly woods I listen oft,
And hear thee there.

I dwell with thee—I know thou art afar,
Yet dream thee near.
The sun goes down; star brightens after star—
Would thou wert here!

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

BY MISS E. S. NORTON.

'Tis Autumn now, half pleased half sad, I list
To the wind's low and melancholy sigh;
That sad low sigh that autumn winds will breathe,
Just when the leaves are falling, and the trees
Tossing their leafless branches high in air,
When the year's death is nigh, and blossoms fair,
The bright sweet flowers have faded, drooped and died,
Save some lone floweret that perchance doth bloom,
Seeming so sad amid the loneliness,
That we might almost grieve for it, as one
Whose kindred all are gone, who stands alone
Mourning above the wrecks of loveliness,
And waiting death, that calmer of all griefs.
"Sadness is brooding o'er each lovely scene,"
The sun is high in heaven, but his beams
Fall not as they were wont, there is no bloom,
No lovely thing for him to shine upon,

And day by day he seems to rise more slowly
And to leave the world in haste. Winter will come
And cast his icy mantle o'er the scene;
But yet we know spring will return again,
Then flowers will bloom and birds will wake the song,
And all bright things return. Yet no, not all,
There are some lovelier than the fairest flowers,
Some who have left us with the dying year,
That will not come with the "spring's awakening."
Oh they were of a world where death has power
O'er all bright things. And he has breath'd around,
And bright sweet smiles, and voices that had been
Like music round our way, all, all have gone
Down to the silent tomb. We may not call them back,
There is no power, e'en in the deepest love,
To stay one hour the dark dread summoned.

Charlestown, Mass.

THE DEEP DRAWER.

BY MRS. H. F. LEE, AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING," ETC.

"PRAY," said I to an old friend of mine to whose library I often gained admittance, "what are you going to do with all the manuscripts in this deep drawer?"

"Nothing in the world," said he; "I have written them for my own amusement, but as there are no deeds or parchments, no musty rolls, or state or city records amongst them, I seldom open it, except to throw in an additional paper. I find writing a sort of safety valve—much of ennui and discontent escape this way, which would otherwise prey upon my solitary hours. Then I have sometimes been vain enough to think they may hereafter have some value from their antiquity. However, the truth is, that I do not set much store by them; when I want room, I empty the drawer, and consign the contents to the flames; and I never could find out that the world was less enlightened by their loss."

"Certainly not, if they lie in this dark drawer, but who knows by bringing them to the light, but they will contribute to the amusement, if nothing more, of the reading world, and keep a few busy bodies from mischief. Instead of consigning them to the flames, make them over to me, with permission to do as I please with them."

I saw the idea hit his fancy, for it took off all responsibility from him.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "I give you leave to draw, it shall be a sort of lottery. They lie promiscuously there, put in your hand and take what comes first."

The receptacle was too dark for selection; yet I honestly confess, I avoided the thickest manuscripts, thinking if the one I hit upon should prove dull, the thinner the better. There is nothing so unpardonable as dullness. It was with some curiosity I read the title. It seemed to me an unpromising one. The days of the Guardian, the Tatler, even the Spectator, have gone by. Will Honeycomb, with all his wit and quaintness, would now be considered a proser.

"Have you no stories, journals, biographies, no scraps of poetry? those are the right sort of things."

"Perhaps there may be a little of all," said he, "but you must abide by your agreement."

"Be it so," I replied, "I will take this, with its unpromising title."

"A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY IN A SNOW STORM."

There are few people but can remember the first hearty snow storm that occurs in the season. It is an era in the year. The transition from warm to cold weather is usually gradual—but the first snow-

storm is a leap into winter. Every object is changed; and the scattered leaves which remain, are torn from the branches, and carried about by the wind in eddies, or lie motionless by the parent stem. Yet, to many the first snow-storm is not unpleasant. It is a gathering in of home comforts, particularly in the country, where a white robe is spread over every object, where it lies on the distant hills and valleys, unbroken and unsullied, sheltering nearer objects, the farm-yard and outhouses, with their harvest, from the severe cold, of which it is the harbinger.

An old friend of mine resided in the country. Though sincerely attached to him, I had not seen him for several years. I was leading the busy, bustling life of a lawyer in the city, and could never find time for this kind of recreation. I received, however, a letter from him, saying he wished to see me, on particular business, and had sent a one-horse carriage for me, hoping I would return in it the next day.

I could not refuse this summons. I knew my friend was an *octogenaire*, and supposed that he might feel indications of approaching dissolution, and be earnest to effect a legal settlement of his affairs. The weather was promising, and though the carriage was without a top, yet as it arrived on one of those mellow evenings of the closing year, when autumn seems to linger on her own premises, I anticipated real enjoyment from the ride. The sun had set with rich radiance behind the hills, and I imagined it an appropriate emblem for the work I was called to perform. I knew the old gentleman was wealthy, and had numerous poor relations scattered about the country, whose eyes were perhaps wishfully fixed on the setting sun of his closing life.

The next morning all was changed; the day came in a snow-storm—first, large flakes, in those beautiful forms which science has long since discovered belong to them, and which we tread irreverently under foot; then smaller particles, filling the atmosphere, and promising a continued snow-storm. I knew it would be a great disappointment to my friend, if I did not arrive in the evening; and therefore resolutely prepared to go. There is a great art in wrapping up one's-self comfortably, that is, in effectually excluding the snow and cold, and yet leaving a breathing place. I was no veteran in this art, for I had not for many years encountered a snow-storm, except for a short walk to my office, with an umbrella over my head, and India-rubber shoes on my feet. My great object was to guard my throat, and I bound so many tippets round it

that my hat could find no resting place, but was starting from my head at every blast; and here the subtle enemy found an entrance, and made, literally, his head-quarters. To guard against these rude attacks, the hands must be employed in holding on the hat, and an inlet is made for the wintry air which completely chills you.

The present rapid way of travelling in a car heated by stoves, and flying over hills and valleys, made level, will probably destroy all commiseration in the young for a journey of forty or fifty miles through a snow-storm, drawn by one horse in an open carriage. We have but little sympathy for calamities we have not experienced. It is universally believed, that the rich have no feeling for the poor, the free for the bondman. But these are sweeping conclusions, and deserve to be analyzed, at a leisure hour. In the mean time I would ask, who provides hospitals, and alms-houses, and those salutary seminaries of education—state prisons and houses of correction? Are not the rich taxed for them?

To proceed. On I went at rather a slow pace, for my friend's horse, like his master, had grown old, and was too much in the winter of life to heed a snow-storm. If he could have spoken, how many might he have counted! I hope he will have his rest, a year of fresh pasturage, beside the flowing stream, before his limbs grow motionless, and his eyes close for ever.

I had my own reflections to beguile my journey, and thought of many things. I endeavored to summon up a recollection of the *snow-grotto*, an excavation made by the waters on the side of Mount Etna. The snow deposited here became by the proprietor an article of traffic. He knew that at Naples they make use of snow to cool their liquors. This grotto was hired or bought by the Knights of Malta, for that purpose, they having neither ice nor snow on the burning rock on which they live. The snow was sent to them when needed. They soon however found it so necessary an article, that they levelled a piece of ground of considerable extent, and enclosed it with thick walls, so that when the winds, which at this height blew with great violence, carry the snow from the higher parts of the mountain, and deposit it in this enclosure, it may be retained and amassed by the walls. They cut flights of steps into the grotto, and made openings above to enlighten it. When the snow is transported to distant places, it is put into large bags, and pressed as closely as possible, then laid upon mules which convey it to the shore, where small vessels are waiting to carry it away.

All this I thought over, and wondered whether ice-houses were not first suggested, by the snow-grotto on Mount Etna. At least, it cannot be said, as it often is of inventions, that they were thought of long before this was formed. For among all the chronological details, we have never heard that any precise date has been fixed for the birth of old Etna. My mind, however, very naturally turned to one of my own townsmen, a Bostonian, who at the

early age of eighteen, accidentally heard some gentlemen from the tropics, say they had, in unlading a vessel, seen ice between boards. From this era, he formed his plan, and determined to treat the *salamanders* with ice; and as we have an abundance of the article in New England, turn a portion of it into pure gold for his own use. But sometimes our winters are very mild, and this article is hard to be procured. Such an one occurred a few years since; there was scarcely enough to supply our own domestic ice-houses. His inventive genius did not fail him. He sent out a vessel to arrest the ice-bergs of the frozen ocean, and convert them to his purposes.

It is said that this enterprising American has now made a *Lake in the air*—that is, raised the water by machinery, so that it will freeze much sooner than in its own quiet bed. All who are disposed to witness this effort of human ingenuity, may have the opportunity by a drive to Fresh pond, in the vicinity of Boston, a spot where Nature has decked herself in her loveliest apparel.

It was night before I arrived at the gate of the long avenue which led to my friend's mansion; it was bordered by forest trees, the larch and pine were visible amongst the white snow. By a sudden turn we came full in sight of the house. It was a low, stone building, which with its out-houses covered at least half an acre. I had not seen my friend for several years, he was then full of the vigour and activity of middle age; though somewhat past it in years, he could walk eight miles a day without fatigue. I had heard but little of him since; of his early history I knew nothing. Indeed what history attaches to a bachelor? and such he was. He had always expressed a dislike to matrimony, and resisted with wonderful ingenuity all attacks upon his purse, or *heart*, as he naturally termed it.

We arrived at the mansion and the door opened to receive me. I was shown into a large room where in an arm-chair sat my old friend. But alas, how changed! When I last saw him he was well filled out, but he was now shrunk in size, and his voice was feeble and broken.

He held out his hand and received me with the utmost cordiality, telling me he had been waiting *supper* for me. There was something cheering in the sound of supper, and still more in the bright, blazing logs which filled the fire-place. Very soon an elderly woman made her appearance whom he introduced as his housekeeper. She began arranging the tea-table. I did not take particular notice of what was passing till my friend called, "Susan, come in, this is the gentleman I expected."

With some reluctance a young girl entered. She appeared to be about eighteen, her face and form were strikingly lovely—a redundancy of soft light hair was curling round her pale face, for pale it must be allowed she was; while her blue eyes were covered by long, black eye-lashes. There was that mysterious charm of expression which cannot be described, and which we are apt to think is born of

rank and education, and nurtured by refinement. I looked earnestly at the housekeeper to see whether I could trace any resemblance, and there it was, written with a pen of iron. The same cast of features, the same mould, but yet how different! Time and care, perhaps penury, and hard labour, had stamped their lines on her face, while Susan's looked as if it had come fresh from the Creator and was only touched and shaded by the sorrows of life, yet nature was true to her office—mother and daughter were written on the lineaments of both. Susan seemed in haste to depart and my friend did not detain her.

At length supper was ready—I drew up to the table and found that the hospitality of my friend and his housekeeper had discovered itself in the profusion of viands. On one side appeared a pumpkin pudding, the representative of yankee good cheer, from the first settlement of the country. On another side its friend and companion, a huge apple-pie; while that wonderful compound of all ingredients a *mince-pie*, stood by itself disdaining any associate. I might add the pyramidal structures of *fried nuts*, the plates of toast reposing in a sea of butter—the varieties of preserves, &c. &c.; but it appears too epicurean to enumerate the articles of a feast. I certainly had not lost my appetite by the long day's journey, and a slight repast at noon. Opposite sat my kind friend, and between us his housekeeper, both heaping my plate with *delicacies*, and when I flagged a little in the consumption, expressing a benevolent anxiety lest there was nothing that I liked. I certainly performed wonderfully; but at length could hold out no longer, and diminished the *corps-de-reserve* on my plate by slyly feeding two large dogs who attended me on each side with loving eyes, and appeared to be residents of the parlour. If they reasoned, and who knows but dogs *do reason*, how strangely and unequally must they have thought the good things of this life were distributed. Here was I urged to excess to eat more, while if they only gave a gentle pressure of the paw or a low growl by way of hint, they received a sharp reprimand. "Down, Brutus; silence, Cæsar."

O ye namesakes of ancient heroes! nay more, ye illustrators of what has been to the present day, and what will be till the millennium arrives. The cup overflowing for one and empty for another. The pampered, satiated nursling of prosperity, loathing even luxuries, and the half-famished child of want suing for the crumbs which fall from the over-loaded table.

But does not the Father of all balance the account, when he gives to the poor man the healthy vigorous appetite which springs from laborious industry, and necessary abstinence, and denies to the indolent, selfish epicure, the power of enjoying the fruits of his accumulated wealth?

What are the spices of India, or the rich wines of the South to the miserable dyspeptic, who has had his good things, and partaken of them till the power of enjoyment is lost.

At length the supper was over, they ceased to urge and I to eat—all was removed and my friend and I drew up to the fire.

"I have wanted very much to see you," said he, "I am sorry you have had such an unpleasant ride; but I know you will not regret it, when I tell you, what I mentioned to you, that I have important business." He seemed to labour under some difficulty of utterance. I waited very patiently for the communication—he proceeded. "I wish to inform you that—Pray sit nearer the fire, I am afraid you are cold—to inform you that," again he hesitated.

I now thought it best to assist him. "I perfectly understand you, my dear friend, you wish to make your will. The last time I saw you, you were thinking upon the subject. I supposed this was why you sent for me just at this time, and I have come prepared to assist you with all my legal knowledge. You are quite right, making a will does not shorten life. On the contrary it has a tendency to prolong it; for when the mind is at rest, the health is better. I confess, however, that I feel a little heavy to-night, (I began to wish I had not yielded so fully to the tempting repast,) we will defer business till to-morrow, I shall then be bright and ready to accomplish any thing you wish. This is really a fine farm—how many acres of land belong to it?"

I had touched a string which vibrated to his heart—he spoke of his house as coming to him through a long line of ancestry, tracing it back to some of the pilgrims of the May-flower.

"It is not," said he, "built of perishable wood, but granite; and yonder are my barn and out-houses; every thing is in perfect repair. I shall not have to do anything to them for this twenty years to come. There on that side lie my woodlands, and opposite my peat ground."

He enumerated the barrels of apples, the bushels of wheat, the potatoes, pears, squashes and pumpkins, he had gathered in; in short there he sat with eighty years over his head like the monarch of the domain, nor do I think he would have been much surprised at the eastern salutation, O King, live forever!

"To-morrow," said I, "my dear friend, we will attend to business as early as you please; but I cannot help wondering that you have never found a partner to enjoy all this with you."

His eye brightened. "One would suppose," I continued, "that you were particularly formed for domestic life."

"I think I am, my dear friend," said he, taking my hand.

"How strangely the poor old man compounds language!" thought I, "he means he *was* once formed for it."

"I remember it was reported a long time ago, that you were engaged to a Miss Beals."

"There was no truth in it," said he with a smile. "I recollect the report, you and I were mere boys."

There was at least thirty years difference in our ages, I having just entered my fiftieth year.

"The truth was," resumed he, "I never met with the right one."

"Then you were fortunate never to have married."

"Yes," he replied, "I am very glad I waited."

"True, my dear friend," said I, meaning to be pathetic, "it can make but little difference to you now."

"All the difference in the world," replied he with animation, "as you will perceive when I explain the matter. I begin to feel somewhat solitary, it is my intention to marry. Mrs. Bell has—" at this critical moment, whether from some nervous affection, or from agitation, he was seized with an asthmatic fit of coughing, that seemed to threaten immediate suffocation.

I opened the door to call for help; but I had not far to go, for just at the key-hole stood the individual Mrs. Bell, alias, the housekeeper. She seemed a little confused, said something about being at hand, in case she was wanted—then rushed to the closet and seized some sort of julp, which she poured down my friend's throat. He soon began to recover, and waved his hand for her to retire; but I have a strong impression that she did not go further than the key-hole.

I was now wide awake; I had no disposition to sleep. I could have kept awake the whole night. It was now my friend's turn to falter. He made

one or two efforts to resume the conversation; but appeared wholly inadequate to it. Again I called the housekeeper; she did not seem alarmed; said these attacks were not uncommon for him; that he would be better in the morning, and perhaps it were as well for me to retire.

I assented, and was conducted to a large old-fashioned sleeping room on the ground floor. It extended the whole length of the house front and back, was very low and made still lower by thick beams across the ceiling, to which were appended rifles and some small instruments of farming. In a recess stood a bed, hung with dark green woollen curtains looking dim and mysterious. A huge peat fire blazed in the chimney, which resembled a cavern. By the aid of this and my lamp, I examined various family pictures adorning the walls. Some were the worse for wear, having sundry holes through them, others had escaped the ill-usage of time, and stood bolt upright with flowing wigs and laced coats. What is the reason we have no puritanical dressed portraits among us? I never remember to have seen one, I think I should prize a genuine round-head. After preparing for bed, I looked out of the windows, or rather at them, for they were so filled with snow, as to be quite closed. It was still falling heavily; and the wind sighed and groaned round the house as if some of the originals of the mutilated pictures were moaning over their ruins.

(To be continued.)

MY MOTHER.

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

AMID a sculptured sylvan scene,
Where silence reigned profound and dread,
I stood, and 'neath the willow green,
Held sweet communion with the dead.

I seemed within the spirit land,
Ethereal forms before me flew;—
A bright celestial happy band
Anon arose before my view.

But there was one, whose silvery tones
Still vibrate on my listening ear;
Those gentle accents memory owns,
Of one though lost—still loved most dear.

It was a mother's gentle voice
Communing with a daughter's heart,
While bidding that sad one rejoice,
And every sorrowing thought depart.

"My daughter! weep not o'er the tomb
Of one whose spirit dwells not there;
Behold above the skies her home,
Beyond the reach of pain or care.

"Forbear thy tears; cease to complain,
Though trials guard thy earthly lot;
Look far from earth—the source of pain—
To heaven, where trials are forgot.

"Thy duty do with utmost speed,
I wait thy quick arrival home;
For soon the Saviour's voice shall bid
The weary, earth-worn wanderer, come!

"And then, with His divine permit,
A mother's hand shall guide thy way;
And introduce thy weary feet
To realms of never-ending day.

"No parting scenes invade that land—
No sorrows cloud that happy sky:
For God our Saviour's gentle hand
Shall wipe the tears from every eye.

"And there eternity we'll spend,
In union sweeter than below,
Where holy pleasures know no end
And streams of bliss for ever flow."

THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FIRST.

TOWARDS the conclusion of the last century, Mr. Manderfield, the senior partner of a prosperous commercial house in Philadelphia, went on business to England, with the intention of remaining there about six months. But finding, afterwards, that a residence of several years in Europe would in all probability be highly advantageous to his commercial interests, he sent for his family to join him in the spring. His wife was a charming and amiable woman, and he had four fine children; Charles who had just reached his fourteenth year, Franklin who had entered his thirteenth, Juliet whose age was twelve, and a lovely little girl named Laura, who was only five. They were all delighted at the prospect of being again with their father, and also of crossing the Atlantic; at that period a somewhat rare occurrence for families.

During the winter that preceded their expected voyage, the young Manderfields devoted a portion of their time to the assiduous reading of English history, and other books that would prepare them for the country they were about to visit. The boys, however, quoted Shakspeare as the best authority for the leading events and historical characters of the land that was honoured by his birth. And Juliet believed only in such pictures of English society and manners as she found in Evelina, Cecilia, and the Vicar of Wakefield, added to those in the Rambler and Spectator. At that time few books of entertainment were imported from Europe, and fewer still reprinted in America. Literature of our own we had almost none. Enfield's Speaker, and Scott's Lessons in Elocution, were then (and justly too) considered both in and out of school, as repertoires of amusement as well as instruction: and they paved the way for the vast success of the Elegant Extracts, whose volumes when they came were opened as mines of gold. Books were then read with attention; earnestly discussed; and well remembered.

All the young Manderfields had a great fondness for music, with an extraordinary aptitude at catching immediately whatever songs they might chance to hear: both words and tune—the tune at that time was seldom called *the air*. We had not yet got to Italian “in these United States;” and the songs then popular were chiefly those of Sheridan, O’Keefe, Colman, Burns, and Dibdin; together with some of still earlier date. The newest music had been brought over by Mr. Thrumpton, a very good sort of gentleman (born in Cheapside within three doors of Bow Church) who had devoted his

whole life to the cultivation of the piano, involving the manifest exclusion of all other knowledge. Nevertheless, he found that after many years of teaching, he still could not obtain a single pupil among “the children of the nobility;” and that he was doomed to play second piano even at Pimlico and Chelsea boarding schools, his department comprising only the babies in music; to say nothing of the fatigue of his daily jaunts from one of those suburbs to the other, and having to go to three scholars at Camberwell, beside. So with a laudable determination to be the first man in a village rather than the second at Rome, he came to seek his fortune in Philadelphia; where he issued his cards as Mr. Thrumpton from London, and soon became the most fashionable and indeed the best instructor our city could boast. Juliet Manderfield profited exceedingly by the lessons she received from him: though sometimes he could not forbear expressing his annoyance at what he called her American accent, saying (to the great diversion of her brothers)—“Miss, your pronounciation’s so hash that it spoiles the music.”

Mr. Thrumpton sent by the Manderfields a letter to his mother, who still lived in London: and also a package containing various little things peculiar to America, and which the old lady would regard as great curiosities. And the boys determined never to laugh about him again, let him talk ever so queerly—a resolution which they carefully kept when he came to take leave of the family on the day before their departure. He also gave them, in the kindness of his heart, a letter of introduction to the governor of Newgate, an old friend of his father’s; which letter would procure them an opportunity of seeing the interior of that far-famed place of durance, to which, he said, the Walnut street prison was a fool.

The Manderfields embarked in a fine vessel of three hundred and fifty tons, then considered quite a large one. The passenger-ships of that time, even when showing off in port, were plainly fitted up; much in the style of the early steam-boats during the monopoly of the North River company. The carpets were ingrain, or more frequently Scotch; the chairs and settees (there were no sofas) were entirely of painted wood, either yellow, red or green; and the curtains were of coarse dark calico. To designate the captain’s seat at the head of the table, two mahogany arms were fixed at a proper distance from each other, above the locker at the stern end of the cabin; and the interior of this locker was a receptacle for pickle-jars, cheese, and other articles of provision; not, however, for

any thing very nice, for such was neither furnished nor expected. The way of living was then nearly the same in every merchant-ship. A goat supplied a small quantity of milk for the tea and coffee. The substitutes for bread were excruciatingly hard water-biscuits, or crackers of the old-school sort, such as (fortunately for the teeth of the biters) are long since obsolete. The butter then taken to sea being always uneatable (as is shamefully the case with much of the butter that is kept on shore) the biscuits at breakfast and tea were generally moistened by pouring on them first a little hot water, and afterwards a little molasses. For dinner (beside the standing dishes of salt beef and salt pork) there were always several days of fresh pork, and then several days of mutton; so that when the passengers had gone through a whole hog, they knew very well, that they should next have to go through a whole sheep. Potatoes, hominy, rice, and dried white beans were the vegetables; and the delicacies were an occasional pease-pudding boiled with the salt pork, and an occasional sea-pie, for the purpose of using up the surviving poultry, which was so attenuated by sea-sickness as to make no show; or rather to show too well if cooked whole. The daily dessert was of prunes, raisins, almonds, shell-barks and ground-nuts—the last being the most popular. What a contrast to the splendid cabins and luxurious tables of those floating palaces the American packet-ships of the present day. Mrs. Manderfield and Juliet suffered but two or three days from sea-sickness; little Laura but one day; and the boys not at all; having set their faces against it, and resolutely determined, like Major Longbow, that with regard to the ocean malady, they would not be sick, could not be sick, and should never be sick in their lives. It is true that their voyage, though of six weeks duration, was not boisterous. They had “stiff breezes” and “brisk gales,” but to the great regret of Charles and Franklin, the captain would never confess to a storm. Not a sail was split, not a spar was lost; the jib was never carried away; and the vessel was not once on her beam-ends; though seas were occasionally shipped, for she had a full cargo and was deep in the water. Charles had once the happiness of being washed down the companion-way, over-setting in his descent, Franklin who was coming up; and both had the pleasure of swimming into the cabin together, in a flood of brine, which deluged them from head to foot. This gave them an opportunity of singing “Cease rude Boreas”—which the captain stopped, that song being conceived unlucky at sea.

They saw neither whales nor sharks: but several times a vast shoal of porpoises came tumbling along the surface of the waves, raising their swine-like heads above the foam. The only vessel our voyagers met, after quitting the American coast, was within two days sail of the British Channel. It proved to be an English privateer cruising for French prizes, and was called the Prince of Wales, whose effigy decorated the head, full-dressed,

curled, and powdered. The young people, as it came in full view, regarded this figure with much curiosity, concluding it to be an exact likeness of “the heir of England’s throne,” and that he had undoubtedly sat or rather stood for it.

The American ship having displayed her stars, the English run up their union flag, and a boat with several men put off from her, which after a few strokes of the oars, brought the privateer-captain along-side, who came to make a friendly visit, and was of course received with great civility by the American commander. The last news of both countries was reciprocally communicated, and newspapers exchanged, and wine produced; after which the strangers returned to their ship, which continuing her course, soon became reduced to a dark speck on the glowing horizon of the sun-set sky.

The privateer-captain was a stout, ruddy, fine-looking man, with his hair queued, and a very large buckle in a very broad hat-band. He wore a short blue coat, and very short and wide blue-striped trowsers that scarcely reached below his knees, from whence descended his light blue stockings, and on his shoes were immense silver buckles. This was a common dress for English sea-faring men of that time; long trowsers being not then fashionable among them. A cutlass was belted at his side, and a cockade decorated his hat, and Juliet thought him the finest specimen of an Englishman she had ever seen. It is true she had seen but six or seven (knowing them to be such, for they cannot like the Irish be recognized at a glance) Englishmen being then much scarcer in other countries than they are now. The revolution by which they lost America, was still too fresh in their memories; and few of them had as yet begun to seek their fortunes in the young republic, which had so recently thrown off her chains, and proved to the world that the arms of Britain are not invincible. The boys, also, magnanimously admired the gallant-looking Briton; solacing themselves with the idea that his visit was something of an event, as they recollected hearing several persons say that a privateer was first cousin to a pirate. So that if he ever *did* take to piracy and render himself celebrated in that line, it would be a great satisfaction to remember having seen him, face to face.

Six weeks had now elapsed since the ship sailed from the Capes of Delaware, and they found themselves within the entrance of the British Channel; though a thick and heavy mist prevented their discerning the land. At length they saw something looming through the fog like the mast of a distant vessel, which seemed to be lying to; and the captain determined to bear up, and speak her. It was not long before a sound like the dashing and roaring of tremendous breakers, caused him to apprehend that he had made a frightful mistake, and that the ship was in reality approaching the sea-surrounded Eddystone. She was immediately put about, and made all sail from the ever-dangerous rock. A sunbeam then gleamed faintly through the fog, and touching the lantern on its top brought

into view the upper part of the warning light-house. This adventure the boys considered almost a shipwreck, and they talked of it with great unction, till through the retiring mist was discerned a dark cloud-like ridge that could be nothing but land; a sight which no one can appreciate that has not enjoyed it after having for many weeks seen nothing but the sky and the ocean. An approaching pilot-boat was soon descried, the signal for one having been flying in vain, for the last two days. Several of the gentlemen, in the exuberance of their glee, diverted themselves with betting on the expected pilot, as to his being an old or a young man, dark or light complexioned, married or single, with a common or an uncommon name, and with short trowsers or long ones. He proved to be a middle-aged man with brown hair and grey eyes, and with a skin so weather-beaten as to defy all guesses at its original tint. His name was Vicesimus Riggs; he had been married, but was now a widower, and instead of trowsers he wore knee breeches. Altogether, he was considered a drawn game; so the bets on the pilot were rescinded.

The boys began now to chant "For England when with favouring gale, our gallant ship up channel steers"—but, the words of that beautiful song were not on this occasion so speedily borne out by facts: for the wind changed, and becoming dead a-head, the ship was obliged to beat up the channel by tacking across from one coast to the other; so that they were alternately in view of "Old England's chalky cliffs," and the "vine-covered hills" of France.

Early next morning (and it chanced to be the anniversary of the memorable 19th of May) they found themselves off Cape La Hogue. A century had rolled away since these heights had re-echoed the roar of the cannon, that had given a death-blow to the fallen fortunes of James the Second, who in frantic grief, saw from an eminence on the shore, the destruction of the French fleet that Louis the Fourteenth had devoted to his assistance. But this was the place, and this the day, and this the hour, and our young friends who were familiar with the oldest and noblest of English sea-songs, almost thought that like the gallant Russell, they "discerned at break of day, the lofty sails of France advancing now." And they imagined the fine appearance of the magnificent ship which carried the flag of Admiral Tourville, leading on the fleet that came grandly out from the shore, the first rays of the morning sun tinting their snowy canvass and burnishing their prows with gold.

"Charles"—said Franklin—"are you not glad we know that song. I only wish we could hear something like 'the culverine—the signal for the line.'"

"How very pleasant it would be"—said Charles—"if we could learn all our history from songs, and plays, and pictures. Now, there is nothing particular in the appearance of this cape, and people who know nothing about the battle of La Hogue, and the fine song with its fine tune, would hardly

take the trouble to look at the place. I dare say there are persons on board, who are wondering what we are looking at."

Again the ship stretched over towards the shore of England, and were near enough to admire its trim cottages and "hedge-rows green." After passing the high, bold promontory of Beachy Head, they ran across towards Boulogne, and were actually so near that town as to see its steeples—"French steeples—steeples of churches that were in France."

But all the previous delight of the young Manderfields, was nothing to what they felt at the first view of Dover Castle, a fortress that has frowned at Calais for more than a thousand years, armed, garrisoned, and ready for the immediate defence of the town it overlooks, and the coast it commands. In spite of the suspicions to the contrary, the boys were perfectly certain that this structure had really been erected by that great castle-builder—"Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man."

On passing Dover, they immediately recognised Shakspeare's Cliff, and longed to go on shore, and look down from its dizzy height, and regretted not being near enough to see if—"half-way down, hung one that gathered samphire—dreadful trade!"

At length the ship arrived in the Downs, the very place where "Black-eyed Susan came on board." And now finding themselves in this celebrated location, the boys, who during the voyage had acquired sea-craft, criticised rather severely this overrated song, proving to Juliet how singular it was that the heroine should not have known the ship to which her lover belonged, and that she should be obliged to inquire of the sailors, "if her sweet William sailed among their crew." Also, that there must have been strange discipline in the vessel, when immediately before getting underway, when no doubt at that very time "Blue Peter at the mast-head flew," a sailor should be allowed, instantly to quit his duty, "high upon the yard,"—slip down a rope to the deck,—and proceed through a long love-dialogue with his sweetheart in the face of the captain and officers—particularly when it is mentioned that there was a boatswain in the ship. It was concluded by the young critics, that poets who have never been to sea, should not presume to write sea-songs.

They passed in full view of the bathing towns of Ramsgate and Margate, and rounding the North Foreland, had a glance at the old and ruinous hamlet of Reculver, the Regulbium of the Romans, with its ancient church whose two steeples (usually called the Two Sisters) are among the landmarks of the coast of Kent; Charles repeating as he looked at the shore "Kent in the commentaries Cæsar writ, is deemed the civillest place in all this isle." The chalky cliffs had now sunk into hills, green and highly cultivated, and sloping gently down to the beach. The ocean was soon behind them, and they found themselves sailing up the Thames, that king of English rivers. At Gravesend the ship came to anchor; and their voyage was finished.

Several boats now put off from the wharf, and in one of them the family beheld Mr. Manderfield, who had gone down to Gravesend to wait their arrival; it being usual at that time for passengers from America to land there. We need not attempt to describe the meeting between the wife and the husband, the father and the children. Affectionate hearts can easily imagine it.

In a very short time they were all seated in the boat which had brought Mr. Manderfield; and in a few minutes the boys "gaily jumped on shore" and they all "touched British ground." At an inn at Gravesend, Mr. Manderfield had ordered an early dinner—and his children found it perfectly delicious after six weeks of ship-fare; particularly the fresh bread and butter, which are the things most enjoyed after a sea-voyage.

As soon as dinner was over, the family set out for London in two post-chaises; Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield and little Laura riding in one, and Juliet with her brothers in the other. A post-chaise is something like a chariot, having windows in front as well as at the sides, and only one seat—the seat being designed to hold two grown persons, or three children. The post-boy, as he is always called, (even when a venerable old man,) wears a peculiar costume of a drab surtout with bright buttons, red-striped waistcoat, and fair-topped boots, and rides one of the two horses.

Not long after leaving Gravesend, they observed a dark and heavy cloud of smoke obscuring the northwestern horizon, and the boys clapped their hands, exclaiming "London—London!"—for such, as their father had told them, would be the first indication of that vast and wondrous city, whose atmosphere is for ever laden with the vapour of its sulphurous coal-fires. Finally, they desisted amid the gloom, objects that seemed faintly to take the shapes of spires, and high houses, and among them were dim visions of structures, that they knew must be the dome of St. Paul's with its two steeples, and the antique towers of Westminster Abbey. Far off to the right, rose the tall column of the Monument, and near it peering through its veil of smoke, close upon the water, the ancient walls of the Tower of London.

The increasing number of vehicles denoted their near approach to the great city; the road-side houses now became more and more frequent, and at last, there was no space between them. Our young travellers found themselves going through long and winding streets; and they put out their heads, and called to their father to ask if they were not *now* in London. Mr. Manderfield looking from the back-window of his own chaise, informed them that they were only in the Borough of Southwark, which spreads to a great extent on the Surry side of the Thames. This was a severe disappointment, particularly as the borough did not seem to abound in objects of interest—either for the eye or the mind.

At the obelisk they turned into the Westminster Road, and as they approached the Thames, they

beheld in full view the far-famed abbey; which from the associations connected with it, seems to belong not only to England, but to every part of the world where her language prevails, and her descendants flourish.

Having crossed Westminster Bridge, Mr. Manderfield informed his children that they were now in the great city, and the announcement was received with rapturous applause. Mr. Manderfield had hitherto lodged in the neighbourhood of his counting-house, which was near the Exchange. On sending for his family, he had resolved to defer taking a dwelling-house, till he could consult his wife as to the choice of one, and leave to her taste the selection of the furniture. In the mean time, as summer was approaching, he had engaged lodgings for himself and family in an airy and pleasant part of the town; and to enable them to see all the sights of London without inconvenience, he engaged, by the month, what is strangely called a glass-coach, though it has no more glass about it than other English coaches. A glass-coach in London parlance, means a handsome hired equipage with good horses, and a well-dressed coachman—the London hacks being generally old shabby vehicles with miserable horses and all things to match.

On arriving at the house of Mrs. Blagden, (who had provided them with a servant-maid called Nanny,) the Manderfields were immediately shown to their drawing-room, which was fitted up in the usual style of genteel furnished lodgings of that time. The windows which descended to the floor, and opened into balconies, that might be filled with flower-pots, were shaded with dimity curtains bordered with bright coloured furniture-chintz, and trimmed with knotting fringe of white cotton. This knotting afforded a very fashionable occupation to young ladies, and was composed of strands of slack-twisted cotton, formed into loops by means of an ivory shuttle with thread wound upon it; the loops being afterwards cut open with scissors, and then sewed in very close festoons upon a heading of gimp, so as to form a deep thick fringe, which was then a very usual trimming not only for window and bed-curtains, and toilet-covers, but also for children's dimity cloaks and for dimity parasols.

On the drawing-room floor was a square Wilton carpet of a green ground figured with roses, and having a border and a green fringe all round, and a circular middle piece where the roses went in baskets. It was not then customary to buy good carpeting by the yard; the best carpets being generally made square with borders and middle pieces—and in the recesses of the room the floor was left bare. There were two mahogany card-tables, and a pembroke-table; all very much inlaid with satin-wood; and the chairs had stuffed oval backs, which as well as the bottoms, were covered with satin-hair; and there was a sofa to correspond. The glasses were girandoles between the windows, and over each card-table was a mirror about three feet high, with a very broad square frame of white and

gilt composition. The coal-grate and fender were of bright steel, and the mantel-piece was decorated with tall, plated candlesticks, and tall china jars, interspersed with china shepherds and shepherdesses, and flanked by very long card-racks of green and gold. It was then, and to a much later period, the custom for all the chairs and tables to stand against the wall, ranged in correct order; and they were always carefully replaced when done with.

As their landlady was ushering them through the passage and up stairs, the Manderfields had glimpses of a number of heads (mostly females in bonnets) peeping out of doors, hanging over the bannisters of the upper staircase, and gazing with wide open eyes. These Mrs. Blagden afterwards informed them, were friends and relations of her own, who at their earnest request, had been invited to come and steal a look at the family from America, never having before seen any persons of that nation.

"I hope no offence"—said Mrs. Blagden—"I tried to keep them back as much as ever I could; but as they see but few shows (not living in streets where there is much passing) it was but natural they should like to catch a sight of American persons, when they had a h opportunity. But I can assure you they meant no arm."

"And how did they like us?"—asked Mrs. Manderfield.

"Oh! a great deal better than they expected. To be sure, cousin Hann Icks was a little disap-

pointed, and so was haunt Awkins, for they expected to see persons in long flowing robes and turbants on their eads, for they thought Americans was a specie of Turks, and always wore Turk dresses when they first came to Hengland, before they had time to fit themselves out with Henglish clothes. Some people, I know, are so hignorant as to think all American persons are wild Hindians and salvages, such as we see at Sadler's Wells—but that's being rather too bad upon them. Now all my friends what was watching, was quite astonished to hear you every one talking Henglish,—even the little child, pretty dear. But I told them I supposed you had all been preparing with a good Henglish master long afore you left ome, and perhaps taking double lessons to get on the faster, and learn the right haccent. Pray what may be the terms for teaching Henglish in America—I have a nevy who has some thoughts of going hover and getting his living in that line. I should not wonder if he was to make a fortune at it."

"I should"—said Mrs. Manderfield—with a smile.

Julia turned to the window and pressed her face against the glass, and the boys covered their mouths with their hands to conceal the laughter that was apparent enough in their eyes. Mr. Manderfield gravely kept his countenance, having become inured to compliments on his speaking English fluently.

(To be continued.)

L I F E.

BY J. A. SWAN.

A LITTLE child stood 'mid the flowers, as young
And innocent as they: he watched the fly,
With gilded wings float in the summer sky,
And dancing on the fragrant turf, he flung
His little arms on high in childish glee;
And laughed, and sung, and was as happy in
His sport as Eden's inmates could have been;
For he had plucked no fruit from evil tree.
His mother watched him from the bank, and smiled
To see him smile, and leap so happily
Among the leaves, as he could never be
More sad than now; and as he now beguiled
The hours away—so ever.—He would talk
To each bright flower within his reach, and press
His cherry lips to theirs, in tenderness,
And whisper to them; and they did not mock
His pure simplicity, but always gave
An answer to his words, which he could read
And understand. 'Twas beautiful indeed
To see him thus, soft stepping, lest he gave
Some flower pain, or crushed its stem: as one

Of them he stood—as happy and as free
From sin—as guileless as the beam which he
Did sport with when he tried to grasp the sun.
At length, one morn he stood beside the bank
Of flowers he loved. But they were gone;—their hue
Had changed. An angel form had left the blue
Broad arch of Heaven, and smote them, that they sank
In death; but took their perfumed souls away,
And left the withered branches there to fade—
No more look bright and fair. He gently laid
His whispering lips upon them, yet they say
No word, but hung in silence. Then his heart
Swelled in his little breast. He left them there
In tearful grief, and asked his mother "Where
The flowers had gone? Who made them to depart
When he had loved them so?" "God took them, child;
They'll come again," she said—but spoke no more.
A tear came in her eye, and sadness o'er
Her heart. She thought He too might take the mild
Blue flower she loved, and lay it in the tomb.

UNDERNEATH THY LATTICE, LOVE.

A SERENADE,

THE WORDS WRITTEN BY HENRY B. HIRST, ESQ.,

ARRANGED AS A DUETT

BY JAMES G. OSBOURN.

Presented to the Lady's Book, by J. G. Osbourn, No. 112, South Third Street.

TEMPO DI VALSE.

dol: *cres:*

Un - derneath thy lattice, love, at ev - en, When the village clock is tol - ling sev - en,
Un - derneath thy lattice, love, at ev - en, When the village clock is tol - ling sev - en,

p *f*

And the stars are gleaming in the heaven, Thou wilt hear my light gui - tar;
And the stars are gleaming in the heaven, Thou wilt hear my light gui - tar;

Fine.

S. Con anima. *ad lib.*

Tra - le ra - le ra la la la la, Tra - la lera le ra la la la la. *rallen:*

Tra - le ra - le ra la la la la, Tra - le lera le ra la la la la.

Then thy casement op' - ning sweetly smil - ing, With thy gentle glances woe be - gui - ling,

Then thy casement op' - ning sweetly smil - ing, With thy gentle glances woe be - gui - ling,

p

All my sorrow from my bo - som wi - ling, Thou wilt fly with me a - - far.

All my sorrow from my bo - som wi - ling, Thou wilt fly with me a - - far.

f

Hark! that signal through the distant valley
Tells me, love, with danger here I dally,
Tells me that my foemen round me rally,
While I sing of love to thee.
Tra - le ra - le ra la la la.

Love, remember; at the hour of seven,
When the stars are beaming bright in heaven,
Thou wilt hear my song to-morrow even,
Thou wilt fly with me afar.
Tra - le ra - le ra la la la.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy," is the feeling engraven on every heart; and the belief that angelic beings guard with peculiar tenderness and care the opening buds of human life, is a blessed doctrine, in the maternal creed. One of our own gifted daughters* of song

"Thinks all young children thus are blest—
That infant angels come from far,
To watch and share their guileless rest."

Akin to this hallowed feeling is the impression which the infancy of the year awakens, *new* as we term it, and to every heart, more or less, laden with those blessed gifts of hope and bright imaginings which seem whispered by the soft angel voices that love to breathe happiness around the paths of earth's feeble wanderers.

Who is there that does not, on this first day of the New Year, indulge in warmer anticipations of future success, and make holier resolutions of future well-doing? How many plans are arranged to-day which the year will disappoint! How many now radiant in youth and loveliness, will, before the autumn leaves fall, before the roses of summer fade, ay, even before the spring-blossoms wither, be gone—

"Into the land of the great Departed,
Into the silent land!"

Such reflections ought not to sadden, but to awaken us to the importance of doing what we can while the time is ours.

We well recollect, in the correspondence of Wilberforce, his expression of pleasure on visiting a friend whose whole establishment manifested ardent patriotism. Its entire furniture and decorations were British—the costume of the family was all British. Wilberforce has always stood high as a philanthropist, and in his approval of his friend's preference for the products of his suffering fellow countrymen, he has left a more valuable example for us, under existing circumstances, than in all his patronage of distant objects, however philanthropic.

We have not only passed through an awful crisis, which has reduced thousands of the rich to poverty, and deprived the poor of their usual employments, but we have incurred a foreign debt of some two hundred millions—chiefly for articles of luxury—and thereby brought deep disgrace on our hitherto untarnished honour!

Happily for our sex, their example in our republic is so powerful, and their influence for good, so great, that we may aid greatly in restoring the former prosperity of our native land. The ladies of the South, by introducing among their poor neighbours the culture of silk, may teach them that labour is honourable, while adding millions to the national wealth, in rearing this rich staple on lands now considered irretrievably ruined by cotton and tobacco-growing; the rich may banish many foreign ornamental articles, by occupying their leisure hours in producing similar ones; and all classes may aid in creating an honourable public sentiment, which shall render it fashionable, like Wilberforce's friend, to prefer the fabrics and furniture of domestic origin to those of foreign countries.

A friend of ours, who recently returned from Europe, was taken leave of by a venerable lady in England, with the earnest hope that, as scions of the British tree, we would choose rusticity to dishonour, and like the matrons

* See "A Wreath of Wild Flowers," &c. by Mrs. Os-good.

of "the rebellion," as she characterized our glorious revolution, appear in linsey-woolsey, rather than incur the odium of repudiation. But she knew not how immeasurably American skill had gone beyond the rude standard of that period, or how rich the display of almost every species of drapery at our Annual Exhibitions. On one of these occasions, Mrs. M'Lanahan of this city, appeared in an entire costume of silk, the result of her own taste and careful industry, while displaying her rich variety of sewing and other silks, prepared by herself from the cocoon, a business which her unaided efforts has brought to great perfection among us. We have lately seen lace gloves of great beauty and durability; and learn with pleasure that a young lady of Salem, N. J., has greatly contributed to sustain a Sabbath School for the benefit of the poor children there, by her manufacture of these elegant articles. We have heard of the wife of a poor clergyman, whose zeal for conferring the blessings of education upon the youth of Liberia, enabled her to contribute one dollar per week, for a long time to that truly philanthropic object, while educating her own seven children, and dispensing her kind hospitalities to her husband's many guests. But we do not ask our fair readers to go thus far. We do, however, strongly recommend to them that patriotism which shall give a decided preference to these intrinsically better articles, assured that their example will operate powerfully on the other sex to select their wardrobes from the really substantial and well made cloths, cassimeres, &c. of Lowell and Middlesex, rather than from the flimsier and worse finished fabrics of Europe, which are often, in part, remanufactured from old cast-off garments.

Thus would the example of our sex promote patriotism and philanthropy: indeed we may legitimately consider them—when consuming home manufactures—as largely instrumental in sustaining the praiseworthy efforts of our capitalists, who, through the late trying times, continued to give profitable and honourable employment to large numbers of operatives, while much embarrassment prevailed among the population of those states which depended chiefly on the products of agriculture. It is now conceded that the various styles of American goods fully equal those of the foreign loom; and, surely, when taste and duty are alike consulted, the women of America will aid their sons and brothers in refuting the calumnies of Europe, and in convincing Sydney Smith that his wholesale vituperation has induced the ladies of Pennsylvania to resolve to use none of the merchandize of Britain until every dollar of the State-debt has been paid, and our reverend reviler received every penny of his debt, principal and interest! This would be true patriotism.

Is it not pleasant on this New-Year's-Day, to reflect on the great progress which, within the last few years, has been made in the true principles of education, and morals, and human happiness? The influence of woman, how has its importance become realized! And what course of training will best fit her for her high and holy duties* is a question of deep moment to men of the loftiest minds, purest patriotism, and warmest philanthropy. And this subject will continue, with increasing interest, to draw the attention of all good and great men.

Meanwhile, we will go on with the "Lady's Book," perfecting it more and more, making it the national or-

* See the *prize work*—"Education of Mothers, or the Civilization of Mankind by Women;" written by that distinguished French savan, Aimé-Martin, and just published in this city by Lea & Blanchard.

gan, through which the true civilization of our beloved country, "Time's noblest offspring," will be indicated. We should never forget that it is the character of the people which imparts glory to a Republic, and that the truest and noblest patriotism may shine out in the lowliest home, if the household are trained in the ways of virtue. And while we know that our "Book" is taken, as their heart's friend, by the young and lovely, and read by the firesides of thousands in our land, from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Oregon, have we not reason to be happy, on this New-Year's-Day, in the prospect of doing good, which opens before us?

One only shadow* rests on the picture which fancy is sketching, and this, if we do not greatly mistake the kind and just sentiments of our subscribers, will soon be removed. Then we shall go on with new enthusiasm in the year's duties, feeling that the happiness we now most cordially wish our many, many friends, is as cordially responded to from their hearts in the warmest aspirations for the prosperity of the "Lady's Book."

The Obsolete Fashions we shall continue to exhibit in our "Book," during the present volume. There is a deeper lesson in these exhibitions than any mere moralizing on "dress and its changes" would convey, especially to the young. And then, those who are not young, see how many fantastic shapes these freaks of fashion have taken, and learn to be less severe on the present modes, finding that the wise people, who have lived before us, have often adopted very foolish and extravagant fashions. It is a useful lesson that teaches us charity of feeling and forbearance in trifles. While we compare this towering head-dress, the pink of French fashion in 1789,

* *"The Shadow"*—Ah! it is, we confess, rather too material and weighty to be thus styled. In plain prose—there is a considerable deficit in the balance, which our subscribers, we hoped, would have remitted before this New-Year's-Day. We do not doubt that each intend to pay his or her subscription, but *intentions* are not negotiable in the money-market. Will our kind and constant readers think over this subject, and remember that the publication of the "Lady's Book," with its numerous beautiful engravings, and its host of the first writers in America, is very expensive,—that, besides the numerous female writers, who are all promptly paid, there are more than *one hundred women and girls*, who are employed on the "Lady's Book," stitching the sheets, colouring the plates, &c., and these must have the money they earn immediately, as they work for their daily bread. The small sum now due from each subscriber who has delayed payment, is, therefore, earnestly solicited by the Editors of the Lady's Book.



the portentous era of their wild and bloody Revolution, with the sweet little bonnets now in vogue, we will believe that female taste has improved as much, as the present Queen of France excels in her womanly character, the ill-starred Marie Antoinette.

And here are three of the stylish heads of 1792; quite a lowering of the height had taken place in three years—in bonnets, as well as in the tone of queenly power. May neither ever again go up to their former altitude.



EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Among the variety of new publications which, at this season are showered on our table, like the "leaves of Valambrosa," after an autumn storm, we have been much pleased with a choice little work, "*The Songs of Béranger in English; with a Sketch of the Author's Life.*" The Editor, Mr. Rufus W. Griswold, has paid a fine tribute to the genius of this accomplished son of song, "the greatest lyric poet of all ages," as he styles him—certainly the greatest that France has ever produced. The book we consider a valuable addition to our popular literature. We wish, however, that some of the stanzas in praise of *wine* had been omitted; not that these are so objectionable as would be found the strains of the British lyric poets, Campbell, Moore, and others; still they seem out of place in our temperance times. But the patriotism is so noble, that the tone and elevating

spirit of the work commends itself to the heart of the reader at once, and we pass over the little blemishes, as we do the slight imperfections in the character of those we love. Messrs. Carey & Hart deserve many thanks from the lovers of true genius and song, for this interesting work:—and also for this charming New-Year's Gift, "*The Literary Souvenir,*" which we doubt not many of our readers are now admiring. Nor must we omit to notice this part 5th of "*The Burney Papers,*" decidedly the most interesting work of that lighter species of literature which, during the long winter evenings, we welcome as an intelligent, good-tempered, and merry-hearted friend to our firesides, which can be found.

Then, from those never-to-be-wearied publishers,—Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, we have another volume of "*The Lives of the British Queens,* by Agnes Strick-

land," a work of deep interest and useful instruction to ladies particularly:—also the "second series" of Campbell's celebrated work, "*Frederick the Great and his Times*," in two volumes, very handsomely got up, which is worth mentioning in this era of *brown paper*. Even "annuals" are not exempt from the general rage for cheapness which pervades all our literature. Where this can be obtained by combining beauty with brevity it is very well; and a very neat, pretty specimen of this manner may be seen in a little gem, published by T. P. Collins, "*The Laurel Wreath, or Affection's Keepsake*." And here is another little book, "*The Young Housekeeper's Assistant*," by Miss C. A. Neal, which, for those who desire to cook their Christmas dinners on true "Temperance principles," will be an excellent guide. We think it will be found a useful work: published by Perkins & Purvis.

Messrs D. Appleton & Co., New York, and Geo. S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have just published "*Portrait of an English Churchman*," by Rev. W. Gresley, author of the 'Treatise on Preaching,' which we had occasion to notice favourably, not long since. It is not, as one might suppose, a controversial statement of a man's reasons for being a churchman; but "a story of a life," in which Christian principles are faithfully reduced to practice. There is a living interest in the narrative, and a world of good advice and example, relating to the business and affairs of this world as well as the other. For any young person it would serve well as a manual of advice for the conduct of life. The same publishers have also issued—"*The Unity of the Church*," by Henry Edward Manning, M. A., Archdeacon of Chichester." This is a theological book, of the High Church cast, printed, embellished and bound in the style of the best specimens from the London press. Messrs. Appleton have also recently published the fifth edition of Professor Frost's "*Book of the Navy*." Five editions in a year, is no bad evidence of the popularity of this book, which, we understand, is finding its way into all the school and social libraries of the country. The same publishers have issued a neat pocket edition of Liebig's invaluable "*Letters on Chemistry*," edited by Dr. Gardner.

Messrs. Powers, Bayley & Co., of Lowell, Mass., have published "*The Plover Vase*," by Miss S. C. Edgerton," a neat little volume on an interesting subject.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have now completed "*Alison's History of Europe*," and have done all which it was in their power to do towards correcting the remarkable errors into which the learned and accomplished author had permitted himself to fall, respecting the history and institutions, manners, customs, and sentiments of these United States. The commentary of Chancellor Kent and other American writers of note will serve as a corrective; and the course pursued by the publishers in preserving the text unmutated, and furnishing the refutation of its errors from able hands, is more gentlemanly, more candid, and in better taste than any other that could have been adopted.

Messrs. Greely & McElrath, of New York, and Messrs. G. B. Zeiber & Co., of Philadelphia, have published in a cheap pamphlet form, a treatise on the "*Silk Culture*," very fully embellished with engravings of silk worms, machinery, &c.

Messrs. Brainard & Co., of Boston, have published—"*The Seamstress, a Tale of Boston*," one of Mr. Arthur's domestic stories, in which the wrongs and sufferings of a useful and deserving class, are feelingly set forth. We are happy to see their cause in such good hands. Able writers may effect much towards equalizing the rewards of industry, by giving public sentiment a proper direction on the subject.

Messrs. James Campbell & Co. have published an able polemical work of Archbishop Whately—"The Kingdom of Christ"—which is regarded with much favour by the Dissenters, on account of its extraordinary liberality.

Mr. T. Ellwood Chapman, of this city, has published "*Woolley's Carstairian System of Penmanship*," in four parts bound in one, beautifully executed, and in a cheap style.

Messrs. Harpers have published "*Perilous Adventures; or, Remarkable Instances of Courage, Perseverance, and Suffering*," by R. A. Davenport," constituting the 159th volume of Harper's Family Library. The cheap edition of "*Hannah More's Works*" has reached the seventh number, and "*McCulloch's Gazetteer*," its sixth.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published a translation of L. Aime Martin's "*Education of Mothers, or the Civilization of Mankind by Women*," the work to which the prize of the French Academy was assigned. It is undoubtedly one of the most able works on this important subject which has yet appeared. The same publishers have also just issued Mr. Cooper's new work, entitled "*Ned Myers, or a Life before the Mast*," a real autobiography of a sailor, taken down in writing by Mr. Cooper from the personal narrative of the man. This is a very curious and interesting book, giving graphic details of nautical adventures.

Mr. Colon has sent us the first number of vol. 4, of the "*Lovell Offering*," which continues to be conducted with its usual amount of talent and spirit.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. New York, and Mr. George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have just published the "*Youth's Book of Nature; or, the Four Seasons illustrated: being Familiar Descriptions of Natural History, made during Walks in the Country*," by the Rev. B. H. Draper, illustrated with upwards of fifty Engravings." This is a thick volume, containing a large amount of instruction as well as entertainment, from the pen of one of the best writers of juvenile books since the days of Mrs. Barbauld. The embellishments are in a bold sketchy style, full of life and spirit. It will make an invaluable gift-book for Christmas.

"*The Drawing-Room Annual*" is a quarto volume, published by Messrs Lindsay & Blackiston, of this city. It has fifteen large steel engravings, from designs of first rate artists, and a great variety of choice poetical and prose articles in the literary department. Being afforded at half the cost of foreign annuals of the same size and class, it is probably destined to have a pretty extensive run.

"*The Canons of Good Breeding*," "*The Laws of Etiquette*," "*Etiquette for the Ladies*," are the titles of three pocket volumes published by Messrs. Lindsay & Blackiston of this city. Much speculation has been excited among the critical corps as to the author of the "Canons of Good Breeding" and the "Laws of Etiquette." The liveliness, piquancy, wit and humour which he displays are inexhaustible. People who have no need of written and printed rules to inform them how "to behave in company," buy these volumes for mere entertainment. They have the wit of Chesterfield without his profligacy. "*Etiquette for the Ladies*" is by another hand, and contains many useful hints, expressed in a very elegant style.

Mr. George S. Appleton has published, "*Very Little Tales for Very Little Readers, in words of three or four letters*," an invaluable book for beginners in reading. We have seen it tried on an urchin of four years old, who was greatly delighted with a book which he could read and understand; and went about the house, during all his play hours, beseeching every disengaged person he could find, "*to hear him read in his new book*."

Messrs. J. & H. G. Langley, No. 57, Chatham Street, New York, have just published a very attractive volume, for the musical world, "*The New York Glee Book: containing one hundred Glees, Quartettes, Songs in Parts, Rounds, and Catches. Composed, selected, and harmonized, with an ad libitum accompaniment for the Piano Forte*," by George Loder, Principal of the New York Vocal Institute, &c." This is indeed a treasure; and we heartily commend it to our readers. Mr. Loder's reputation guarantees the scientific correctness of the music; and on running over the pages, we find all those popular pieces which are enlivening so many social circles in various parts of these United States. In thousands of other social circles the Glee Book will be a most welcome visitor. The same publishers have issued Mrs. Ellis's "*Pictures of Private Life*," in a cheap but elegant form, the paper, type, &c. rendering the work suitable for bind-

ing up with the Messrs. Langley's edition of Mrs. Ellis's other works, in order to take their place in the family library. Our readers are too familiar with Mrs. Ellis's peculiar merits to require a particular notice of this volume, which consists of short stories in the author's best vein.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have issued "*Austria, Vienna, Prague, &c. &c.*" By J. G. Kohl, author of '*Russia and the Russians*,' "one of the liveliest narrators and most graphic describers of the present day. Some of his court gossip is exceedingly amusing. He is as minute and as ingenuous as Madame D'Arbly herself.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published one of the most elegant and sumptuous books of the season, "*Rogers's Poems*," with the masterly embellishments of Turner and Stothard, on steel. The book is a royal octavo, to match the publishers' editions of "*Leila*," "*Lalla Rookh*," and "*The Book of the Passions*." It appears to be printed on drawing paper, and is very dashing got up. Whoever wishes to make a present which will compliment the receiver's taste in poetry and the graphic art, at the same time, should look at this volume before he makes his selection. The poems are gems and the engravings masterpieces.

We learn that our friend Sartain, the artist, has the chief direction of the literary as well as the artistical department of Campbell's semi-monthly Magazine. His fine taste in literature as well as art, is apparent in the judicious selection of articles from the recent British Magazines.

Messrs. Nafis & Cornish, New York, have just published "*Ramon, the Rover of Cuba, and other Tales*, by the author of '*Evenings* in Boston, &c.'" These tales are evidently written by some traveller, who is familiar with the aspects of tropical scenery and manners. They are of the thrilling and adventurous sort, embellished with two hundred and fifty wood-cuts, and destined to have an immense circulation among the people. The same observation will apply to another volume, published by the same house, entitled "*The Origin of the North American Indians*," by John M'Intosh." It is very cleverly got up, embellished with engravings, and filled with interesting disquisitions, anecdotes, speeches, &c. illustrative of the Indian history and character.

Mr. George S. Appleton has published a beautiful juvenile book, entitled "*The Child's Own Story Book*," full of lively and interesting matter, and adorned with engravings executed in a style fully equal to any of the London Juveniles, which cost four times as much money.

"*The Opal, a pure Gift for the Holidays*," is the appropriate title of a new annual, edited by N. P. Willis, and published by J. C. Riker, New York. They have, in the East, a superstition, that the Opal will lose its lustre in the presence of poison; the pure and refined sentiment which characterizes this beautiful work, well entitles it to the confidence of those who wish to place in the hands of the young and lovely, a model of literary excellence, as well as moral instruction—it has no concealed poison. The contributors are among our most eminent writers, and seem to have entered with zeal into the plan of the editor, to prepare an annual worthy the "approbation of the refined and good." We wish we had room for the Poem of Mr. Willis, which, in its deep feeling and noble sentiment, is worthy of being classed with those wonderful productions—his early religious poems. Who ever read, without a thrill of admiration, that lofty hymn, beginning—

"The perfect earth, by Adam trod,
Was the first Temple—built by God."

The "Opal," we are glad to learn, is to be continued, with increased beauty, another year. It requires more time than was allowed for this volume to perfect original designs for engravings; but, in the next, the publisher will be better able to carry out his excellent plan.

We have also another gift book for the season, which deserves the warmest welcome from Episcopalians particularly, and the approval of all who have the piety which induces good works. It is styled "*Christian Orna-*

ments; or, the Spirit of the Church;" its author, a young lady of rare gifts of genius, which she is consecrating to that holiest of human purposes—the improvement of the heart and mind, and conduct of Christian professors. It is very easy to give good counsel to those who make no pretensions to piety; but to show those who pride themselves on being "holier" than others, how they must "try their spirit and prove their works," is a delicate and difficult task. Take up this nice-looking little volume, and you will find how admirably a well told and amusing story may teach the holiest and highest truths. It is published by Charles Stimpson, Boston.

From the same city, published by T. H. Carter & Co., we have received one of the best monthly publications for children the country affords—"Boys' and Girls' Magazine;" edited by Mr. S. Colman. Only one dollar a year.

Speaking (or writing rather) of little books, reminds us that we must give a line (we have room for no more), to this series of neat tiny works, "*The Ladies' Hand Books*,"—containing directions for all kinds of fancy and useful needle-work, &c. We shall revert to these again.

CHIT-CHAT OF THE FASHIONS.

A Carriage or Promenade Dress.—Dress of dark drab satin; fitting close to the figure; the waist is long and pointed. The bonnet is of rich blue velvet, the brim round and open; the interior of the bonnet is ornamented with small ends of rose-coloured satin, the strings of broad and rich satin ribbon of the same colour. From the centre of the crown and drooping to the ear on the left, is a half-wreath of beautiful flowers.

Furs.—It is now decided what furs will be most in vogue during the winter season. We know that not only muffs but trimmings of dresses in swansdown, chinchilla, and other furs will be much worn, as well as peleries and ermine, sable, and the blue fox skin. Round boas will also be more in favour than the flat ones. Small muffs will retain all their favour, both in fur and velvet.

Scarfs.—Scarfs will be much worn for morning promenade; velvet with bugles are preferred; they are ample in size, and soft in texture, and will either form a graceful drapery to the figure, or completely enshroud the upper part of the form.

Winter Wraps.—It is believed that pelisses and cloaks, will again be much worn this winter; those of the most prevailing fashion, will be found upon looking at our December number. They are, generally speaking, rather shorter than the dress, and made with large sleeves.

OUR FIRST PLATE OF FANCY DRESSES.

The readers will notice a novelty in Magazine embellishments, in the beautiful plate of

FANCY DRESSES OF FOUR NATIONS,

which we present this month, the first of a series with which it is our intention to grace the numbers of the Lady's Book. The beauty and grace of these figures do infinite credit to the artist. They are coloured in magnificent style, and will form an attractive feature in the Pictorial Department of the Lady's Book.

CROOME'S VASE.

Our talented friend, Mr. Croome, has furnished an embellishment for the present number of the Lady's Book, which affords an additional evidence of his exquisite taste and skill in design. When he lays down the historical pencil, consecrated to the embellishment of our American annals, in order to recreate his genius among the beautiful creations of Flora, he absolutely defies all competition. We are gratified that our magazine should afford a field for the display of his brilliant and versatile talent. His imagination seems equally at home in producing delineations of the horrors of the battle-field or the splendours of the saloon, the stern grandeur of a cataract or the delicate tints of a rose.



GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

FEBRUARY, 1844.

THE CHILDREN OF EDWARD.

— TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF L. MICHELANT.

(See Plate.)

DURING the last days of June, 1483, on a splendid morning, when the sun shone forth in all his brilliancy, a barge, richly decorated, emblazoned with the arms of England, and half enclosed by large silken hangings, slowly descended the course of the Thames. After having passed, amid the acclamations of the people crowded on the banks of the river, the distance between Westminster and the Tower of London, the yacht stopped near that state prison; and its curtains being opened, two individuals, whose station one would divine from the splendour of their habits, and the respect which surrounded them, landed, and ascended the steps which led to the entrance of the Tower.

Equal in rank, the noble personages offered in their appearance a perfect contrast; and no one, to see them, would have suspected that they were of the same race, and that the same blood coursed through their veins. The oldest had seen about thirty-five years; magnificent vestments poorly concealed the deformities of his ungraceful form; his physiognomy possessed at first sight the appearance of loyalty and freedom, but if one examined attentively his fixed features, his dull and uncertain air, his thin lips strangely pressed together, manifested dissimulation and cruelty; and the smile which at times animated his countenance, showed but a passing benevolence.

On the contrary, the younger of the two, who was still a child, displayed in all his actions his goodness of heart; his easy carriage was full of a rare elegance; the flowing locks of his light hair covered his

shoulders, and at sight of him one felt attracted towards him by the strongest sympathies; one loved at once his youth and his beauty, where shone with a pure joy the noble qualities of the heart. At their approach the doors of the Tower opened, the archers who filled the ante-room ranged themselves with respect, and the governor, after having humbly saluted them, guided them through numerous and dark passages. They crossed many courts, ascended to one of the higher stories, and finally passed into a vast saloon, where large and heavy bars of iron, and thick doors, tokens of captivity, were hidden under the luxury of decoration. When they entered, a youth of about twelve years, who, sitting near a high arched window, viewed with a melancholy air the waters of the Thames, in which the sun traced dancing ornaments of gold, arose precipitately, and, advancing towards the two noble visitors, pressed the younger in his arms, exclaiming—

"Richard! dear Richard! my dear, dear brother. I again see you, then."

During some moments their sighs and tears alone expressed their emotion. Finally conquering his grief, the young prisoner turned himself towards the only witness of this scene, and said to him, with a calm dignity superior to his age—

"My lord, you have given me my brother, but however consoling may be his presence, if he should become, like myself, a captive in the Tower, I should regret having again seen him."

"You a prisoner!" said he who was addressed,

with an air of hypocritical mildness, "dear nephew, can you harbour those unworthy suspicions, and ought the king of England to doubt that I have no other rule of conduct than the promotion of his interest?"

These were the last words that Richard of Gloucester addressed to his nephews, Edward V., king of England, already confined a month in the Tower, and Richard, duke of York, whom he had just carried off from the widow of Edward IV., in order to remain sole master of the lives of the legitimate heirs of the English crown. In going out, Gloucester threw on the children a subtle and malignant glance; and, finding in the ante-chamber of the apartment the governor, Blakenbury,

"Forget not to execute faithfully all the commands you may receive from me," said he, "and I will not be ungrateful."

On the bank of the Thames, Richard, Lord Protector of England, filled with a joy he in vain endeavoured to conceal, at the easy success of his designs, stepped into the royal yacht which attended him, and repaired to the parliament.

As soon as they were alone, the two brothers, Edward and Richard, again embraced. More than a month had they been separated, and their tenderness could only be satisfied by these sweet caresses. Finally they questioned each other, and, whatever might still be the inexperience of Edward, he could not doubt the fatal future which awaited them. To the joyous repartees of the hoping Richard, he sadly replied—

"It would be much better to prepare for death, for I think that but a short time remains for us on earth."

In fact for what could they hope? At the death of their father, Edward IV., the duke of Gloucester had, at first, expressed for his royal nephew a sincere affection and devotion. He had himself conducted him to London; and bareheaded by his side, out of respect to the superior rank of his nephew, had shown him to the citizens, who received him with enthusiastic acclamations. At the same time, however, he separated the prince from his most faithful servants, whom he caused to be arrested and put to death; he had removed him from his mother, and for a month the prince had been retained in the Tower of London, where no one was allowed to approach him. Now, Richard was equally in Gloucester's power. Audacity sufficed to put him in possession of a crown which he had coveted so long and so earnestly; it was known that he shrunk from no obstacle, that he was by no means one of those "who let *I dare not* wait upon *I would*." In the mean while Richard recalled to his brother the caresses of their uncle, the respect which he had shown them, the protection of their mother, who would not abandon them, and who would never have confided them to Gloucester had she doubted his loyalty; and at this remembrance their hearts were moved.

"Reassure thyself, Edward. I have a presentiment that the day of thy coronation lingers not, and

hold! to-day even, in going out from Westminster in traversing London, I have seen preparations for rejoicings. It is for thee, I am certain; and if our uncle has brought me hither, it is in order that I may assist at thy coronation, as thy brother should."

They were amusing themselves from day to day with these gay hopes, when suddenly London rang with the sound of bells, the noise of cannon awoke the silent echoes of the Tower, and in the distance were heard the joyous acclamations of the people.

"Said I not so, Edward? Is it not thy coronation they announce? To-morrow we shall enter Westminster in triumph. Long live Edward the Fifth!" continued the young prince, approaching the window with his brother.

"Long live King Richard the Third!" replied the people, whose mighty voice drowned the noise of the Thames, and the solemn sounds that filled the air.

"Hearest thou that, Richard? hearest thou that? It is not my name that the people proclaim." And he strove to climb up to the window, the better to understand the words that were shouted by the crowd.

"Long live King Richard the Third! Glory and long life to Richard the Third!"

Night enveloped with its thick pall the city of London; heavy clouds, through which distant lightning occasionally flashed in silence, gathered over the city; the air was oppressive, and charged with those sulphureous vapours which announce the tempest. The waves of the Thames, dashing against the walls of the tower, and on its banks, alone interrupted the profound but terrible calm which reigned in the obscurity. It was August, and two months had the children of Edward the Fourth been apparently forgotten by King Richard the Third. After a day passed, as usual, without novelty, night had surprised the two princes, still conversing of their mother, and of the happiest days of their childhood. Richard still hoped; his gayety, his ignorance of care, resisted captivity; but Edward, tormented by incessant terrors, partook not of the confidence of his brother, and it was a melancholy spectacle to see this child, subdued by misfortunes, and pressed down by disquietude, involuntarily bow his pale face, and languish. Exhausted by the extreme heat of this day, they had thrown themselves on the couch, and slept in each other's arms. As they thus reposed, they appeared to wish to protect each other. Beside them was a crucifix, which attested that before retiring they had engaged in devotions. A book of prayers, richly ornamented in the style of the manuscripts of that period, lay half open near them. They reposed, and the lamp that each evening was lighted in the chamber, threw but a few feeble beams upon the hangings of their bed.

They slept; and, doubtless, Heaven, to calm the fears which pursued them during the day, had sent them pleasant dreams; they, perhaps, again were enjoying the time when, free and happy, the nobi-

lity of England, Gloucester at their head, bowed before their childhood; they once more traversed the great park of Windsor, where they had essayed their first steps. Edward heard the joyous cries that welcomed him at his entrance into London, when, covered by the royal mantle, he had received the homage of the lord mayor, the aldermen and the citizens who pressed around him; he smiled at the past, and the present was forgotten.

At this moment the door of their chamber opened softly, and two men, entering with precaution, approached their bed. At the sight of such calm and youthful innocence they hesitated; one of them forcibly thrust back the poignard which he had drawn, and they contemplated in silence that sweet slumber. Finally, after a moment's hesitation, he who had at first been affected by the touching picture, regained his bloody resolution, and said in a whisper—

"Come, we must finish; Richard wishes it, and thou knowest, Forest, none can resist him."

"What! hast thou the courage, Tyrrel? Darest thou strike?"

"Can I brave the anger of the king?"

"But this blood, Tyrrel, this blood. It is that of Edward the Fourth—they are the nephews of Richard. And if he should repent!"—

"What matters it! He commands, I obey." And he seized his dagger, but his firmness again gave way.

The storm which had long threatened, now announced itself by a thunder crash. The brothers were awakened, and surprised, they viewed the assassins. Edward saw the danger.

"Ah! my brother," said he to Richard, "they come to kill us."

The poignard of Tyrrel glanced on the breast of the duke of York; as he died, Edward, pushing back the arm of the murderer, said—

"Why do you kill my brother? Take my life, and let him live."

"Oh! no, no more blood; let me not hear their cries," wildly exclaimed Tyrrel, and seizing a pillow he tried to extinguish their voices. Finally, with his whole strength, he succeeded, and their inanimate bodies remained upon the bed. Then the mighty sound of thunder, and the rain, which beat the windows with violence, alone disturbed the silence of that chamber of death. The children of Edward were dead, and the house of York stained with its blood for the last time, the red rose, the symbol of so many civil wars.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S TREASURES.

BY MRS. HALE.

(See Plate.)

"I tell thee, Heaven, which made all holy things,
Made naught more holy than the boundless love
Which fills the mother's heart."—MRS. HEMANS.

Is it not a consoling thought that, amid all the waywardness and selfishness of human passions, there is one kind, pure, disinterested affection, on which mankind may always rely? The mother's love—how rarely has it failed in its sweet offices of care and devotion! From the queen on her throne to the poor pale mendicant who begs relief for her starving children, this undying affection is the governing motive of exertion.

"Let me perish, but let Nero reign!" was the reply of Agrippina to the prophetic Augur, who cautioned her not to elevate her son. In that answer is embodied the deep sentiment which has sustained the soul of woman, in every age and nation, to endure sufferings and sacrifices, from which the sterner, stronger nature of man would have shrunk appalled—and all for the success and happiness of the children she loves better than her own life.

Happily for Queen Victoria, the son on whom she places her fondest hopes, though the sceptre to which he is heir may, nominally, sway as many millions of men, as did that of the Cæsars, will

never be invested with that irresponsible power which maddens and finally destroys all by whom it is wielded. She may dream of the advancement of her son without fearing that the beneficial influences of her reign can be entirely destroyed by his, be his character ever so perverse or selfish.

The good mother we consider the most exalted character which humanity affords; and Victoria has hitherto appeared to deserve this title to our esteem. May she enjoy its best rewards, that of seeing her children good. It may seem of no great import to wish this for the children of a Queen; but in that simple phrase is comprised all that life can give of true greatness and happiness, all that is worth living for, all that death does not take from us.

"If there be, in the character," says Dr. Taylor, in his *Statesman*, "not only sense and soundness, but virtue of a high order; thus, however little appearance there may be of talent, a certain portion of wisdom may be relied upon most implicitly." Questions of right and wrong are a perpetual exercise of the faculties of those who are solicitous as to the

right or wrong of what they do or see; and a deep interest of the heart in those questions, carries with it a deeper cultivation of the understanding, than can be easily effected by any other excitement to intellectual activity.

Here, then, we see the importance of the good mother in the education of her children, and how her influence supersedes and overrules that of all other teachers.

"I firmly believe," says the Rev. Timothy Flint, "that if the world be ever regenerated, it must be by the power and influence of women." The conduct of Queen Victoria, elevated as she has been,

by Providence, to be an example for the women of her own great kingdom, is, therefore, highly important to the world; and we rejoice that she so beautifully exemplifies the best virtues of her sex, in her character as wife and mother. All the regalia in the Tower of London would not so adorn and beautify Victoria in our eyes, as the jewels of her maternal love, which she displays in this picture. May she so fashion and perfect the immortal souls committed to her care, that when the kingdoms of this world are passed away, like an autumn leaf, she may be enabled to say to her Lord, "Behold me and the children thou hast given me."

TO FANNY, THE INNOCENT ONE.

BY S. CAMERON.

THREE years have yet not touch'd thy brow,
Child of the gentle heart,
And yet deep thoughts are strength'ning now,
And generous promptings start,
Like those of eaglets to the sky,
They yet shall reach, free, bold, and high,
Claiming their winged strength was given,
To prove itself a child of heaven.

And thou, without a care, hast thought
Of me, whose life is care,
And thou would'st seek me, though unsought
Amid the million here;
And near thyself there's more than one,
Within whose hearts a place I've won,
A sinless place, that well repays,
For sleepless nights and weary days.

And thou *shalt* meet me, and my love
Shall turn in *future* hours,
When threat'ning tempests troop above,
And burst in thunder showers,

To thee, and wrap thee in its fold,
For I've a heart, nor storms, nor cold,
Can force, or freeze, or turn aside
From truthfulness, its earliest bride.

Thy words are like unopen'd flowers
A promise of delight,
A dawning of the mental powers,
That tells of noonday might—
That tells of power which yet shall dwell,
Amid thy circle, like a spell,
And many a heart to virtue sway,
God grant I see that crowning day.

Child of a hope that comes from heaven,
I see thy path afar,
I see the baffled tempest driven
Before thy ruling star.
Grant heaven it be no dream of mine,
But that thy star may ever shine,
And light thee to that home of grace,
Beyond its own high dwelling place.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED—as wife—by a very nice man,
A LADY who wishes to learn all she can.
Who is lively and pleasant, and talented too,
And would honour her lord, as a lady should do;
Has a taste for *Belles Lettres*, for music and love,
And joins to good temper the grace of the dove;
With a virtuous contempt for the base and the vile,
And a wish to see Italy, Greece and the Nile.
She must speak the king's English, and turn out her toes,
And in dancing, contrive not to come on her nose;
Pure-minded and moral, quite free from all sin,

And to wind up the list—*have a good share of "TIN."*
A lady so perfect—if such one there be—
Will find a good husband on searching for me.
If she care for a gentleman, painter and poet,
A choice sort of man, tho' he don't always show it;
Who has made the "grand tour"—and has manners to
match,
She will find that the writer's a capital catch.
If content with an honest and friendly adviser,
She is sure of her man in the said Advertiser. C. W. D.
Boston, Sept. 25th, 1843.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

BY A PARISIAN.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.



THE FLOWER MARTS.

FORMERLY flower women had a sort of stand, fastened around them, on which their flowers were displayed; and, carrying one or two bouquets in their hands, they went through the streets, soliciting custom from all they met.

When the flower seller happened to be pretty, people were as much attracted by her eyes as her flowers. One thing leads to another, and she always had a good sale for her fragrant wares.

Next we had flower women standing at the corners of the streets, with a large assortment of flowers. We have some of these yet. But the latest improvement in this line is the establishment of very pretty shops, where natural flowers are sold.

To be sure, we had at the Palais Royal, behind the Theatre Francais, the celebrated Mademoiselle Prevot's establishment, or sort of shop. We say a sort of shop, because it is so small that three persons cannot buy at the same time; but no matter; the mistress is too pretty ever to be in want of customers.

The new flower shops are very beautiful by day, and very brilliant by night. Gas gives the flowers an almost magical appearance, for, you know, nothing is prettier than an illuminated garden.

The principal flower shops are the Rue Neuve Pivienne and the Rue Saint Honoré. I need not say that the flower girls of the shop are by no means of the same class as those of the street, who generally wear a round cap or a small coloured shawl upon their head, and whose language resembles their plumage; but the flower shop young lady is a very different person. She is curled and dressed like a mantuamaker, and expresses herself like a perfumer. This change in flower selling was a very necessary one. There are a great many flowers sold, and artists, lions and dandies are the consumers.

You never see a workman or grisette in a flower shop. If they want flowers, they buy in the street, and what they want is not an elegant cactus or a simple moss rose. Oh! no, they must have a big, close bunch, that will make a show, and be seen from a distance.

In the flower shop you meet members of the Jockey club, and young men in yellow gloves, and ladies all perfumed, whose complexion has become pale with the constant presence of flowers. But in general gentlemen buy more flowers than ladies do, and the reason is very simple, for the ladies know very well that the gentlemen only buy flowers to give to them.

In Paris we do not understand the language of flowers, as they do in the East; but every body knows what sending a bouquet means.

A gentleman first makes known his admiration of a lady by sending her a bouquet. When one is not yet advanced in the good graces of a lady, and when one is afraid of being imprudent, one sends an anonymous bouquet. Ladies never refuse presents of this sort. They think that a bouquet will have no consequences; but we never knew a bouquet yet that had not some consequences.

Bouquets testify to an actress or a dancer the admiration she excites. Flowers fly from all parts of the house, and fall at her feet. It is very pleasant to receive a shower of flowers.

If an actress wishes to obtain a triumph, to rival one of her fellow actresses whom she feels to be far superior to herself in talent, and if she has no benefactor rich enough to defray the expense of flowers for her, she determines to undertake it herself. It is an expense that one can afford occasionally.

The actress sends her mother to a flower shop—an actress always has a mother—if she has not, she hires one; that is to say, she gives this title to some old woman, who endeavours to fulfil the character in consideration of food and lodging and various little benefits.

The mother goes to a flower store, and says—

“My daughter is superb in this new piece. She far surpasses every one who has ever performed at

that theatre. It is really astonishing, but the public are so stupid. Really, if you don't scream it into their ears, they will never find out that a person has any talent, and would even hiss one if you would let them do it. Mademoiselle X., who acts miserably, was greeted with a number of bouquets the other night. Every one knows where they come from; every one knows all about the poor little student. But my daughter must not be in the back ground. I am going to have a shower of flowers for her, after her third act, to night. What will it cost me?”

“Do you want many?”

“Well, yes, there must be a good number of them; enough to come from all parts of the house, and especially from the front boxes, where it's most fashionable; for that makes the other actresses envious.”

“Suppose we say thirty bouquets.”

“Well, thirty will do! To be sure, my daughter deserves three thousand, but thirty will do. How much will it be?”

“Fifty francs.”

“That is more than thirty sous apiece; it's too dear.”

“Flowers are high now, and besides, I have to pay all my people, and the bouquets will be handsome.”

“And no cabbage stalks? Such as one of our actresses was struck in the eye with, and nearly lost her sight?”—

“Don't be uneasy. The bouquets will be beautiful.”

“We will say fifty francs, then. I must save it in something else. I won't buy so much cats' meat. Don't forget! thirty bouquets; and let them be carefully thrown; but I suppose your people understand that.”



"Every thing shall be as you have ordered."

"I hope so, indeed. Fifty francs. Why, I might have bought two *pates de foie gras* with the money; but if it does my daughter any good, I shall make more than fifty francs."

The flower seller insists on being paid in advance, a precaution which is never useless. The old woman comes back to the actress, and tells her she will have a great triumph to-night, and to-night is waited for with the greatest impatience. It comes at last, the piece goes on, our actress is miserably bad, no matter! flowers pour from all sides, and especially from the pit, and fall at the feet, and on the nose of the actress, who bows confusedly, the audience laughs, the curtain falls, and the other actresses are vexed.

Unfortunately, however, her mother destroys all the effects of her daughter's triumph. She comes on the stage with an enormous basket, as if to gather the scattered tributes to genius; but, in reality, to count them, and ascertain that for her money she has got her money's worth.

After picking up all she can find, she goes searching in all the corners, behind the scenes, and even

in the prompter's place. She stamps her foot, angrily exclaiming, "I am robbed. The rascal! the rascal! I ordered thirty, and here are only twenty-four; there are six wanting! but this shall not be passed over."

Oh! how this makes the other actresses laugh, and how many jokes are made upon the lady's bouquets. But the laughers and sneerers have no objection at all to doing the same thing for themselves, only they recommend to their respective mothers not to count the bouquets loud enough to be heard. But these bouquets, of which we see so many thrown on the stage, are not always ordered in this way; the public does a great deal in this line. You see ladies take the bouquet from their waists, and throw with enthusiasm upon the stage.

In our principal theatres, you never see a lady without a bouquet; they must always have one also at a party or a concert, and at a ball a bouquet is indispensable. The ladies in Paris use a great number of bouquets, and it is a singular thing that they buy very few themselves, and their husbands never buy them any at all.

FIDELE.

"Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave."—SHAK.

"You were as flowers now wither'd; even so
These herblets shall which we upon you strew."—SHAK.

With fairest flowers whilst summer lasts,
Thy grave, Fidele, shalt be strewn,
And when beneath the winter blasts,
The flowers have sunk, their beauty flown,
The thoughts of thee shall deck thy place
With all of beauty and of grace.

Thou shalt not lack whilst summer reigns,
Pale primrose emblem of thy bloom,
The azur'd hare-bell like thy veins,
The leaf of eglantine's perfume,
Whom, not to slander, cannot claim
More sweetness than thy breathed name.

From all that blooms most like to you,
Cull'd with many a tender thought,
Sweet nurslings of the sun and dew
Shall duly by our hands be brought
To deck the place where thou art laid,
And fit it for thy gentle shade.

We'll gather for thee from the lawn,
Blue violets most like thine eyes,
For they, like thee, all pure have drawn
Their beauty from the fairest skies;
Spreading their bosoms to the sun,
As thou thy heart to God hast done.

But sweeter far than breath of flowers,
Thy memory shall float around,
Soothing our hearts the many hours;
We kneel upon thy hallow'd mound,
And pour out all our souls in prayer,
That we thy purity may share.

No fairies of a poet's heaven
Shall dance upon thy flow'ring sod;
To angels shall the task be given
To guard it sacred to thy God,—
That none but wounded hearts repair
To breathe their adorations there.

The flowers we strew in bloom around,
Meet emblems are they thus of thee;
And when their bloom and beauty's gone,
Alas! they still will emblems be;
The fairest still since Eden's day
Are sharers in a quick decay.

A moment do they earth adorn,
And breathe out fragrance to the gale;
The moment past, and they are gone,
In fragrance doth their life exhale;
But thus recall'd to God again
Doth odours of the past retain.

THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE SECOND.

NEXT day, and many other days, were chiefly devoted to seeing the most remarkable places in and about the great metropolis. Assisted by a pocket-map of London, Charles and Franklin Manderfield were enabled to ramble by themselves, when their parents were otherwise engaged. All the English families with whom Mr. Manderfield had become previously acquainted, extended their civilities to his wife and children, immediately after their arrival; but of these families the juvenile branches were, with scarcely an exception, still at boarding-schools out of town. So our American boys found it more pleasant to go exploring, as they called it, on their own account, than to be carried in the coach to assist in returning the visits of grown persons, who thought them too young to be considered as a part of the company; and who evidently regarded them according to the often-quoted adage that "children should be seen, and not heard."

One morning, on promising that their explorations should not extend so far from home as usual, the boys were allowed to take their sisters with them to St. James's Park. Charles gave his arm to Juliet, and Franklin took the hand of little Laura, who skipped gaily along, delighted with every thing she saw, and frequently running in advance of her brother, alert as he always was.

Arrived in front of the War Office, (which building is usually called the Horse Guards,) their attention was first attracted by the mounted sentinels, who, with heads erect, loaded pistols in their holsters, one hand grasping the bridle, and the other holding a drawn sabre, were stationed in large open centry-boxes, or rather pavilions of stone, on each side of the grand entrance that goes through into Parliament street. These equestrian figures, in their niches, were as still and motionless, both man and horse, and as seemingly incapable of moving a muscle, as if they were in reality effigies, carved in wood and painted. Franklin murmured a line from Shakspeare—

"Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks."

As soon as the clock had struck eleven, the sound of military music was heard. Persons began to assemble from all parts of the park, and some came in from the neighbouring streets, to see the morning parade of the King's Foot Guards, who were now marching from their barracks to their ground in front of the war-office.

"Really"—said Juliet—"scarlet is a very beautiful dress for soldiers. It is so gay and brilliant. I

must say, I like it better than our American blue."

"Oh! shame, shame!"—exclaimed Franklin.

"Hush"—said Charles—"remember she is a girl."

"Well"—resumed Franklin—"we have the pleasure of knowing that at Bunker Hill and other places, the dust was pretty well beaten out of the red-coats by men that had not even blue ones. Don't you remember General Knox telling papa that many of our people fought at Bunker Hill in their waistcoats and shirt-sleeves, beside those that went to the battle in linen jackets and calico gowns, on account of the heat of the weather?"

"Yes"—replied Charles—"and you know the British made a song about the fight, in which they ridiculed the working men—"

"With old straw hats upon their heads,
And leather aprons shining."

This conversation seemed to attract the notice of an old gentleman, who stood a little behind the children, and whom they had not observed till he accosted them, saying,

"Young gentlemen, excuse my speaking to you; but I think I cannot be mistaken in supposing you Americans."

"Certainly we are!"—exclaimed both boys.

"I should be sorry if we were taken for any thing else"—added Franklin.

"I am glad to find we look like Americans"—said Charles.

"At least you talk like Americans"—remarked the old gentleman.

"I am one too"—said Laura, turning her beautiful little head, and looking up at the stranger, who bent his eyes benignly upon her, gazing long and earnestly, till hers modestly sunk beneath his look of intense interest.

Twice the stranger drew his hand across his brow, then walked away, taking out his handkerchief. In a few moments he returned, and said to Charles—

"Forgive me again; but may I be allowed to ask in what part of America is your home. Do you come from Boston?"

"No"—replied Charles—"we are Philadelphians. But my father has visited Boston, and seen Griffin's wharf where we destroyed the tea, and Faneuil Hall, where we made our first great speeches, and Bunker Hill, where we fought our first great fight."

The old gentleman smiled, recognizing the American boy in the use of the word "we," when referring to the deeds enacted by the founders of the

republic. His smile was, however, immediately succeeded by a look of melancholy, and he again turned his eyes on little Laura.

Juliet, in a low voice, reminded her brothers that it could not be agreeable to an English gentleman to hear of the American revolution.

"But, perhaps he is an American himself"—whispered Charles.

"Oh! no!"—observed Franklin, almost forgetting to speak in an under tone—"if he was, he would soon say so."

Little Laura caught the import of this low-voiced conversation, and in the kindness of her heart, she turned to the stranger, and said to him—

"But for all I am an American child, I like England very well; and so does Juliet, very much indeed. And the boys like a great many things that they see. Indeed, almost all. Frank, don't you remember how you were delighted with the guns and swords in the Tower, all fixed in the shape of suns and moons and stars? And Charles, you know you praised Westminster Abbey; and said there was no other such place in the world. As for Juliet she admires even the giants at Guildhall."

The first regiment of the guards being now close at hand, the gentleman conducted the young Manderfields to a spot from whence they could have an excellent view of the parade. The boys and Juliet stood on a bench, under a large tree, and the kind stranger took Laura and held her up in his arms, so that she could see over the heads of the people in front; and he explained to them much that they were very glad to know.

The musicians came first. "This!"—said the stranger, is the Duke of York's band, the finest in the service. Perhaps you know that the Duke of York is second son to the king, and commander-in-chief of the army. It is his march they are now playing."

"How beautiful it is!"—said Juliet.

"And how inspiring!"—said Frank.

"And how charmingly played!" said Charles.

The band marched first, preceded by the drum-major in a magnificent uniform of scarlet and gold, his chapeau decorated with a profusion of feathers, and in his hand he waved a large gold-headed cane with which he marked the time. Then came two tall noble-looking Moors in splendid oriental dresses of white and silver with full muslin trowsers, and vests of scarlet velvet adorned with silver fringe and tassels. On their heads were white muslin turbans with lofty plumes fastened by brilliant crescents. One of these dark musicians carried an elegant tambourine, striking it gracefully with the back of his hand, rolling his finger along the parchment, ringing its melodious bells, and at times whirling the fantastic and animating instrument far above his head. The other African played the cymbals, which were bright as mirrors, and shone in the sunbeams like plates of entire silver. Sometimes he struck them behind his back, swaying with them sometimes to one side and then to the other; and again in a moment they were glancing and glitter-

ing high above his turban, as he seemed almost to throw them up in the air and catch them ere they descended. Yet, though he flourished them all the time, he sounded them only at intervals, striking their polished edges vertically together, and producing their full martial tones with a touch so light and skilful that their music might well be called "the loud cymbals' song." There was none of that clash or clank that renders these romantic instruments with their wild oriental associations, a discord rather than an improvement to a military band, as is usual in America, where, in general, they are made to keep up an incessant monotonous clatter without regard to time or tune. The parade was now formed; the officers came to the front and drew their swords, and the band marched along the line, playing Rule Britannia.

The children were delighted with the parade; the girls particularly admiring the officers, and the boys the music, which concluded with the Downfall of Paris, as the soldiers marched off in quick time.

"Boys!"—said Laura—"do you think there could ever be war without killing? Because, if there could, I should like you to be officers."

Her brothers informed her that there could be no war without fighting, and no battle without killing.

"But, why not?"—said the little girl. "If, before they began to fight, all the soldiers would agree to give each other only little soft taps, and slight cuts, and to shoot their guns so far off that the balls could not hit any body. Then we might have all the beautifulness of war without any of its dreadfulness."

"Its beautifulness!"—said the old gentleman—"is the painted mask that conceals the deformity of its dreadfulness from those who only see as much of the accompaniments of war as we have seen just now. Take away the uniform, the accoutrements, the waving colours, the martial music, and all 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance,' and strip the practice of war to its naked horrors, and I believe that none would voluntarily engage in it. War, under any pretext whatever, produces, and must produce, such a vast amount of suffering, such destruction of life and property, such devastation, such ruin; its track is so marked with blood and tears, that nothing can justify this ever terrible mode of settling the quarrels of nations."

"But, of course, you except our war of the revolution!"—said Charles. "There was not much 'pride, pomp, and circumstance' on the American side. The British had it all on theirs. And yet we were the victors."

"Ah!"—said Franklin—"it was not the glittering of uniforms and the waving of colours, and the sound of drums and trumpets, that brought Putnam from his plough, and Morgan from the wagon."

"Have you ever seen Washington?"—inquired the stranger.

"Yes, often!"—replied all the children at once.

"We have seen him!"—continued Charles—"frequently walking in the streets of Philadelphia. Of course, you know that he is president of the United

States. He always wears a cocked hat with a black cockade, and he carries a gold-headed cane with gold tassels. In cold weather we see him in a blue cloth cloak with a gold-laced collar."

"I know the president's house very well"—said Laura—"it is in Market street near Sixth; and it has crimson curtains to the front windows."

"We saw him every Sunday in Christ church"—said Juliet. "The president's pew is lined with crimson velvet, and there is a gilt eagle at each corner. He rides in a yellow carriage with white horses."

"I wish, sir, you could see General Washington"—said Charles—"every body says he looks exactly like what he is; and so did Dr. Franklin. My father once took me with him when he went to visit Dr. Franklin."

"My dear brothers"—observed Juliet—"you forget that this English gentleman may not find it pleasant to hear you talking in this manner of our American great men."

"It is—it is"—said the stranger, warmly. "Those men belong to the universe. The whole world may be proud of them."

"So we think in America"—replied Charles—"but I am very glad to hear an Englishman speak of them as they deserve. I hope, sir, we shall meet many like you."

The stranger sighed, and passed his hand across his forehead. He then looked at his watch, and said—

"I must now leave you, my dear young friends. But though this is our first, I trust it will not be our last interview."

"Oh! no!"—exclaimed the children—"we hope not, indeed. We shall be very glad to see you again."

The old gentleman then departed, having shaken each of the children by the hand, and kissed that of little Laura; who said, after he had left them, "This is the first time in my life that I have ever been treated with any respect. All other people kiss my mouth, as if I was still a baby, but this excellent old gentleman only touches my hand with his lips."

"I should not wonder"—said Juliet—"if he were a nobleman. He looks so very genteel, and his black suit is so very nice. Every thing he wears is of the finest quality. And I like to see an old gentleman with his hair tied and powdered, though I wish all the young ones would leave it off. I hope I may soon have a chance of seeing a young nobleman. I shall then have some idea how Lord Orville looked. And I wish also to meet some Branghtons."

"That last wish is likely to be the soonest gratified"—observed Franklin—"I have a sort of idea that our landlady, Mrs. Blagden, could help you to the acquaintance of Branghtons in any quantity."

"What are Branghtons?" asked Laura.

Juliet explained to her that the Branghtons were an amusingly ungenteel London family, introduced by Miss Burney into her admirable novel of *Evelina*:

and Laura hoped to be soon "big enough" to read novels.

They passed up the Bird Cage Walk, as it is called, from an old custom that was formerly observed of hanging cages of singing-birds among the boughs of its fine trees; and then stopped a few moments to look at Buckingham House, the palace of the queen, and the actual residence of the royal family, when in London: the old dark prison-looking palace, called St. James's, which stands on the other side of the park, being only used on state occasions, such as the levees of the king, and drawing-rooms of his consort. They then went round through Pall Mall, and came to Carlton House, the residence of the Prince of Wales; in the colonnade of which they saw several curious and beautiful peacocks, entirely white; notwithstanding which, the eyes in their tail-feathers were perfectly distinct, the plumage looking as if damasked. While they were gazing at the peacocks, a phaeton stopped at the grand entrance, over which was sculptured the royal arms of England. It was driven by a gentleman, whose appearance immediately induced all that were passing to stop till he had alighted, and the words, "The prince—the Prince of Wales"—were passed round among the spectators. He was a plump, light-complexioned man, with a very high colour in his face; and his chin was buried beneath the folds of an enormous white cravat. His features were handsome, (except that his nose was too small,) and he had a profusion of hair, dressed in small frizzed curls at the sides and top, and platted behind, and turned up with a comb—the whole being powdered, and but partially covered by a small round hat, placed very much on one side. He wore a light-green coat with very bright buttons, and a white silk waistcoat, with another of pink satin appearing from beneath it. He was followed, at a considerable distance, by two mounted grooms in scarlet and gold livery. Juliet was now superlatively happy—she had hoped only to see a lord, and now she saw a prince: the prince too that was one day to be king of England.

The children proceeded on their walk down Pall Mall, slowly, for they saw so many things to look at, particularly the windows of the print-shops, in some of which they saw caricatures, where the royal family and the prime-minister, Mr. Pitt, were treated with very little ceremony. These caricatures were easily understood, and they exhibited striking likenesses of the persons represented in them. There was one entitled "Curing John Bull of the Yellow Fever." It alluded to the increased taxation by which the people were drained of their money, for the support of a rapacious royal family, larger in its numbers than any that had ever existed; and of a numerous band of placemen and pensioners; these new taxes having been levied through the influence of the prime-minister, and an immense sum having recently been granted by parliament for liquidating again the ever-recurring debts of the spendthrift Prince of Wales. In this print, John Bull was represented as sitting in a chair without

his coat, and looking very sick and yellow, while Pitt was bleeding him in the arm. The blood, as it fell, turned into guineas, which a crowd of the persons that preyed upon the nation, were hastening to catch in their hats. Foremost was the Prince of Wales: but there was a hole in *his* hat, through which the guineas fell as fast as they dropped into it.

Our young people returned home by way of Charing Cross and Whitehall, having stopped in the first of these streets to look at the bronze equestrian statue of Charles the First, which is rendered perfectly black by the coal-smoke; and to gaze at the vast front and antique aspect of Northumberland House, with the great bow-window over the entrance, and the huge bronze lion on the top. The family of the Duke of Northumberland being in mourning for the death of one of its members, an escutcheon or hatchment was, according to the custom of the English aristocracy, placed above the principal window. This escutcheon was painted with the ancient arms of the Percys, on a large diamond-shaped board, edged with black and decorated with a border of death's-heads.

"How very imposing!"—said Juliet—"are all these things."

When Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield came home, they found the children highly delighted with their walk, and having much to talk about concerning it. The girls, in particular, were especially eloquent in praise of the good old gentleman in the handsome suit of black, with his satin waistcoat and knee-breeches, and such very smooth black silk stockings with gold knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, and a diamond pin in his very nice shirt-frill, and his well-powdered though scanty hair. The boys dwelt most on his intelligent eye, and the benevolent expression of his countenance, and on his pleasant voice and manner. And all concurred in praising his kindness to little Laura, who concluded that she liked him almost as well as she did her father.

In the evening, to the extreme delight of the boys, the family went to Dibdin's *Sans Souci*, as he called it; a large room in the Strand, fitted up as for an audience: himself being the only performer. He was an extremely well-looking man, with a bright intellectual face; and his singularly diversified genius enabled him to write the words, and compose the music of his songs, and then to sing them admirably, accompanying himself on the piano. He introduced his songs, which were on very various subjects, by a connecting thread of recitation, in which he took occasion to advert most happily to the news, the fashions, and the follies of the day. He had sporting songs, rustic songs, and sea-songs; all spirited, characteristic, and amusing; and in some there were touches of simple pathos that never failed to draw tears from a large portion of his audience. In sea-songs, he always was, and still is without a rival. And his ocean-melodies are said to have been highly instrumental in infusing into the English navy the spirit that made it always victorious in every contest with the ships of the other European powers.

Mr. Manderfield and his sons sat near the end of a bench; and just before the performance commenced Charles and Franklin espied the old gentleman of the park, looking about for a seat. There was space to spare; and the boys sat closer, and with smiling countenances, made room for him. They held out their hands, which he shook cordially, and then availed himself of the proffered place. Charles whispered to his father, to inform him who was their new companion; and Laura leaned across to smile and nod at him. Presently a sort of buzz was heard through the room, and the eyes of all present were turned towards a gentleman, stout, ruddy, and rather young, who was found sitting in the midst of them, dressed in a blue surtout. "That is the Duke of Clarence, the third son of the king," said the stranger to the two boys. "He is in the navy, having commenced as a midshipman; and, while in that capacity, he visited America in the ship to which he was attached. He is much in the habit of going unceremoniously, and without any indication of his rank, to places of amusement. He walks about the city more frequently than he rides; and he is noted for standing to gaze at the windows of the print-shops."

"We saw him yesterday," exclaimed Juliet, delightedly. "I recollect him perfectly. He stood next to me while we were looking at those caricatures in Pall Mall. His coat-skirt must have touched my frock. How I wish I had known it."

"Oh! Juliet, Juliet!"—ejaculated Franklin—"you will never be fit to go home to America."

The room was now quite full; and Dibdin came forward, and, after a short preface, commenced the first song, which was his highly popular "Sailor's Journal," beginning—

"'Twas past meridian, half past four,
By signal I from Nancy parted—"

And it was followed by several others, which were received with bursts of applause, in which the royal tar joined energetically. The eyes of Juliet were now almost continually turned on the Duke of Clarence, to observe what effect the songs had upon a prince. She made her mother observe, that when, in the fine sea-elegy of "Tom Bowling," most of the auditors involuntarily raised their eyes, and cast them upward at the words "His soul is gone aloft," the son of the king raised his eyes also. In a recess of the performance, the stranger of the park related to Charles and Franklin a little anecdote of the first appearance of the Duke of Clarence on board the ship to which he had been recently appointed a midshipman. He was regarded with much curiosity by the sailors assembled on the forward-deck; and one of them was heard to say to a messmate, over whose shoulders he was gazing at the young prince:

"Jack—Jack—the king's son has got no manners. He don't pull off his hat to the captain."

"Pho! you fool!"—replied the other—"where should he get manners, when he has never been at sea before?"

The boys, however, were highly pleased, and

Juliet almost enraptured, when, after the performance was over, and Dibdin had made his final bow to the audience, the Duke of Clarence stepped up to the talented minstrel, shook hands with him heartily, and complimented him warmly on his songs, and on their well-deserved popularity in the navy.

The duke turned to withdraw, every one bowing as he passed along, and he returning the bows right and left. Mr. Manderfield was preparing to accost the old gentleman of the park, and thank him for his civilities to the children, when they saw that he had already quitted his seat, and that the Duke of Clarence had stopped to talk to him with a familiarity that denoted a previous acquaintance.

"Oh! look, look!"—exclaimed Juliet—"and now the duke has taken his arm, and they have left the room together. Oh! the good old gentleman must be a very great lord. He certainly must—I wish there was a law obliging all noblemen to wear their stars always, that they might be known as soon as seen. It is so hard for us poor Americans to be obliged to find them out.

"Poor Americans!"—said Franklin—"poor Americans, indeed! Why are we obliged to find them out? Oh! Juliet, Juliet, what shall we do with you."

"And to think!"—continued Juliet—"that this good old lord, for I am sure he is one, has held Laura in his arms. Laura, which hand did he kiss?"

Laura looked at both her hands, but could not recollect.

It would occupy too much space were we to relate the numerous times when the Manderfield children met the stranger in their walks. If their parents were along, he avoided joining them, always passing on, and merely recognizing the young people by a bow and a smile. But, if they were alone, he immediately came forward to meet them, or hastened to overtake them, and he never failed to do them some little service, or some act of kindness, in addition to the entertaining and useful information that he gave them upon all subjects in which they took interest. Still they did not learn his name; neither did he inquire that of their father. With the names of the children, he, of course, became familiar from hearing them address each other. But little Laura remembered that the good old lord, as they now termed him, frequently forgot, and called her Emma.

One day, Mrs. Blagden came up to the drawing-room, just after breakfast, and with many curtsies, begged that Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield, and the two young gentlemen, and the two young ladies would do her the favour of taking a drop of tea, and a bit of supper with her that evening, as she was going to have a little company, (it being her birth-day,) and that Mr. Knight was to be there. Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield declined the invitation, being engaged to dine out, and to go afterwards to the Italian opera.

"Dear me!"—said Mrs. Blagden—"how tiresome it is that you should be engaged. I declare I

am monstrous sorry. I would put off my company, but this is the only evening we can have Mr. Knight. He is in such demand that it is arduous to catch him; and he is engaged out every night but this for a month to come. And when he is caught he's worth his weight in gold."

"In what way," asked Mr. Manderfield.

"Why he's the funniest man in all Lunnnon. He makes every body die a laughing. And to see him in the day time you would not think there was any fun in him. He is all the time a rambling about every where, in all kinds of places, taking his observations quietly, that he may collect a stock of fun for night. There hasn't a part of the town that he isn't to be found in. He's very fond of children, and watches all their ways, and can hact a child to the life."

The Manderfield children looked at each other in silence.

"But do, pray!"—continued Mrs. Blagden—"do, pray, let the young persons give us *their* company if we cannot have yours. It will be as good as a play to them to see Mr. Knight."

The children again looked at each other.

Mrs. Blagden continued her entreaties, and the parents hesitated till they found that the children were really very desirous of joining the party, and they finally gave their permission, except for Laura, whom they considered too young.

"To be sure!"—said Mrs. Blagden—"it is not the thing for little misses like her to keep late hours, and sit up to supper. They'd soon be knocked up, if they were to pursue that. But, once in a while, I don't see how it could hurt her. And we are going to have some highsters, which I suppose must be quite curiosities to persons from America. Did you ever see any highsters, my dear?"

"No, ma'am," replied Laura, not knowing that highsters meant oysters; "but, indeed, I should be very glad to see some. Dear father—dear mother—you know I have kept some very late hours since I have been in England, and I have sat up to supper twice; and it always seemed to do me good instead of harm. Do let me go to Mrs. Blagden's party. I will keep very wide awake—indeed I will."

"I defy any one to be sleepy where Mr. Knight is!"—said Mrs. Blagden. He hoften goes to St. James's park to ear the band, and to learn how to be a drum, and an orn, and all sorts of hinstuments. And then he does them to the life, where he's hasked out of evenings. They say his ryal ighness, the Duke of Clarence, eard him once, and halmost split his sides a laughing. His ryal ighness an't a bit proud, for all he's a prince: and they do say he got quite sociable with Mr. Knight."

The children's glances at each other were now more expressive than ever.

Finally, little Laura was made very happy by receiving permission to be present at Mrs. Blagden's party: and their landlady took her leave, highly gratified.

(To be continued.)

THE DEEP DRAWER.

BY MRS. H. F. LEE, AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING," ETC.

(Continued from p. 45.)

To bed I went, my mind deeply impressed with the precarious state of my friend's health, and wondering that he could think of matrimony at his time of life; but I could not but admit that in Mrs. Bell he had made a judicious choice. She was neither too young to make it wholly absurd, nor yet too old to be incapacitated from serving him, and, as for that lovely daughter, thought I, if I know any thing of physiology, or psychology, or craniology, (lawyers are fond of hard words,) she deserves all that can be done for her. I tried to compose myself to sleep, but the supper was continually before me; I wished I had resisted the temptation, and made sundry moral reflections, such as when the animal nature gets the upper hand, the spiritual must suffer. I felt as a drunkard must feel, if he ever returns to any glimpses of his moral nature, or of his soul, that cannot die, however he may abuse, degrade, or trample it under foot. Like phosphoric fire, it cannot be quenched, but must live for ever and ever, and bear all the self-inflicted torments of sin. And how much is the epicure or glutton raised above him? All who give predominance to the animal nature over the spiritual, degrade themselves to a level with the brute creation.

I began fully to realize these truths. I detested the whole race of pies and puddings, and actually went to sleep parodying the words of Shakspeare,—
"Give them to the dogs."

The slumbers of indigestion are not very refreshing. I know not how long I had slept, when I felt something grappling at my throat. I tried to speak, to call, but could not utter a sound. At length the agony ceased, I saw the housekeeper standing by the side of my bed, she beckoned me, the scene changed, my host was stretched before me, senseless—strange to tell, the feast of the evening before was piled up on his bed—*dough-nuts*, or fried nuts, were descending like flakes of snow. I remembered no more, my senses failed me!

In the morning I was awakened by the bright sun shining in at my windows. I started up. "Was it all a dream? thought I, or have such things passed? I dressed as quickly as possible, and stepping across the entry, opened the parlour door. There sat my friend looking wan and pale; but much better than I left him the evening before. I shook hands with him, with an emotion which he must have thought disproportionate to the occasion. It was all a dream, then; I had struggled fearfully with the nightmare.

"My good madam," said I to the housekeeper, deferentially, remembering how soon she was to

be the mistress, "be so kind as to let me have a cup of black tea, and a dyspepsia biscuit." In spite of urgency, I confined myself to this repast, and felt well again.

It was a fine clear morning; the fields and woodlands were covered with the *white robe*, and the spire of the village church was visible in the distance, with its glittering vane. How strange! to put a weathercock on a church! It is to be hoped there is nothing emblematical in it—that our religious opinions are not to change with every breath of wind. It was a beautiful winter prospect, the young men were out, shovelling away the snow; all looked healthy and vigorous, but my poor friend. There he sat with his asthmatic cough, his pale face, his feeble articulation. I had now opportunity to observe the depredations time and indisposition had made upon his outward man, and I had a strong presentiment that his days were drawing to a close. This idea made me eager to do all he wished, and I became earnest to promote his matrimonial plan. In Mrs. Bell he would secure a good and faithful nurse, and she a maintenance. After breakfast I broached the subject, for I saw my friend felt awkward.

"Upon the whole," said I, "you judge wisely, to secure so faithful and kind a friend as Mrs. Bell."

"Yes," said he, "she will be to me like an own mother."

"An own mother!" but he was evidently in his second infancy—that was no affair of mine, if the good woman chose to marry him.

"I wish you," said he, "to draw up a paper, giving my whole estate to Susan, after my death, and an annuity to Mrs. Bell, which, at her death, is to be continued to her only son."

"This is truly generous," said I, to *them*, "but you have poor relations who have rationally supposed they should be remembered in your will."

"I shall recommend them to Susan's care," said he, "she and her mother must sign the papers."

I combatted this determination, as I believed myself in duty bound, as it appeared to me an evidence of his decaying powers, to cut off his near relations; but he would listen to no objection, and I set seriously about the work. It often struck me that there was a strange confusion in his mind. Sometimes he seemed to confound mother and daughter together, and then there were allusions to the son, as if he bound himself to some conditions or obligation.

Finally, the paper seemed to meet his views, and

he desired the mother and daughter might be summoned.

"You now see," said he, in the mean time, "why I said my waiting made a great difference. Susan is several years younger than myself; indeed she probably was not born when we were coming forward into life."

"Probably not," said I, a little sarcastically, which passed without notice.

"Then of course," continued he, "she could not have been my wife."

"No," said I. "But time brings us nearer to a level, and Mrs. Bell, who I suppose is near sixty, is a very suitable age for you."

"Mrs. Bell!" he exclaimed. "You don't think I am going to marry *her*!"

"Who then?" said I, astonished in my turn.

"Why, her daughter, Susan, to be sure."

I threw down my pen, and sat motionless. The mother and daughter entered. I turned with ill-disguised indignation towards them. This mercenary wretch is willing to sacrifice her daughter for money, thought I, and the daughter is not much better. Yet, as I looked at their pale, woe-begone faces, and the traces of tears on their cheeks, my indignation was somewhat abated. I read the papers, as I was desired.

"This gentleman," said my host, "is a lawyer and a justice of the peace, and will marry us, my beloved Susan, this very day—the publication is out."

An involuntary groan escaped from her lips.

"Are you willing," said I, addressing the young girl, "to marry this man on these conditions?"

"Read the clause again," said she. I read the paper to her.

She turned to my host, "the *release* is not fully expressed, I will not sign the paper."

He was somewhat embarrassed. "I have not told the gentleman all the circumstances. I thought you would not like to have me, my dear, sweet Susan."

"Then I must tell him myself," said she; "I must see him alone."

She took me to another room. There she seemed to lose her self-command, and broke into a violent flood of tears.

"Really, madam," said I, coldly, "as far as wealth goes, you will be abundantly supplied, and yet I do not see any signs of a happy bride."

"You little know," she exclaimed, "what has led me to this measure. Wealth is valueless to me. Get but his solemn, irrevocable promise, without this horrible sacrifice, and I will bless you with my latest breath. For God's sake prevail on him, to relinquish the fatal proof at any rate, and then," added she, with assumed calmness, "I care not what comes. I shall not long survive it—let it go on."

"Indeed," said I, "things must not go on till I understand what you allude to—this mystery must be explained."

"It is told in a few words," said she, mournfully.

"Two years since my mother was prevailed on to

take this place as housekeeper—she worked hard for a living, and in many respects it was a change for the better. Soon after we came, your friend talked to me like a lover. It was a source of amusement to us all—particularly my only brother, who was near my own age, and the darling of both my mother and myself. He became acquainted with a dissolute set of young men. They learnt from him our situation, and he was persuaded by them to forge your friend's name to a check for a large sum of money. He was detected, and if the prosecution goes on he will be condemned to the state-prison. The rest you may conjecture. O, sir," said she, with clasped hands, and streaming eyes, "it is not money I want; to save my brother, I am willing to make this sacrifice—a sacrifice which implicates my bounden promise to another whom I have loved from childhood. See that all is fairly done, and I will not hesitate; let us return—I only call on you, in the name of God, to have this business legally executed, and my brother safe."

"My poor child," said I, "let me first try whether I cannot prevail on my friend to relinquish this preposterous union. You admit that your brother has done the deed. Does it not deserve punishment? Let it fall upon him. By screening him from it, you may do him a far greater injury than kindness."

"O no," said she, "I know him well. It would make him desperate, and destroy my poor mother. There are circumstances which mitigate his crime."

"I believe it," said I, interrupting her, "we are neither demons nor angels. I trust there are always mitigations of crime; but we do not sometimes discern them. God sees all, and with him rests the final judgment. Remain here, I will send your mother to you. I trust you have both learned where to seek consolation and direction."

I returned, fortified with new strength, to my poor superannuated friend. I represented the misery he would draw upon himself and Susan by the marriage. I told him it was a godlike attribute to pardon those who have wronged us; but not for selfish purposes. It was a double offence to screen the offender from punishment, and make his innocent sister the victim.

This last idea he could not understand, and I did not dwell upon it; for I found I had not a stony heart to deal with. He often melted into tears, and at last said, "throw the papers into the fire." I willingly did it. It was soon settled that he should withdraw all prosecution of the young man, on condition that he went immediately on a whaling voyage, which would give him three years of labour, and I hoped of penitence. I determined to see this part of the business executed, for I felt that I had taken a somewhat painful responsibility on myself.

Mrs. Bell and Susan were then called; I told the latter she had lost a fortune, but her brother was saved from the state prison. It would be difficult to describe their gratitude. Mrs. Bell promised never to leave him, and Susan, that she would be a devoted child and servant.

There was a great change in the deportment of my friend, after this affair was settled. He felt as if he had done a virtuous action; and, I have no doubt, considered himself a hero.

After dinner I left him to his nap, and took a long walk through the snow. When I returned I found him with his desk before him. He had determined to give Mrs. Bell and Susan an annuity for life. "As to the rest of my estate, I shall not trouble myself about it," said he, "it may go among my relations as the law directs."

The deeds were executed at once. I partook of the light-heartedness of my friend; for, if I had not done a great action, I had at least prevented a foolish, if not a criminal one. I had now leisure to talk calmly and quietly with my friend, and I determined to improve the opportunity to the utmost; but where was the mind that once animated his discourse. I found him approaching second childhood. Sometimes he would make an observation that roused me to effort. Indeed, I once undertook to prove to him some position of political economy. I did it in a lawyerlike manner, with my right fore finger laid on the palm of my left hand. I have some talent at argument. He heard me out in silence. After I had allowed him time to weigh my argument, I pressed him for a reply. He looked up with an insipid smile, and said, he "was not attending, and he would thank me to say it over again."

"Say it over again! I, who had spoken with the eloquence of a Demosthenes! I felt convinced that I was talking to the body not the mind of my friend. Those who have experienced such a conviction, will understand what a strange, painful sensation accompanies it. We are continually deluded by some passing remark, and again and again cherish the idea that we are comprehended. But the hardest trial was yet to come.

"I have been thinking," said the poor old man, in the evening, "that I had better marry Mrs. Bell; you know you thought it was a good thing. Susan was a little too young, and the mother is a little too old. You know we cannot have every thing just as we wish."

"That is true," said I, "but we won't discuss the matter to-night. It is nine o'clock. This has been a busy day—it is time for us to go to bed. To-morrow I must be off."

"I should like to have you marry us before you go."

"We will settle it to-morrow. If you and Mrs.

Bell agree, I shall not oppose it." We parted for the night, with the utmost cordiality; upon the whole I was well pleased with my old friend; I perceived that his moral sensibilities could be awakened as children's are; but the comparison went no further; while theirs may be cultivated and brought to excellence, his were but the last dying gleams of daylight.

On this second night, I retired to my room with a different set of feelings from those of the night before. The day had been a healthy one, the powers of my mind and body in mutual exercise. I had used a rational degree of activity, and resisted all the allurements of my friend's hospitable table. I now looked again upon the wintry prospect. The moon had just risen, and seemed to sleep tranquilly on the hills of snow. God's spirit was abroad. It reigned in the stillness of night. My poor friend had often gazed on these scenes in the strength of manhood—now how changed! but I trusted in the goodness of the Creator to rekindle in other worlds the undying soul. In this frame of mind I retired to bed—a deep and healthy sleep came over me—yet, in the dead of night, again the housekeeper stood before me. She held a light and spoke,—“O, sir, pray come to your poor friend.” It was no dream now. I hastened to the chamber—one glance sufficed—it was all over!—he had passed from life to death without a struggle.

There was nothing left for me to do. How little had I expected when I came, in the snow-storm, that I was to receive lessons of life, death, and immortality. My days in the city were busy, bustling ones. I had been summoned to this place to contemplate the decaying powers, and see them end in the last quiet stillness of death. And could this be all? My reason and my conscience said, “no,” Nature and revelation spoke with one voice, on the great theme of man's future being.

As the day dawned, I looked on the serene features of my friend; the traces of age were greatly obliterated. Many testimonies of his benevolence and uprightness arose to my mind. I felt that the night had passed away, and the eternal morning had arisen. If ever a visit in the country was salutary, it was this. It had left impressions never to be forgotten.

Susan has since married her first and only love. The young man, Bell, is still on his voyage to the north-west coast; but a letter has been received, which fills his mother's and sister's heart with hope of his penitence and reformation.

THE MAN WITH TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY EPES SARGENT.

"ALWAYS, my dear Ned, always be sure and have two strings to your bow," was among the last exhortations of old Simon Plausible to his only son and heir.

Ned did not require any such advice; for it had long been one of the leading articles of his moral code. He began the practice of it in the nursery; and continued it through life. The maxim always came in play, at every step of any consequence which he took. When a boy at the Rev. Mr. Drubber's seminary, the class to which he belonged were on one occasion undergoing an examination in Virgil. A distribution of medals depended upon the result, and some of the dignitaries of the city were present. Ned had studied that portion of the Georgics in which he and his companions were to be tried, with great assiduity, until, as he believed, he was perfect in every verse.

"It is the best policy, however," said Ned to himself, "to have two strings to one's bow. I may as well take my printed translation with me. I can keep it snug in my jacket pocket, and if I find I am likely to stick at any passage, I can just glance at the English version, and recover myself."

Now it is probably among the juvenile reminiscences of my readers, that the act of bringing a printed or written translation to recitation is a high penal offence on the part of a school-boy. Our friend Ned did not require any such aid. He had an excellent memory, and was a hard student,—what his rivals called "a dig." In the present instance he had made himself thoroughly perfect in those passages of the great Latin author, which were to be construed by the class. But Ned thought it best to have two strings to his bow. What was the result?

He had passed triumphantly through his examination without once having occasion to take a clandestine peep at his English version. He had won the topmost place in his class; and now awaited in victorious expectation the delivery of the medals. Already were they glistening, with their blue silk ribbons attached, in the hands of one of the committee, when a hateful little usher, whom the boys had nicknamed "old Dot-and-carry-one," from an impediment in his gait, started up, and throwing back the collar of his coat, and fixing his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, bowed to Dr. Drubber and the committee, and remarked, that with their permission he would put a question or two to Master Plausible.

Supposing that the interrogatory would relate to the parsing of some sentence or the scanning of

some line, Ned came forward with a confident smirk to where Mr. Dot-and-carry-one was standing. The latter assumed a diabolical smile as he witnessed the assured and self-complacent demeanour of his victim.

"Allow me to inquire, sir," said the usher, "whether that is not a translation of the Georgics, which I see protruding from your pocket?"

"This, sir?" asked Ned, with a faint smile, pulling forth a small almanac from a side-pocket, and attempting to thrust into concealment the obtrusive translation—"this is nothing but an al-l-l-manac. It is very useful, you see, sir, for"—

"Oh, I don't doubt it in the least," interrupted the usher. "But I had reference to those printed sheets—there—not in your pantaloon pocket, but in your jacket."

"Oh, these!" said Ned, crumbling some of the loose leaves in his hand, and bending a compassionate and somewhat derisive smile upon the usher, "these I placed there for wadding. My father, sir, has given me permission to go on to Long Island this afternoon, a-shooting."

"Ah, indeed! Pray let me examine the quality of the wadding you use. I am a sportsman myself sometimes."

Poor Ned turned pale, and began to tremble. But he was fertile in subterfuges; and he replied, "The fact is, sir, that being the owner of an old translation of Virgil, and not wishing to be tempted to refer to it in my studies, I tore it up for the purpose I have mentioned."

The excuse would not answer. The remorseless usher insisted upon seeing the sheets. They were at length produced and found to correspond with that portion of the Georgics upon which the class were engaged. Master Plausible not only lost the medal, which would have been his, but he was disgraced before the whole school, including the examining committee. This was one of the results of his having two strings to his bow. But the circumstance did not cause him to abandon his favourite policy.

On quitting college, it became necessary that he should choose a profession; for his father had died and left him nothing but the advice contained in the old proverb, which we have seen him carry into practice. Ned's tastes and predilections led him to decide in favour of devoting himself to the law. But he had an uncle, who was a physician, and who offered to educate him gratuitously. The consequence was, that our hero determined to study law and medicine at one and the same time, in short, to have two strings to his bow; because, said he to

himself, if I find clients are scarce, I can then easily turn doctor.

But when, at the termination of three years, he was admitted to practise at the bar, he discovered to his astonishment that all the persons from whom he solicited business, seemed to have the impression that his medical qualifications exceeded his legal. Ned was always of an accommodating disposition; and, finding that popular prejudice seemed to run in favour of his Esculapian talents, he informed his friends and the public that in obedience to their wishes he had turned physician. But it would not do. Those who had doubted his legal attainments were far more distrustful of his medical skill. He was looked upon as neither fish nor flesh—neither lawyer nor doctor. In vain, acting upon his favourite principle, did he advertise that he treated patients both homœopathically and alopathically, as they might wish. During a whole year, that his sign was hung out, but a solitary patient came to his office, and she was an old woman, who called to inquire the way to Dr. Mott's.

Failing in his professional attempts, he directed his attention to politics. He did not lack what the French call a *flux de bouche*, which in John Bull's less refined tongue, may be rendered, *gift of the gab*. His *début* at Tammany Hall was immensely successful. A few catch-words were occasionally heard overtopping the level and inaudible portion of his speech, and these never failed to bring down acclamations of applause. Had any one attempted to report the harangue, he would have had to trust to his imagination for all the words that filled up the interstices between the following: "heroes of '76—bone and muscle of the land—New Orleans—silk-stock gentry—our democratic brethren—Waterloo defeat—Federalism—Federal aristocrats—naïl our flag to the mast—victory is ours."

On the strength of these very original and emphatic phrases, (for they constituted the whole of his speech that could be distinctly heard), Ned acquired quite a reputation—in the newspapers. He soon began to be regarded politically as a rising young man; and some influential members of his party even canvassed the propriety of giving him the nomination to Congress. Unluckily for Ned, at this moment an agent of the opposite party ventured to sound the depths of his political fidelity by intimating to him that if he would quit his Tammany friends for the Whigs, the latter would reward him for his apostacy by sending him as their representative to Washington.

"It is always safest to have two strings to one's bow," said Ned to himself, as he reflected upon the proposal. "If Tammany doesn't nominate me, the Whigs will, if I will only join them. My best course is, to keep good friends with the managers on both sides, and so, if I am dropped by one, the other will take me up. Ay, that will be my true policy—to stand ready to jump either side of the fence." And, congratulating himself upon his astuteness, Ned undertook to avail himself of the favourable intentions of both parties in regard to the

nomination. But he who attempts to sit upon two stools is likely to fall to the ground; and Ned's experience verified the proverb; for Tammany, on learning that he was tampering with the enemy, repudiated him, and the Whigs, though generally too lenient towards apostates, refused to receive him into their ranks in any capacity but that of a subaltern.

His political plans having failed utterly, Ned, as a last resort to means for advancing his fortunes, resolved upon matrimony. To give him his due, he was a man of personable exterior and captivating address. Few could make their way in society more adroitly than he. But he was by no means infallible. Through a too precipitate confidence in his success, he encountered three or four flat refusals from young ladies who were regarded as extremely "eligible." These rebuffs taught him caution and humility; and he changed his tactics.

Fortune seemed to smile upon him at length. At one of the brilliant balls, which at late hours on winter nights startle the pedestrian in Broadway, by the sound of music and feet that beat the floor in the hall of the Washington Hotel—at one of those select and refined assemblies—Ned sought, and, without much difficulty, procured an introduction to the daughter of a retired victualler; and as we cannot at this moment distinctly recall her name, we will, for convenience sake, designate her as Miss Cutlet. She was young, pretty and blooming; but her great charm, at least in Ned's eyes, lay in the fact that she was heiress to some hundreds of thousands of dollars. What though her hands and feet were apparently made rather for use than ornament! What though a sight of the extraordinary style of hair dressing to which she seemed to be partial would have given the immortal Grandjean a violent attack of dyspepsia? What though Mademoiselle Armand would have fainted at the spectacle of her *tournure*? Put these frivolous objections in one scale and her Butcher's and Drover's bank stock in the other, and who would doubt that the objections would kick the beam?

As for Ned, the subject did not admit of a question in his mind. After a discreet courtship of a month's duration, he made an avowal to the lady of the desperate state of his affections, and received in return her consent to become Mrs. Plausible. And now there seemed nothing but smooth sailing for Ned. He had nothing to do but go through a very simple, and by no means fatiguing ceremony, slip a cheap gold ring on his bride's finger, and then he could walk into old Cutlet's house, hang up his hat, and take no thought for the morrow what he should eat, or where he should lodge, or wherewithal he should be clothed.

Such seemed the fate in store for our hero. Alas! we know not what mockery the future may make of our plans. And yet,

"Look into those they call unfortunate,
And, nearer viewed, you'll find they've been unwise."

In an evil hour Ned visited Philadelphia on some

small business for his intended father-in-law. As he was promenading Chestnut Street, he met an old classmate, who had risen to distinction at the bar by exclusive and unremitted devotion to his profession.

"What, Ned! Is it you? I am glad to see you," exclaimed the Philadelphian.

"Ha! Clingstone! Fred! How are you? Delighted to take you by the hand again!"

"When did you arrive in the city, and where have you put up? And why the deuce didn't you come and bivouac with me in Spruce Street?"

"I arrived last night—put up at Jones's—and didn't bivouac upon you for various reasons, the first of which was, that I didn't know you lived in the city—the second!"—

"I will hear the rest another time," replied Clingstone. "But, my dear fellow, you must dine with me to-day. I wish to introduce you to my wife, who is very fond of questioning my old classmates. Besides, now I think of it, a beautiful girl will be our guest—a Miss Hope—did you ever see her?"

"Not as I recollect."

"Well, she is an heiress, besides being very pretty. A hundred thousand in her own right is the very least that she can call her own."

"A hundred thousand?"

"And no mistake?"

"In her own right?"

"Aye; most unquestionably in her own right. But perhaps you are married?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"Ahem! N—n—n—no!"

The "no" stuck in Ned's throat, but he gave it utterance. And what was his object in prevaricating? He himself hardly knew, for he had not had time to mature any decided plan. Perhaps it was his evil genius, with the two strings to his bow, who prompted him to the act.

Ned dined that day with his friend Clingstone, and was introduced to Miss Hope. What a contrast as to personal appearance and demeanour, did she present in our hero's eyes to the victualler's daughter! Beautiful and well-bred, there was another advantage which she possessed over her Bowery rival—her property was in her own right, and not contingent upon the whims, physical and mental, of a close-fisted and capricious father. Clingstone took his newly-found classmate to a party that night, and there the latter again found Miss Hope. Ned soon discovered that a number of suitors of by no means contemptible pretensions were in her train; and, as fortune would have it, the lady manifested a very decided partiality for himself. This was embarrassing. Should he take advantage of the favourable impression he had produced, and follow it up, notwithstanding his oaths of fealty to Miss Cutlet?

Ned looked long and intently at this many-sided question. Miss Cutlet was too valuable a prize to part with lightly, for she was an only daughter, and her father was reputed to be a millionaire. But then

the old fellow might live these twenty years, or marry his housekeeper, and have a number of "little responsibilities" to share his estate; and then, if we may borrow our hero's expressive language, "he would cut up lean."

On the other hand, Miss Hope had what she had not merely in prospect, but in possession. There were solid acres, and buildings of substantial brick, and coal mines of inexhaustible capacity, which she could point to, and call her own.

After canvassing the matter in his mind the better part of a night, while he was tossing in bed, Ned came to a most notable and characteristic conclusion. "What is to prevent my having two strings to my bow?" said he, elated at the brilliancy and sagacity of the conception. "I can then, any time within the next six months, decide as to which one I will marry. It would be prudent to inquire a little more closely into old Cutlet's dividends; and I would like to make some farther investigations into the state and average revenue of Miss H.'s coal mines. But there are so many flutterers about her path now, that unless I engage myself at once, I shall lose the chance. Yes, as I have six months before me to think about it, and examine into the comparative advantages of the two arrangements, it will decidedly be my best plan to have two strings to my bow. And then there is the chance of one of the girls jilting me! It is well to be provided against such a contingency. If her fortune were only equal to the other's, I would vastly prefer Miss Hope. I will secure the promise of her hand, so as to frighten off her other wooers, and then deliberately investigate matters to ascertain whether it will answer for me to marry her. Perhaps things will turn out better than I expect; and if so—By the way, how lucky it is that Miss C. has no brother to call me out for deserting her! Well; it can't be helped. I oughtn't to sacrifice myself for a trifle. The highest bidder shall have me, let who may be disappointed."

In the midst of these soothing and highly moral meditations, Ned sank to sleep. He woke the next day to put his resolve into immediate execution. After a few weeks wooing, he succeeded in his object; and interchanged with Miss Hope promises of marriage. Behold him now once more with two strings to his bow. He rightly calculated that the two ladies, residing in different cities, and moving in altogether different circles, would not be likely to hear of each other's engagements from common report. He consequently felt quite secure in the game which he was carrying on; and played the lover to both with an unexceptionable degree of assiduity, writing them the most flaming billets-doux, and running in debt to purchase them bouquets and serenades.

But a man with two strings to his bow ought to have an infallible memory. Absence of mind is a failing to which he should never be subject. Ned lived to afford an illustration of the importance of this advice. One day he accidentally misdirected the letters to his two "strings." Miss Cutlet received a billet, in which he expressed his regret at

his inability to visit Philadelphia, and made protestations of eternal constancy to his dear "Julia." Miss Hope, on the other hand, was informed that the writer could not accompany her to Niblo's that evening, as he was obliged to visit Philadelphia on business of importance; but that he was her ever devoted and faithful "E. P."

It is unnecessary to say that both the young ladies were puzzled and confounded on receiving the misdirected notes. In that one received by her who was his last and most highly prized conquest, the address of Miss Cutlet with the number and street of her residence, was added at the bottom of the sheet. Miss Hope, who was truly a girl of spirit and intelligence, notwithstanding the fact that she had been duped by our hero, immediately adopted the most straightforward and satisfactory means of informing herself in regard to her lover's duplicity. She started for New York, and called upon her rival. An interview succeeded, in which both were thoroughly satisfied as to the character and conduct of Mr. Plausible. Miss Hope immediately returned to Philadelphia; and the victualler's daughter had scarcely time to compose her features before the "gentleman with two strings to his bow" was announced. It should be remarked in anticipation, that the two maidens, before they parted, had agreed in regard to the course they would each adopt towards their audacious suitor.

With a more than usually self-assured smirk Ned advanced to embrace his Bowery beauty. She gently repelled his familiarities, and, turning away her head, muttered in an "aside" intended to be heard, "How shall I ever reveal it to him?"

"Nay, what is the meaning of all this? How have I offended? Why do you repel me?" exclaimed Ned with his habitual volubility.

"It will be too dreadfully harrowing to his feelings!" muttered Miss Cutlet.

"Harrowing to my feelings! Explain yourself, Amanda—what do you mean?"

"Alas! Can you bear the news that will separate us for ever?"

"Nonsense! Out with it! I can bear any thing."

"Know then, sir, that I have another young man in my eye, whom I would rather marry than yourself—if you please."

"The devil!" muttered Ned to himself.

We must abridge our description of the remainder of the interview. In vain did our hero tenderly plead and loudly threaten. He found that arguments and expostulations were all of no use.

"How lucky," thought he, as he abandoned the hope of retaining Amanda as one of his "strings," "how lucky that I foresaw a contingency of this kind, and provided myself with two strings to my bow!"

Early the next morning he hastened to Philadelphia, and went to throw himself at the feet of Miss Hope. On being ushered into the drawing-room he saw, to his amazement, that she was seated on the sofa, while by her side a fashionably-dressed young man was lying with his head in her lap.

As Ned entered the apartment, the recumbent youth lazily raised his eyes, and regarded him with a supercilious air. Our hero directed a glance of inquiry at the lady. She did not appear to be in the least discomposed, but with perfect *sang-froid*, and without rising from the sofa, said—

"Lift up your head, Clarence! This is Mr. Plausible. How do you do, Mr. Plausible? Mr. Plausible, Mr. Romaine—Mr. Romaine, Mr. Plausible."

Ned bowed coldly, and assumed a very serious look. As for Mr. Clarence, he seemed so well satisfied with the resting-place which his head had found, that not even the entrance of a stranger could induce him to give it up. He simply nodded at Ned with a careless "Ah! how d'y'e do," and then familiarly wound his fingers through the luxuriant tresses which hung from the lady's forehead.

"Who the deuce is Mr. Romaine?" thought our hero. "A brother? No. His name declares that to be impossible. A brother-in-law? Julia never told me that she had a sister. Who can he be? Confusion! He has pulled down her head to his, and is kissing her most voraciously."

Ned thought it time to make a remark, inasmuch as neither of the parties seemed to regard his presence.

"Mr. Romaine is a near relative, I presume, Julia?"

"Oh, no—not the most distant," she replied.

"Ahem! Then I must say, Julia, that if he isn't a brother, or at least a cousin"—

"Well, sir, what must you say?" exclaimed Mr. Romaine, starting suddenly to his feet, and marching close up to poor Ned till he recoiled some paces lest his toes should be trodden upon.

"What must you say, sir?" repeated Mr. Romaine, stamping his feet, and to all appearance in a towering rage.

"I was merely about taking the liberty to remark, sir," said Ned deprecatingly (for he was a bit of a coward), "to remark, that for an engaged lady, Miss Julia seemed to me rather too affectionate towards a gentleman who is not her lover or near kinsman."

"And how do you know, sir, that I am not her lover?" exclaimed Mr. Romaine, shaking both fists in Mr. Plausible's face.

"Because, sir," replied the latter, "I have the good fortune to stand in that position towards the lady myself."

"Well, sir, and what then?" asked Mr. Romaine.

"Yes, and what then?" re-echoed Julia.

"Ahem! It may be a prejudice on my part," said Ned, "but I have always thought it customary for an engaged lady to confine her blandishments to a single lover."

"What! and hasn't a lady the privilege of having two strings to her bow?" exclaimed Julia.

"Yes, answer that!" screamed Mr. Romaine, advancing upon poor Ned so rapidly, that in his backward retreat he stumbled over an ottoman, and fell at full length upon the floor.

Mr. Plausible rapidly picked himself up, and seized his hat. Julia's last interrogation had convinced him that his double dealing had been discovered, and that his game was lost. Another circumstance that accelerated his movement was the fact of seeing Mr. Romaine lay hold of a stout cane, and turn up the sleeve of his coat. Ned did not stop to inquire as to his intentions, but took his leave at once without standing upon the order of his going.

Had he listened as he closed the door, he might have heard Julia exclaim—"Bravely acted, Harriet! He did not for a moment suspect that you were a woman!"

One would think that Ned had by this time grown tired of having two strings to his bow. But it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. He was no longer as young as he had been once.

The last, and perhaps the most notable instance wherein he illustrated the proverb, partook of the melancholy as well as of the ludicrous. He had been

visited with an acute disease which required prompt and efficient treatment; and in the hurry and excitement attendant upon the attack, two rival physicians had been sent for. One of them had come, and left a prescription just as the second one arrived. The latter sneered at the mode of treatment of his predecessor, and adopted one precisely contrary. The two messengers, who had been despatched to the apothecary's, returned about the same time, and brought into the sick man's room two different mixtures in vials. For a long time Ned was puzzled as to which he should take. At length the old proverb, which had been his bane all his life long, shot into his head.

"It is safest to have two strings to one's bow," quoth he, and swallowed both the preparations. They did his business for him so effectually, that he was never called upon to pay note or bill again, although several became due shortly after the event.

LAYS OF EARLY DAYS.

BY W. G. SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "THE KINSMEN," "RICHARD HURDIS," ETC.

LOVE TRIUMPHANT.

I SEEK to sing of glory,
And for my deathless name,
To win from future story,
A high and holy fame;
I strike the willing lyre,
The high design to prove,
But ah! the sounds expire,
And glory yields to Love!
Ah! Love,—wherefore love,
When the soul would soar above.

In vain I turn the pages,
Of stern and sacred lore;
And still, through buried ages,
Dread solemn truths explore;
Alas! through all the ashes
Of ancient years arise
The soft but piercing flashes
From Love's undying eyes.
Ah! Love—look not thus,
Or no glory beams for us.

I turn me to the sages,
For wisdom to arrest
The wild consuming rages
Of passion in my breast;
But they, with eyes of sorrow,
Did each lay bare his own,
And lo! still ruling thorough,
Love sat as on a throne;

Ah! Love, now I see,
There's no glory but with thee.

WITCHCRAFT

DAMSEL wild of Ellano,
Let them never idly tell,
That no more on earth below,
Witchery works its spell;
In thine eyes
The fountain lies,
Of a magic far more deep,
Than of old
Subdued the bold,
Made the watchful dragon sleep,
Mischief played
With man and maid,
Making the one wail, the other weep.

Likeness of the forest land,
Where thy infant beauty grew,
Like a tree I see thee stand,
Beautiful to view!
And thy glance—
Indian lance
Never shot so swift and well,—
And thy brow,
Like his bow,
Makes the fearful arrow tell;
Lo! I yield,
Thine the field,
Oh! take the captive then, and bind him well!

THE TALISMAN,

WHEREWITH HAPPINESS IS SECURED.

BY MISS MARGARET COXE.

FEW individuals commanded more respect from rich or poor in the town of C—, than did the venerable Mr. Brinton. He had formerly lived in one of our eastern cities in great affluence; and had been blessed with two promising children, but by the misconduct of a gentleman, with whom he had been connected in business, he was deprived of the former blessing, and by an epidemic disease, of the latter.

These two severe afflictions, however, by the blessing of Him who is able to overrule all events to His glory, were ultimately of great benefit to him. Many may feel no surprise, at hearing that his religious condition was wonderfully changed for the better by God's blessing on these trials, since such an improvement of severe sorrows is by no means uncommon, while they may be incredulous, when told, that Mr. Brinton's true happiness was likewise greatly promoted by the fiery discipline to which he was subjected; and yet it was a truth which the old gentleman himself was always ready to admit, and one on which he could often eloquently expatiate. He had had by nature, a very ambitious spirit, which had strengthened as he became increasingly prosperous. He then looked round not unfrequently, upon his splendid mansion and beautiful grounds, on his elegant furniture and showy equipages, with feelings of great self-complacency, closely resembling those, which swelled the bosom of Nebuchadnezzar, when from the summit of his palace, he surveyed his magnificent capital: "*My power and the might of my hand hath gotten me this wealth,*" was the exclamation, which burst from the lips of the Babylonish monarch, and which was so speedily followed by severe retributive judgments from Him, to whose great Name he had refused to render the honour which was justly due to it. Similar thoughts, although they were not vented in words, frequently passed through the mind of Brinton, and He, whose prerogative it is to search the heart, marked them well, and permitted His judgments to be executed on the sinner, while at the same time, His mercy was preparing an abundant recompense for them. The old gentleman was suddenly deprived of the worldly possessions, with the love of which his heart had been so filled, that space could not be found for higher and holier emotions.

By the pressure of his afflictions, he was at first crushed to the earth, but in this season of humiliation and bereavement, the Holy Spirit,—the Divine Comforter, was sent to revive his drooping soul,

and renew it, in the image of God, and under this transforming influence, the once selfish and ambitious Mr. Brinton became a benevolent and meek christian.

In the days of prosperity, he had given little thought to the promotion of the comfort of any, who were beyond his little loved circle of relatives; now, in his every action, he seems seeking to heighten the happiness of all with whom he is brought in contact, or over whom he can by any exertions obtain an influence; more especially is he assiduous in his efforts to promote the well-being of the juvenile part of the community.

He and his wife emigrated to the west many years since, and with the small remnant of his fortune secured to him, he purchased a comfortable rural residence in the vicinity of the town of C—. The swelling tide of population which poured into our place enlarged its borders, and the advance of improvements towards his property, raised it rapidly in value, and before many years had elapsed, he was again rich and increased in goods.

No child, indeed, lived to inherit his possessions, but like a holy man of old, Mr. Brinton and his excellent wife appeared determined to transport a large portion of their treasures before them, to that fairer and enduring home, which had been secured to them in heaven.

In common with some of my young companions, I had more than once been guilty of ridiculing the capacious pockets of the old gentleman. Many a conjecture had we formed, in order to account for the *outré* appearance which this gave to a part of his attire; but never had we satisfied ourselves entirely on this point, when one afternoon I felt myself rebuked for my thoughtless strictures on one so excellent, as I chanced to follow him on one of his rambles of benevolence.

On this occasion, the pockets so obnoxious to our taste were filled to their utmost capabilities, while the owner of them walked on wholly unconscious of the smiles which he was provoking. After we had advanced beyond the outskirts of the town, being ignorant of my vicinity to him, he began occasionally to whistle; now and then he would sing, in a full, clear voice, some poetic stanza of a devotional cast, or a portion of some favourite hymn; and the tones of his voice, and the alacrity with which he moved, indicated great cheerfulness of spirits.

A fine manly boy of about twelve years of age

crossed his path, and in doing so received a cordial shake by the hand, and was accosted with friendly inquiries as to the cause of his absence from Sunday school on the preceding Lord's day.

"Mother was very sick, sir," was the reply, made in a respectful manner, "and I staid at home to nurse the baby for her."

"Very right! very right! my boy; the Lord will have mercy and not sacrifice. But be careful to be at school next Sunday, if your good mother is well enough. Stop! here are two fine apples, one for yourself, and the other for your mother."

Again he shook the hand of the boy, and with a bow and grateful words from the latter, they parted. Soon after he overtook another child, smaller than the former, and he was in tears. The old gentleman patted him on the head.

"Ay, Robert, is that you?" said he, "why these tears?"

"Why, sir, Jack Thompson just snatched away a nice apple I was carrying to my poor little sick sister, and mother has not another penny."

"Cheer up, my boy! I have got a pill in my pocket, that will cure your trouble, and perhaps help her too."

"Thank you, sir," said the child, sorrowfully, "but we have got plenty of pills, and poor Susy thought a roast apple would taste so good to her."

"Hold out your hat, my boy, and take my pills; I am sure they will be welcome," continued Mr. Brinton.

The child wiped away his tears, and held out his hat, as if perplexed to know why pills were to be portioned out to him by such a large measure. Oh! how bright his little face looked, when one rosy apple after another was dropped into it. Not waiting to receive thanks, and only saying, "Robert, remember some are for yourself," the old gentleman passed on.

Deeply did I now feel rebuked for my idle merriment on the pockets of Mr. Brinton, since I felt convinced that they had been made thus large, that they might serve as storehouses, from which the benevolent wearer might draw forth treasures, with which to cheer and relieve others.

I was not sorry to find him soon after turn into a pleasant lane, which led to a favourite woodland glen, towards which I had been designedly directing my steps for the purpose of botanizing.

I had hoped, as I followed his steps, to receive some other useful lesson, and was not disappointed. We came to a beautiful stream, which meanders pleasantly around the outskirts of our town. Mr. Brinton was a little in advance of me; for I had purposely loitered on my way, and I heard him soon accost a youth of our acquaintance, whom I had observed reclining on the banks of the rivulet, under the shade of a thicket of fine old trees. The latter had a book open on his knee, and as I stopped ostensibly to botanize, being screened from observation by the intervening foliage, I overheard the following dialogue:

"Ah, Arthur! are you here!" exclaimed the old

gentleman, in his usually pleasant and cheerful tone of voice.

"Yes, sir," replied the youth. "I have been amusing myself for an hour, in examining some of the fresh-water shells, with which this stream abounds. I have got some fine specimens, though I had, to be sure, to dig pretty deep for them."

Mr. Brinton was a scientific man, and he seated himself by the side of his young companion, and began the work of examination; and after ascertaining the genera and species of each, to Arthur's great delight, he wrote them down for him on slips of paper. The boy's countenance glistened with delight, as his friend proceeded to impart more and more of the information on conchological subjects, with which his fine mind was liberally supplied.

"I like," said he, with a benevolent smile, "to see young people choosing their recreations among the works of God, instead of finding them in reading exciting works of fiction, or in scenes of extravagance and idle mirth. But, my dear boy, we must take heed not to set our hearts too much even on things innocent in themselves, for even these very shells, interesting as they are and ought to be, may yet become objects of idolatrous regard, and the means of rousing some of the worst passions of our nature."

Arthur looked incredulous. "Yes indeed, my dear boy," continued the old gentleman, "I have known a conchologist to exhibit the most disgusting evidences of envy and covetousness, while surveying the stores collected by another, while he was notorious for the miserly spirit with which he held fast his own treasures, being reluctant to part with any specimens of a rarer kind, even when he possessed duplicates."

"Oh!" exclaimed Arthur, "I have been in the habit of thinking, that these studies had something ennobling, and almost purifying in them. I have, at any rate, never been aware of their exciting in my bosom any emotions but such as were of a most pleasurable and innocent kind!"

Mr. Brinton regarded him steadfastly for a few moments, and very probably thought he detected, as I did, a considerable degree of self-complacency in the expression of his fine, manly countenance, for he immediately directed Arthur's attention to the extreme purity of the water which lay at his feet, and which in many places was then so limpid as to permit the gravelly covering of its bed to be distinctly seen. He then threw a large stone in one of these spots, and as he did so exclaimed, "Observe, Arthur, though the rock ruffles the waters as it passes through them, they still remain as transparent as before!" The youth assented to his remark. The old gentleman a second time hurled a stone, and that a smaller one than the first, in another direction, where no gravelly bottom was perceptible. The elements were troubled, as before; but now, around the spot where the stone had fallen, the stream looked muddy and unlike itself.

Arthur's attention was again drawn to the rivulet by this circumstance being noticed. He how-

ever merely said, in a careless tone, "I perceive the difference very sensibly, sir, but the fact is easily accounted for. In the one instance, there was gravel for the stone to fall on; in the other, it encountered a muddy foe!"

"Yes! my dear boy," said Mr. Brinton, "it is easy to account for the difference. My object in calling your attention to the fact was, however, to persuade you to draw a moral from it. Those waters, a few moments since, appeared in every direction calm, clear and beautiful, but no sooner were they disturbed by the passage of the stones through them, in different places, than a striking contrast was observable between their several parts. In the one instance, where the intruding stone fell on a pebble-lined bed, only a short-lived agitation of the stream was perceptible, which impaired not its pure beauty, in the slightest degree; in the other, where an earthy bottom was disturbed, mire and dirt were stirred up, and the waters were greatly polluted by their presence. So it is, my dear boy, with the hearts of men. To the eye of a careless observer, the exterior of the man of the world may appear frequently as fair as that of the christian, but let the stones of temptation only assail them both, and then is he forced to admit the difference existing between them.

"The heart of one having been renewed by the Spirit of God, the bed of the stream, through which the passions flow, has become coated, as it were, with fragments taken from the Rock of Ages, so that when trials are permitted to assail him, while they may agitate the waters, they will not succeed in rendering them polluted and guilty; while temptations falling on the soil of the unrenowned heart, will at once stir up the offensive matter that has been lying there undisturbed. Amidst the commo-

tion which follows, pollution appears, sufficient to cloud all that was previously beautiful. Trust not, then, my dear boy, to external appearances only, nor allow yourself to think that the calm diffused over the soul, by any study or other application of the kind, will be more than superficial. Your favourite pursuit, ennobling as it may be to the mind, is yet powerless to produce any change in the heart. I once beheld, at the same moment, two gentlemen gazing with apparently equal interest, on a fine collection of conchological specimens, and yet one of them was a devoted servant of God, who, amidst his labours in the cause of his divine Master, found time to attend to the claims of science; while the other, equally interested as he was in the same cause of literature, was morally dead, and finally became a victim to intemperance, and the source of deep misery to a lovely wife and family of children." Here the old gentleman paused, and as a slight shivering passed over his frame, he said, with a serious, but still with a most happy expression of countenance, "I, too, Arthur, may find lessons of a wholesome kind, from this pretty stream. The dampness arising from it, has, in truth, given me cold. So you see, my dear boy, both for old and young, the admonition of the Saviour is alike needed, 'What I say unto you, I say unto all, *Watch!*'"

As they left their retreat, I quitted mine also, and thenceforth, I courted the society of him, whom in former days I had ridiculed. But wherever I found him, and under whatever circumstances he might be placed, I felt constrained to acknowledge, that he was emphatically a *happy man*; happy in himself, and the medium for diffusing enjoyment to all around him; for he lived *not unto himself*, but unto his Master, and His people.

THE FLOWER-SEED.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBBINS.

LITTLE winged flower-seed!
Floating in the air;
Thou dost know a kindly love,
And a watchful care.

Tho' thou steerest carelessly,
Which way blows the wind;
There is soil in store for thee,
Shelter thou wilt find.

Thou wilt hide in it 'till spring
Comes with softly tread;
Whispers thee to strike thy roots,
And lift up thy head.

Tho' thou art a tiny thing,
In a world so wide,

Without pilot, helm, or chart,
Thy wanderings to guide,

Faith will hold thee in her hand,
Hide thee safe and warm,
Free from winter's icy chain,
And his chilling storm.

Not the highest power of art,
One like thee could form;
Millions from great nature's heart
Hourly are born.

I would trusting be like thee,
Sure of coming spring,
For the love which shelters thee,
Folds me 'neath its wing.

THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

AMONG the variety of forms under which the subject of human rights has been discussed, it seems strange that no one has attempted to define with accuracy and precision, the rights of that portion of the inhabitants of earth who are destined soon to jostle us aside in the race of life. The *claims* of children we are all willing to allow, but their *rights* we rarely take into consideration. The laws by which they are governed, though founded principally on the immutable basis of moral truth, are yet so modified by the caprice of those to whom has been deputed their execution, that their original meaning is often entirely lost. Every parent is his own commentator upon that system of laws; and it frequently happens in this, as in the tribunals of public justice, that, while mooted some trifling point of legal subtlety, the equity of the case is forgotten.

There is no want of parental love in the world, for God has wisely implanted in our bosoms an instinct which awakens at the first feeble wail of infancy. Well is it for the creatures entrusted to our care, that we do share this instinct with the beasts that perish. Well is it that a law of our being regulates our primary duties to the helpless little ones who come into the world to be a weariness to our hearts, even if they be not a burden upon our hands! Well is it that we are not left to the cold calculations of reason in our first consciousness of these new duties and new cares! But the mere animal instinct which belongs to all, differs as widely from the true, devoted, disinterested *sentiment* of parental tenderness, as does the selfish policy of the mouthing demagogue from pure, elevated, enlightened patriotism. Children may be beloved, and yet may suffer great injustice and cruel wrong at the hands of those whose privilege it is to protect them from harm; for it is difficult to say, whether utter neglect is worse than the evils which grow out of a mistaken sense of duty, a vague and indistinct idea of their rights, and a belief in the necessity of certain rules, which perhaps never existed save in the mind of an injudicious parent.

One of the first rights which children are disposed to claim, is that of being instructed and enlightened. As soon as they begin to take note of objects, their inquiring looks tell what their imperfect organs of speech fail to utter; and as soon as they can frame language for their thoughts, they ask questions. Every thing is new and strange to them; objects of curiosity and interest surround them on every side, and they demand the information which is best adapted to their unfolding faculties. But how do we generally respond to this claim? The guardians of

infancy are usually selected with infinitely less care than we should bestow upon the qualifications of a cook, since a certain degree of skill is requisite to the proper pampering of our appetites, while any one is supposed to be capable of "tending baby." That poor scapegoat of a family, known as the "little servant-girl," or a nursemaid, who is supposed to perform the responsible duties of a foster-mother, just in proportion to the amount of her wages, is usually entrusted to imprint first impressions upon the waxen minds of our little ones. And surely the child whose dawning intellect is clouded by the mists of ignorance and folly, through this gross neglect of one of a parent's highest privileges, has been despoiled of one of its most solemn rights. Years may elapse ere the thick darkness which is thus allowed to settle on the infant mind may be dissipated: years of weariness to the child, of anxiety to the parent; of self-distrust to the one, and of self-reproach to the other.

Let us recur to the scenes of our own childhood, and endeavour to recall some of the moments in which light was poured into our own souls. What do we remember most vividly? It is the precepts of the father to whose knee we climbed when the toils of the day were over, and the weary man sought rest in the bosom of domestic peace; it is the counsel of the mother who never silenced by rebuke the inquiring voice; of the mother who threw aside book or work at the call of her child, and seated on the floor amid our heap of infant toys, would share our sports, while she imparted the golden treasures of daily wisdom. How futile are all the attempts of modern utility, all the schemes of "Philosophy made easy," &c., all the new methods of cheating children into the rudiments of science, compared with the varied and desultory but impressive instructions of the judicious parent, who, while possessing sufficient youthfulness of feeling to enjoy with her children the game of romps so essential to the overflow of their animal spirits, has yet sufficient tact and wisdom to seize the moment of quiet thoughtfulness to impress on their ductile minds the lessons of truth. Yes, children have a right to be instructed. They come to us fresh and pure from the hands of the Almighty, leaving on their souls the impress of His signet. It is for us to unfold the unwritten scroll, to inscribe it with the characters of moral truth, and to trace on it not only the oracles of nature, but also the interpretation of her dark sayings.

Another right which children possess in as great a degree as their elders, is that of being governed by fixed rules of conduct. What should we say of

a state which instead of possessing a code of laws for the direction of its subjects, left them entirely at the mercy of a ruler's whim? Yet, wherein does such a despotic system differ from the domestic tyranny which fixes no boundary between right and wrong except such as the caprice of the parent may build up at the moment. The moral code is, in most points, the same in all well regulated families, but the systems of family governance must necessarily differ. Every head of a household, like a patriarch of the olden time, is a ruler over his people; but all the general systems of conduct that ever were propounded, all the Guides to Domestic Happiness that ever emanated from the fertile train of theorizers, will fail in enabling a man to fulfil the duties of so responsible a station, if his mind be not illumined by truth, and his heart filled with religious reverence. There must be one general system of governance, and there must be an individual one modified by the exigencies of special circumstances; but both must harmonize. Children must be taught the principles of the laws by which they are directed, and they should be fully informed of the meaning of every variation from fixed rules. They should not be constrained by the old despotic method, "*sic volo, sic jubeo.*" Such a species of tyranny awakens in a spirited child a sense of injustice, while in a timid one it tends to crush all latent energy of character. During the two or three first years of infancy, the "*sic volo*" should be made to exert its proper influence in subjecting the will of a creature too young to be made acquainted with moral restraints; but, when the time arrives, (and it comes far sooner than we are willing to believe,) when the mind is awakening to a perception of truth, and the child asks, "Why must I do so?" no judicious parent will be content with answering, "*sic jubeo.*"

Let the expanding reason be enlightened, let the intellect be satisfied, let the young questioner feel that he is not expected to offer the slavish obedience of the ox or the ass, and, be assured, that, if you have fulfilled your duty in the days of infancy, he will not hesitate in his obedience. A little while, and the remembrance that his questions on such points ever result in renewed assurance of his parent's superior judgment, will silence all doubt, and produce in his mind the habit of silent, unquestioning submission. Surely the willing obedience of an enlightened and trusting spirit, is far better than the reluctant deference of an impatient bondsman. Nothing can be more absurd in theory and more vile in practice than the attempt, in common parlance, to "break the temper," and to "crush the will." The force which would subdue a determined will, only increases its obstinate power of resistance; while if the power be exerted against a wayward rather than a strong will, the effect must necessarily be to produce weakness, irresolution, want of moral dignity, and almost of moral responsibility. No, let the temper be subdued, softened, modified, by every gentle and decided means, let the will be directed by the precepts of the Book of

all Truth, let the mind be illumined with knowledge, and the heart purified by virtue, and then safely may we trust the hottest head and the most wayward temper. Many a noble and spirited boy has been driven to desperation and destruction by the exercise of despotic power, suddenly assumed as a counterpoise to the evil results of the past unlimited injustice. Many a timid and sensitive child has been bowed down beneath the weight of a tyranny which he could not comprehend, and in learning to submit to thralldom, has learned to play the liar to his own soul.

Children are entitled to more respect than is generally accorded them. There is in every young mind, unless perverted by indulgence, or indurated by unkindness, a certain quality, which cannot be better designated than by the term *self-respect*. Next to the restraints of religion and conscience, there is nothing which can erect so strong a barrier against the encroachments of vice, as this same quality. Yet in nine cases out of ten we confound self-respect with self-conceit, and attribute to the dictates of foolish vanity or perverse pride, those emotions of acute shame which are occasioned by the public rebuke, or the personal degradation. A keen sense of shame is usually accompanied with great sensitiveness of conscience, and when, in the plenitude of our power, we pursue any system which tends to blunt the one, we may be sure that we shall dull the perceptions of the other. Any kind of discipline which degrades a child in his own eyes, or that of his companions, is injurious to the character, and of all debasing, demoralizing influences, the worst is bodily fear. One of the most frightful pictures ever presented to the writer's mind, was that afforded by the convicts of Auburn prison as they were marched out from their workshops to their dining hall, with locked step, folded arms, and faces turned towards their keepers. There were six hundred men, strong in body, active in mind, powerful in will—men who had faced crime in almost every shape, men who had learned to make daring and criminal deeds the very measure of their lives, yet were they subjected to the most implicit obedience, reduced to the most abject submission, crushed beneath the paralyzing weight of positive bodily fear. They dreaded the lash like base hounds; and amid the deep traces of sin and suffering written on their blasted brows, could be read the debasing influence of that system which sears the mind through the scars of the quivering body. It may be that there are characters which require the exercise of brute force to restrain their evil propensities; but let us, at least, hope that they are but few. The child who has been early taught the power of moral influences, whose perceptions have been fully awakened to the dignity of human nature, by being made acquainted with its direct responsibility to God, its Creator and Preserver, who has been guided, restrained, directed, but never degraded by the discipline which his youth required, will be found to be one of the noblest of the human race.

And is there not yet another species of respect to

which children are entitled? "*Let nothing impure enter here, for this is the abode of infancy,*" might be inscribed in letters of gold on the portal of every nursery. How often does the idle song, the ribald jest, or the loose conversation, uttered by those who believe themselves safe in a child's youth and ignorance, contaminate for ever the snowy purity of the infant mind! How often does the want of that sensitive delicacy which is, as it were, the *blush of the soul*, that instinctive dread of every thing like the shadow of evil, how often does the lack of this quality in the guardians of childhood, lay the foundation of shamelessness in after life! How much of the recklessness of vice, and its distrust of virtue may be traced to the indiscriminate associations of the nursery and the boarding school.

In the course of a discussion which I once heard respecting the moral tendency of Bulwer's writings, a lady of the company gave the following testimony: "I was one day reading aloud for a friend," said she, "one of Bulwer's most fascinating novels, and while thus engaged, my daughter, a child of some ten years of age, entered, and seated herself beside me. I was in the midst of one of his most impassioned scenes, the language was full of eloquence and beauty, yet my cheek burned as I pursued the theme. My eye glanced timidly down the page in advance of my voice, as if I feared to give utterance to all that might come, and, at length, with some plausible excuse, in order to avoid exciting curiosity by my sudden change of purpose, I closed the book. I well knew that the spotless mind of my child could not be sullied by the burning words which she could not comprehend, but the presence of purity was a reproach to passion, and I dared not insult the dignity of unconscious innocence."

What a commentary upon the book! What an example to those who know naught of the respect due to childhood!

But the right which most closely appertains to these little people, and one which most materially affects their after life, is one, which, strange to say, is often least regarded. It is the right of enjoying a happy childhood. You look surprised, gentle reader. Did you labour under the mistake of supposing all children happy? You were never more deceived. Gay and thoughtless and merry they may be, for there is a sense of animal enjoyment in their young life which ever utters its voice in mirthfulness, but how few can you find in whom is a fountain of pure, deep joy ever bubbling up from the heart to the lips! How few are there who are habitually cheerful without the excitements of amusement and companionship. We take great pains to procure pleasures for our children, but rarely do we study the art of making them happy. Regard, for instance, the children of those fond and indulgent parents who seem to forget that there are any other claims upon them than those of parental love. Look into the nursery strewn with fragments of costly toys, remnants of the whim of yesterday; observe the varied appliances which nurture them into feebleness, the delicate food which pampers diseased appetite, the

rich attire which awakens selfish vanity, and the unlimited devotion to their caprices which governs the whole household. Every day brings a new pleasure, something is constantly in prospect for their gratification, and the time, the wealth and the talents of those fond parents are lavished to confer happiness upon their idols. But how do they succeed? Let the fragile health, the dissatisfied temper, the peevish indifference, the revolting selfishness of the indulged and sated creatures answer. Their happiness has been sought through the medium of the senses alone. They have been gratified in every appetite, but the moral sources of enjoyment have never been opened to them. Selfish desires have been forced into premature development, and the result is satiety and discontent. The childish voluptuary must suffer the same penalty which awaits sensual indulgence in later life; but, woe unto those who hang so fearful a weight upon the wings of a pure and sinless spirit!

Let us reverse the picture, and look into the domestic circle of one of those mistaken men who finds sin in every thing beautiful or joyful in the world, and "seeks to merit Heaven by making earth a Hell." Carefully, conscientiously, aye, with deep agony of spirit, has he unfolded to his children the sinfulness of their hearts, the utter depravity of their natures, and the certainty of their eternal condemnation. The God whom his children ought to address as their Father in Heaven, wears to them the semblance of a stern and vindictive Judge. This beautiful world they are taught to regard but as a field of snares and pitfalls, while the resources of intellectual life are to them but so many temptations of the Evil One. Self-denial, not the voluntary surrender of selfish wishes to the impulses of a noble and generous soul, but the self-denial of a mean calculation, which by a sacrifice now hopes to secure a reward in future; a truckling, bargaining disposition, which would fain buy God to favour by bodily penance, together with the carelessness of the steward who hid in a napkin the talent which should have been used to his Master's honour, are enjoined upon them by every threat and promise. They are taught that just in proportion to their obstinate rejection of all pleasures now, will be their fruition of heavenly joys, and the fearful words of Scripture, which might well appal the stoutest heart, "*He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all,*" is written as in letters of blood upon the doorposts of their houses.

Oh! if there be a deep and damning sin, next in blackness only to the guilt of deliberately seducing youth into vice, it is that of turning into such a bitter draught of gall and wormwood the pure upspringings of early devotion. There is an instinctive impulsive sense of religion in every young, pure heart, an innate reverence for the good, an intuitive perception of the beauty of holiness; and woe unto those who check the spontaneous effusions of gratitude by depicting to the mental view a God of judgment rather than of mercy.

Happiness is ever allied with goodness, and the

happiest child is that one who has been fully disciplined in every duty. Obedience, deference, a subjection of the will to the gentle governance of affection, are all requisite to a sense of happiness in childhood. Let a child be taught the religion of love, and not of fear, let every day afford him a new lesson of forbearance toward others, and control over himself, let every selfish impulse be repressed by noble motives of action, let his mind be enlightened by knowledge best adapted to his faculties, and then let him be surrounded by every thing that can make life bright and beautiful. Send him out into the woods and fields to study the works of God, and to acquire health of body, and vigour of mind, beneath the blessed influences of the free air and the glad sunshine. Let him enjoy to the very utmost all the simple pleasures which nature affords to the unpolluted heart, and thus, amid all things joyous, will he acquire the elasticity of mind and cheerfulness of temper which are such effectual aids in life to after sorrows.

Salutary indeed in later years are the influences of a happy childhood. Sorrow may cloud each coming day, and fear may haunt the distant future, guilt may have stained the hand, and vice may have

blackened the heart, but, from the depths of degradation and sorrow and crime will men look back to the scenes of their earliest youth with a yearning tenderness. And if those scenes are clad in the sunshine of happiness, if they can behold there ever the good, the beautiful and the true, who can tell with what saving power such remembrances may come to the world-wearied and sin-stained soul? It is not for us to guard from life's manifold ills the precious beings entrusted to our care, but we can at least impart the blessing of happiness in those years when impressions are most easily fixed in unchangeable truthfulness. We can make them happy in childhood, happy not in pampered indulgence, not in unrestrained license, not in ascetic penance, but in the daily exercise of duties, in the consciousness of moral dignity, in the enjoyment of all pure pleasures. Let us look upon them as rational and responsible beings, never forgetting that their immature reason requires the guidance of experience and truth, and that their responsibility as moral agents imposes a double duty upon those whose privilege it is to lead their faltering steps from the threshold of life to the portal of Eternity.

THE PENITENT.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

SHE knelt alone. Above her were the stars;
The awful silence of the midnight hour
By voice of bird, or breeze, or insect's hum
Unbroken, was around her, like a spell
Whose solemn presence filled her soul with fear
That linked itself to reverence.

She had prayed
In solitude, where none save God might hear
Her earnest supplication, and had wept
Hot tears of shame, remorse and penitence,
Hour after hour—for on her mind, the Past,
With its dark catalogue of sins, came back—
With squandered hours in mad'ning revel passed—
With golden opportunities misused—
With tastes perverted—intellectual gifts
Wasted in very wantonness—with hopes
Darkened while yet they shone, and joys that turned
To sorrow in the grasp—with woes and shames
Born of transgression—all, and more than these,
Thronged back upon her mind, in that still hour
When Night had hushed the voices of the Day,—
And her soul shuddered at the retrospect!

Once she was innocent—no thought of guile,
No sinful wish, no perilous desire
Dwelt in her heart, the home of happiness.
Companion of the summer-birds, her song,
As wild as theirs, and scarce less musical,
Rung through the garden-aisles or forest-walks
With a continual gladness—for the joy

Of a young spirit, filled with whitest thoughts
And instinct with a love that freely flowed
Forth for all gentle natures, might not be
By forms or fashion curbed.

She was the light
That, to the father's and the mother's eye,
Made home a radiant spot, how like to Heaven,
But for the sad mutations that the heart
Sees with a prophet-glance, before they come!
Loving and loved—joyous and breathing joy,
Gentle and good and gifted—but, alas!
Too perilously beautiful—she grew
To perfect girlhood in her quiet home,
Where, gliding on serenely, her glad life
Chimed ever to the music of glad thoughts!

Her sixteenth summer o'er her cheek had thrown
Its delicate carnation, and bestowed
Upon her form new graces, and her eye
Filled with a tender and voluptuous light,
When, as a guest unto her father's house,
Came one of manliest bearing. His deep voice
Was silver-musical, and from his lips
Words melted with a fervid eloquence
That won, resistless, on the listener's heart.
Much had he seen of men, and hoarded much
Of wisdom found in books. Through foreign climes
He had been long a journeyer—had trod
The everlasting snows that crown the Alps—
Talked with the Switzer in his mountain-home—

And on the bosom of the glorious Rhine,
 Rocked in his light caique, for many a day
 Heard the wild legends of the German-land—
 Had passed o'er sunny Italy, and stood
 Amid the ruins of "Eternal Rome"—
 Gazed on the "glorious City of the Sea,"
 And in imagination heard again
 The song of Tasso; on her "Bridge of Sighs"
 Lingered in melancholy mood, or passed
 Amidst her prisons and her palaces,
 While thronged the spectres of her buried Great
 Around him, as his sluggish gondola
 Parted the turbid waters in her streets—
 Ploughed the blue *Ægean*, and along its shores
 Wandered, a pensive pilgrim, filled with dreams
 Of the great olden time when Greece was free—
 Stood in the shadow of the Pyramids,—
 Majestic monuments of kingly dust—
 Drank in the gales of holy Palestine,
 And mused along the Sea of Galilee—
 Bearing from every clime its richest lore,
 And adding still new treasures to the wealth
 His busy mind had gathered.

Rich he was
 In varied knowledge, and too well he knew
 To frame beguiling words, and take the soul
 Captive at will. Alas! his heart was black
 With cherished sin—the splendours of his mind
 But dazzled to defile.

That hapless girl
 Drank the bewildering music of his voice,
 As day by day, with matchless eloquence,
 His vague philosophy, corrupt as vague,
 He cunningly unfolded to her view—
 Poisoning her mind with evil thoughts—her soul
 Staining with foul desires, till—wo for her!—
 The tempter triumphed and the victim fell!

Awaked at length from the bewildering dream
 That had enthralled her senses, shuddering,
 She saw the ruin of her hopes, and shrunk,
 Blasted and blighted, overwhelmed with shame,
 And anguish-stricken, from the gaze of men.
 He who had wrought, with fiendish guile, her fall—
 With fiendish cruelty that knew no ruth,
 Left her, in hope and heart and name a wreck,
 To seek new victims and to work new wo!
 Just God! where sleep thy thunders, that the wretch,
 Who mars the Eden of a sinless heart,

Driving away the angel Innocence
 That room be made for fiends, escapes unscathed?

By friends forsaken, who shall comfort thee,
 Thou sorrowing child of Sin? Room might be found
 Still in a father's, mother's heart—but wo!
 Father and mother, by the daughter's shame
 Heart-broken, sleep in death! Yet there is ONE
 Whose love restores the wandering, and forgives
 The sorrowing spirit that returns to Him.

Beautiful, erring girl! not vainly hath
 Thy supplication, voiced in agony,
 Gone upward to the FATHER! He whose love
 Brought Him in saddest fellowship with grief—
 Who to Samaria's guilty daughter gave
 The waters of Eternal Life, and blest
 The penitent Magdalene, as o'er his feet
 She poured hot tears, and with her golden hair
 Dried them again,—whose eye is quick to note
 The first relentings of the indurate heart,
 The starting of the penitential tear—
 Who bids the weary, burdened with their sin,
 Come and partake of rest, and know that peace
 Earth's treasures cannot purchase, nor earth's hate,
 Nor hell's intenser malice, wrest away—
 Hath marked thy tears, 'mid solitude and night
 Poured freely—all thy blither groanings heard—
 Thine earnest cries for pardon—known thy thirst
 Intense for purity and righteousness—
 And, in the fulness of His pardoning grace,
 Hath blotted out thy sins and healed thy soul
 With free forgiveness!

Oh, the blessed seal
 Of that forgiveness was upon thy heart
 As its last throb was given—and a smile
 Parted thy pallid lips and lighted up
 Thy face with transient splendor, as if heaven
 Were opened to thy view, with all its sights
 Of ravishing sweetness—then the shades of death
 Came over thy dimmed eye, whose drooping lid
 Shut out the earth forever!

Pharisee!
 Curl not thy lip in scorn, as by her grave
 Thou passest to the church—for angels guard
 Her sleeping dust,—and know that heaven hath joys
 For the sad Penitent, from paths of sin
 Turned back to holiness, that formal prayers,
 Breathed by the soul self-justified, and rites
 Duly observed, may never hope to win!

ON THE DEATH OF A. T. S.

BY MISS SARAH F. HAMILTON.

Joy! for a spirit's birth,
 Joy! for a broken chain;
 Joy! that the heavy bonds of earth
 Will ne'er unite again.

Joy! for a Saviour's love,
 Joy! that she bore the cross,

Joy! that in her home above
 She feeleth not our loss.

Joy! that the task is done,
 Joy! that all pain is o'er,
 Joy! that the goal is won
 For evermore.

JACK VAPOR THE BUSY BODY.

A DUTCH STORY.—IN TWO PARTS.

JACK VAPOR.

THE return of the famous Jack Vapor from the high school of Outland to his native town, was an epoch in the history of Lulenburg, and concerned, we may say, the whole European world. At least, every good Lulenburg considered the affairs of his own little town, of importance enough to fasten the attention of the most remote as well as of the nearest countries; and no one doubted for a moment that the least detraction from the ancient fame of Lulenburg, or of the Lulenburg patricians, would disturb the sacred balance of Europe, and set the whole world, from the Ural mountains to the Tagus, in fire and flame. It is always good when the citizen of never so small a town thinks well of himself, and he ought never to behave himself meanly, for great words and little deeds amount to nothing but Quixotism and gasconade. The true greatness of a state does not consist in the fact of its wealth, but in the power and active-mindedness of its inhabitants—at least of those who bear the staff of authority. The people in themselves are nothing but cyphers; only the magistrates are the numbers that can be counted at all, or that possess any real significance.

Jack Vapor was the son of the deceased burgo-master Peter Vapor, one of the greatest statesmen of his century. Peter's lofty and philanthropic spirit had never disturbed the peace of Europe. In sagacity he surpassed all his contemporaries; in judgment he was infallible; in decision perfectly correct; and in sallies of wit, there was no one like him. And he was all this, upon the simple ground that he was the first magistrate of the town. Not what he had actually done, but what he might have done, would, if it were written, fill whole folios, and he take rank, if not above, still near to the most commanding princes in the history of the world. He died too early for the fortunes of Lulenburg, and only the virtues of his successor, Mr. Burgomaster Tobias Crack, could mitigate the just but silent sorrow of the state, for the loss of the great Peter Vapor.

The young Jack Vapor had formed himself at school so that he might assume the duties of his hereditary rank as a patrician with honour. It was true there was a good academy at Lulenburg, but that served only for the instruction of the common citizen-classes and the poorer families among the higher orders. The Lulenburg nobility already understood, what other statesmen have more slowly made the ground-work of their policy, that enlightenment and intelligence were the most deadly

poisons that could be distributed among the people. Europe has only to thank intelligence for the greater part of the evils under which she suffers. If this principle, then, is so detrimental in monarchies, that the Secretary often knows more than his Minister, and the Captain or the Lieutenant presume to criticize the strategy or the tactics of the General, by which, in the end, they are completely turned about, the highest becoming the lowest, and the lowest the highest, how dangerous would be the operation of it in a state where there existed greater freedom, in a republic, for instance, where the people are so apt to know as much as their betters.

The lords of Lulenburg had early adopted the noble principle that the lower classes should be allowed to sip from the springs of Wisdom only as much as might be requisite for the necessities and sustenance of life. In several of the neighbouring villages of that free republic, they had left it to the patriotic charity of the peasants themselves whether they would have common schools or not, and whether they would pay the salary of the teachers. The peasants, as might naturally have been expected from their sound good sense, found out for themselves the eternal truth, that a peasant at the plough has no need of great erudition. They grew, accordingly, in the fear of God and pious simplicity, as well as other people, and became thick and fat, to the admiration of every body. In general, the government of Lulenburg, judging from their blooming prosperity, was much too good for the people, who were regarded as one would regard a flock of sheep entrusted to his care, as something to be made fat. The fatter the man, the more considerable he was. In the towns, also, a similar principle prevailed, and there sprung up in Lulenburg one of the most praiseworthy regulations in the world, which only obtains in India, Egypt and the celebrated countries of the East, viz. that the son pursued the calling of his father; the son of a rustic remained a rustic, and could never to all eternity be any thing else; the mechanic's child became a mechanic, the preacher's son a preacher, the merchant's son a merchant, and the counsellor's son a counsellor. Whoever thought this was not an excellent arrangement, was called a turbulent fellow, a demagogue, or, perhaps, a metaphysician, a jacobin, and other bad-sounding names.

To maintain this spiritual peace, and to banish all curiosity, they had established an excellent censorship, which was afterwards copied from the Lulenburgers by other lands. Manuscripts and books, with a proper foresight, were forbidden to the be-

fore-mentioned "turbulent fellows," and they were allowed to carry about with them only the song and prayer-book or a catechism. The Lulenburg gazette contained one singular article: of the state or republic of Lulenburg not the least word could be whispered, lest some important state-secret should be betrayed. But when Council consented that something really worthy could be praised, then the Lulenburgish Fair took up her trumpet, and blowed the praises of the glorious action to the ends of the earth, that other nations might have an example, and the future historian proper materials. This awakened among the patrician youth a noble emulation.

Even Jack Vapor himself was inflamed by it; although Nature had already done much for the worthy lad. He seemed to be born for great things. It is but just to speak in the outset of his career, of the rare merit that he was not rich, although he had rich uncles and cousins to inherit from. Already the secret knowledge that he would have money, and was born to command, acquired him a great horde, and made him virtuous, learned, intelligent, upright, intellectual and worthy. From his agreeable figure, they saw, wherever he came, that he would form himself according to his own will; his words, his manners, his movements were marked by a pleasing easiness, an unaffected life, which in another person, of lower extraction, they would have called ill-breeding or impudence. He was accustomed to speak, with a noble frankness, whether he understood his subject or not; was full of knowledge without pedantry, which he had gathered from romances, reviews and learned newspapers, which enabled him to dispense with the reading of pedantic books, and yet communicated a fifth part of their contents. To this foundation of wisdom there was not wanting either humour or activity. He was a restless, indeed, we might say a quicksilver man; mingled in all things, wished to know every thing, to say every thing, to do every thing—in short, was perfect in every quality which in a common person would certainly pass for pertness, but in Lulenburg would acquire great weight, and be regarded by eminent statesmen as a mark of universal genius.

THE BUSY BODY.

At the high school, the same liveliness of disposition had been the occasion of many little disagreeable events, and, sometimes, from a rude man, of a severe flogging. But only common mortals allow themselves to be intimidated by earthly mischances. He continued the same. Raised above the storms of fate, and the pains of his back, he pursued his chosen career, which among his schoolfellows won him the somewhat equivocal and singular name of *Bully*, but which on the throne of one of your world-rulers, is very properly metamorphosed into the title of *The Great*. For, strictly speaking, nothing in itself is either great or small, and only

becomes so by means of time, place and circumstance. Alexander the Great, as well as his Swedish ape, Charles the Twelfth,—Charles the Great, as well as his Corsican imitator, was each in his time a mere Jack Vapor the busy body, and played in the great drama of their several nations, his ever-memorable but unblest part.

Even this brisk butterfly-like courage, this desire to be over all, and with no one else, to be all in all, distinguished our noble youth, among his fellow citizens no less than among strangers. His fellow citizens were accustomed to think deliberately, and come to a point with caution. Fortune was true to him here, as in all things. No wonder that the greater part of the Lulenburgers regarded him as an extraordinary apparition in the history of the world and mankind, and at last came to look upon the sports of accident as the work of his strength, and write reports concerning many performances of his, which he himself knew nothing about.

As soon as he had returned to his native place, it was commonly remarked that he had grown in years, in understanding and in body. Indeed, he overtopped the majority of his fellow citizens about the length of a head, and therefore they gave him, as a distinction from the rest of the Vaporish family, the surname of the Great. That it was only to greatness of mind such a surname was due, never entered the thought of a Lulenburg; for mind has neither flesh nor bones.

After one year, when the great and sovereign council of the town and republic of Lulenburg was renewed, or, more properly, repaired, he attained, by right of birth, to the dignity of those who wielded the chief power, who were the legislators of the state, and from among whom they were accustomed to select the persons on whom the highest posts of honour were conferred.

A young aspiring man must naturally have felt it to be very agreeable to belong to the "Fathers of the Country." This appellation, the best and most honourable which mighty Rome gave to her most excellent rulers, and which, in modern times, the people apply to their really great men, the Lord-Councillors of Lulenburg referred to themselves, both in their solemn discussion and in their every-day proclamations, even if the object was merely to make known a meat or bread tax.

Soon after this elevation, fortune cast upon Jack Vapor, the dignity of First Architect to the republic.

I say, fortune; for, with the exception of the consular dignity, which depended upon a secret majority in a formal election, all the other offices at Lulenburg were distributed by lot. This excellent arrangement deserved to be admired as it was. Not only, by means of it, were all the strifes of factions and parties prevented, which the ambition of the citizens in a republic carried to such extremities, but the choice received a sort of holy attestation and respect. It was not man, but Heaven itself, who designated the most worthy officers. True, it happened not unfrequently that the butcher

became the school-teacher, the barber the post-master, and the cook chief superintendent of the treasury; but this promoted a multiplicity of mental accomplishments which are nowhere easily found. It was in accordance too with the old and sensible maxim, that to whom God gives a place, he gives also understanding, a maxim which originally took its rise in Lulenburg, as everybody knows.

Jack Vapor was, therefore, in no respect misplaced, although he had never in the course of his life made even a card-house, when he was made Chief Architect of the republic. He assumed the oversight of the two common springs of the capital, of the public streets, on which one in the open daylight might without special care break his neck or his bones, and of the public edifices, to which belonged the council-house, the academy, the engine houses, and even the church and parsonage.

His youth, his wealth and his distinctions, made him one of the most important personages in the state. Every maiden and mother looked upon him with friendly expectations, and he very naturally looked kindly upon them; but the matrimonial candidates were so many, that he found it difficult to decide to which of them he should give the ring. He fluttered from flower to flower. In every street, he had a sweetheart; and very soon, in the whole of Lulenburg, there was not a citizen's daughter who did not fancy that she had made some impression upon the heart of this Alcibiades.

JACK VAPOR.

Uncles and cousins, when they saw his irresolution, at last met together, to consult over the choice of the future mistress chief architect. They considered it an indispensable requisite in the daughter of the country who should be offered the marriage, that she should have wealth and family; and after long thought, investigation, and many timely *ifs* and *buts*, their choice fell upon Miss Rozina Piphan, only daughter of the chamberlain of the republic, a grandchild of a, for twelve blessed years deceased, burgomaster, relative of the most respectable and wealthy houses of the state, and herself the richest heiress of all the blooming maidens of Lulenburg.

Jack Vapor frankly expressed many things against this chosen one: but all were without any real foundation. She was about ten years older than he, but she was the grandchild of a burgomaster. She patiently carried a hump on her back—but she had money. She was so small in figure that she could not, without stretching her hand high above her head, walk arm-in-arm with him through the ways of life; but he himself could bend, or shorten himself by getting down on his knees.

After all, to the advantage of the pious little Rozina, the negotiation was opened between the relatives of the two, with all proper form. Jack Vapor willingly left the trouble of it to them. The affair was crowned with the very best luck. The day

was appointed, when he should go and ask the hand of their daughter from the Honourable Chamberlain and the Honourable Chamberlainess. After this important business, which, according to custom, was managed as a most notorious secret, the portions of the relatives on both sides were to be brought together, and a brilliant supper prepared.

Jack Vapor, on the appointed day, could hardly wait till evening, and keep the secret of the festival in the dark. Meanwhile, the uncles and cousins rejoiced, not so much at the prospect of a betrothal-feast, as at the surprise of the whole town on the following morning, when the secret should take air, and greeting upon greeting fly from every mouth. The town architect had dressed himself most gaily, early in the morning, and it gave him much uneasiness that he could not show his finery until the evening. His vanity caused him to think of the many compliments and coynesses which would make him appear to be the very Cupid of Lulenburg.

At any rate, that he might reap a harvest of wonder, he walked forth.

THE BUSY BODY.

His first desire led him to the house of the town-pastor, where he had always been received with the most Christian kindness; for the pastor had a daughter, a pious, sweet blonde, called Susanna, who was well worthy to become Mistress Town-architect. Jack Vapor, in general, looked kindly upon the blonde, and the heavenly blonde looked kindly upon him. He was possessed by a feeling which is peculiar to great men, that he burned with the most intense devotion for every beautiful woman that stood near him.

It was afternoon. The time flew past swiftly in the midst of entertaining chat about household affairs, and the marriage statistics of the neighbourhood. Coffee was brought in; and they sat down around a black cloth with great gold landscapes, which ornamented a Japanese table, with one leg made in the form of a pillar, the parson and his wife on the right and left, and the tender Jack Vapor and the modest blonde opposite to each other. They greatly enjoyed the famous Arabian drink. The Architect had never seen Susanna more beautiful than she was that day; no doubt, she was the more so, because that very day, within a few hours, he was to surrender his freedom for ever to the little Rozina. He quietly compared the attractive rival with her little treasure-box, which awaited him in the evening, with the golden hair curling so beautifully over the marble forehead of Susanna, and all the gold and money of Miss Chamberlainess seemed like so much plunder. Susanna's blue heavenly eyes, her sweet little red mouth, and her snow-white neck induced him easily to forget the entire circle of Rozina's respectable and distinguished relatives. And when he caught a glimpse

of the neat and delicate feet under the table, with their white stockings, and thought of the broad masculine foot of Rozina, his love for the blonde blazed out at once into a clear flame. He dismissed the elected bride and wished for no other paradise than Susanna could have found for him. It gave him pain, however, that she all the while modestly hung down her eyes, and kept surveying the coffee cups. Not even his new violet-coloured silk vest had fastened her attention. He would willingly have declared the sweet feeling which possessed him, but was restrained by the presence of the parents. Still he could not refrain, while placing his feet near to hers, from conveying to her by one soft and tender touch, how eager he was to approach her.

Unfortunately, he had not observed that Susy had drawn her feet back, and that the feet of the mother occupied their place. Now, these were no less sensitive than those of the seventeen year old beauty, for the good lady had been a long while complaining of what are called corns. It would appear she had them at any rate, since the love-tap of the architect not only pressed out of her a very death-shriek, but, in order to save her toes from the vehement pressure, made the Japan-table a participant in the affair, by which all the coffee dishes were tumbled pell-mell towards one side. As no one was impolite enough, however much he might desire it, to take all the coffee, milk, sugar and butter to himself, each one pushed the table the other way, so that it was kept flying about like a ball between them until every body had received a portion of its contents.

All were frightened out of their wits, since no one knew the particular occasion of this sudden stroke of Fate. The black tablecloth, as well as the architect's new violet-coloured vest, shone like another milky-way, while the pastor's wife and daughter, with a hundred curtseys, asked pardon of Jack Vapor for the awkward accident, which had also ornamented their fine white aprons with coffee-coloured and curious images. Jack foresaw that in the end, when their fright would allow them to inquire into the affair, that his guilt would become apparent, and so, before it was too late, he took his departure.

A cloudy sky had anticipated the darkness of the night. Jack hoped to indemnify himself for the misadventure at the parson's, by the feast at the Chamberlain's, and hurried to his house, and so into his chamber, to exchange his silk violet-coloured vest for one that was dryer.

This accomplished, he went to the window, to see whether the rain would render any measure of security necessary. But the rain had suddenly ceased, and he, as he opened the window, was met by fire instead of water—not an earthly, but a super-earthly fire—not from heaven, but from the black eyes of a charming neighbour called Catharine.

This Catharine was no one else than the daughter of Major Knoll. She knew of no better place in the whole kingdom than the heart of Jack Va-

por, and fondly believed that she would soon get possession of it. For Jack Vapor, whenever he was near her, loved no one as well as she; and he was often near her, although the Major himself was not much of a friend or patron. Both these high officers had been reared in the same rank and precedence in diplomatic controversies. The Major maintained, that in consequence of the big feather on his hat, he was a greater man than Jack Vapor, while Jack was just as certain, that as the architect was distinguished for construction, and the soldier only for destruction, they should take precedence accordingly. Although the architect had never constructed any thing, nor the Major destroyed any thing, they had continued the controversy before the council and citizens for more than a year and a day.

The good little Kate, with her fire-flashing eyes, was not altogether of the opinion of her father. Whenever she could, in the twilight of morning or evening, she looked out of that window of her house which was opposite to the house of the Vapors. The whole street was not three paces wide, as if made especially for lovers, so that they might whisper back and forth without being heard by the people who sauntered through the street below.

They whispered here for some time; they said a great many pretty things, and Jack complained at times of what he had often before lamented, that the street was not a pace or two smaller, so that he might kiss, or at least shake the hand of the dear Katy. He had even gone so far, since he had been town-architect, as to swear to his lovely neighbour, that he would some time or other build a bridge from his casement to hers, which no one within a hundred miles of Lulenburg would be able to find. Thus far he had contented himself with the mere threat, although Catharine had never expressed the least objection to the enterprise.

This bridge-building again entered Jack's noddle, when the beauty, with the flaming eyes, continued to tell him, among other things, that she was very glad to see him or any other man, for she was all alone in the house and nearly terrified. The project of storming the castle of Major Knoll had never seized Jack so forcibly as now, when the garrison was left exposed. He called upon the stars for permission to construct his air-bridge, and pass over it, and without waiting for an answer—there was a plank near at hand—he fell to at his daring work. It is true the beauty was not a little uneasy at the danger of this projected air-voyage; but the architect was determined to keep up the dignity of his calling, and be an architect in fact. He blessed the art of architecture as practised in Lulenburg, because it brought people into such neighbourly relationship; laid the plank from window to window, and crept cautiously upon all fours out into the open air. No one could discover him, since it was already dark night.

This darkness, as advantageous as it was, had still a few little drawbacks. For Catharine, as she cautiously drew one end of the plank into her cham-

ber, did not observe that she drew it a little too far; and guildmaster Pretzel, a potter by trade, did not observe what a tempest was sweeping over him, as he drove through the street below, his wagon full of earthenware, destined for the annual fair of a neighbouring market.

How often adverse circumstances conspire to defeat the best laid schemes of mortals was seen in this instance. The bridge lost its stand-point on the Vaporish window. The plank slid, and although Miss Catharine held fast with both hands, and pulled with might and main, still the architect would fall.

Jack Vapor came down to the great danger of guildmaster Pretzel's pots; and fortunately, or unfortunately, though he kept himself whole, he metamorphosed the ware into the strangest shapes. This occasioned such a fearful crackling and crashing, that the guildmaster, who walked quietly beside his horses, thought, if the whole heavens were not falling down, some house was certainly undergoing the process. The horses, no less frightened, gave one furious leap, and were soon out of the street in the park before the Council-house.

The guildmaster, curious as to how much of his wagon would be left, held fast, and was in the act of making an investigation, when, to his no small astonishment, he saw a man spring from the back part of the wagon, carrying with him, in the midst of a terrible crackling, some dozen or more of the pots. It was plain to him now that this had been some thieves' trick, or the work of the devil. With great presence of mind, he ran to seize the perpetrator of it, who, as we know, was no other than the town-architect. But, instead of him—Jack had slipped off to avoid unpleasant observation—the angry potter grabbed the shoemaker, Mr. Awl, a deserving head-guildmaster, whose Fate led him, reasonably as it appeared, on his way from the Council-chamber to his house, to pass the place where lay the unfortunate wagon. Mr. Pretzel seized the high-guildmaster with such lusty vehemence, and grappled him so fast, that he could not move. A boa-constrictor could not have embraced him more warmly than the potter, who then, with a voice which might have been heard far beyond the city gates, cried out "Help! Robbers! Murderers! Thieves!"

The hard-pressed shoemaker, who, indeed, had great occasion to shelter himself from this clamour, did not miss the opportunity. The public peace was never broken more maliciously. Feeling both his innocence and his danger, he shouted out in emulation of his raving companion, "Death! Fury! Murder! Banditti! Thieves!"

This shrieking, the like of which had not been heard for a full century in Lulenburg, spread a panic of fear over the whole neighbourhood. Every body bolted his doors and windows from within with the greatest nimbleness, while they conjectured that there was a whole band of robbers in the streets, or that, after the fashion of other countries, a revolution had broken out. Those who were loitering in the streets flew hastily in the opposite

direction, lest they should be put to death in the fisticuff. At the gates, the town watchmen, mostly old paralytic men, whom the praiseworthy magistrates fed at public expense, grasped their halberds tremblingly, flew to the watch-house, barricaded themselves in, and then swore that they would die each for all, and all for each, if they should be invaded and caught. Major Knoll, even, who was accidentally returning home that way, took the alarm, and fancying that he heard robbers and murderers calling to each other, tore the big feather from his hat, lest some of the band should take him for a military person, and fled panting back to the town-house.

When in this way no one came to the help of the combatants, they shouted a good half hour longer, until their voices became hoarse. In the mean time, they had tried their strength against each other in manifold ways; more than once had they rolled over each other on the hard ground, more than once had the fight been renewed without either of them gaining a decided victory. Neither was willing to let the other go. They dragged one another, both with the same design, to the house of a butcher near by, who was the godfather of both of them; and after many entreaties that the door should be opened, it was done. The butcher thought that he heard the well-known voices of some of his fellow citizens who had escaped the blood-bath in the streets. But as the shoemaker and the potter came to recognize each other by the candlelight, without loss of time they redoubled their clatter; for their respective guilds had been old enemies, and each believed for a certainty that the other had played him a bad trick out of mere revenge.

Meanwhile Jack Vapor, in anxiety and fear, had made the best of his way out of the town, not wishing to lead the much-bruised potter, by whom he supposed he was followed, to his own house. He forgot Rosina, and the almonds and confectionary of the betrothal, and Catharine at the window, and her amazement over the contemplation of an empty plank. He wandered about the whole evening, and found, when he supposed it would be safe for him to return home, that the town gates were closed. This troubled him uncommonly, for it now occurred to him that he had left his friends and followers locked in at home. He passed the night at a little tavern out of town, where he gave out that he had been belated while taking a walk.

JACK VAPOR.

On the following morning he returned in good time to the town, but not without trepidation. Sometimes he dreaded that the proud Chamberlain Pipham would revenge his absenting himself from the betrothal, and at times he suspected that some circumstance had betrayed him to Potter Pretzel, as the author of the mischief done to his ware. But

he hoped to get through the difficulty by means of his peculiar self-assurance.

Thus far, every thing in Lulenburg went well; but as he came to his residence, he found before it three messengers from a neighbouring village, who had already waited for him more than an hour. The first announced hastily that a fire had broken out in the village, and that they had diligently looked after him, to send an engine, inasmuch as he had the keys of the engine houses. The second continued that three houses were already burned down, but that many fire-engines had arrived from the surrounding country. And the third concluded by saying that fortunately the fire was extinguished in about half an hour.

Jack Vapor stroked his chin thoughtfully, and said to the peasants, who reverentially stood before him with their hats off, "You asses, if the whole village had been burned down, you would have been guilty; for you ought to have come here at the proper time, before the fire had caught, so that something could have been done for you in *season*. In that case, I should not have gone out, or passed the night in the country. Still, it is well that the fire is extinguished. At another time, you must announce it before it breaks out, so that we can have time beforehand to put the engines in order. So go home, and tell my decision to your principals."

He had scarcely dismissed them, and taken his breakfast, when he was sought by one of his uncles, who had taken so much pleasure at the betrothal feast of yesterday. He came with a commission from Mr. Chamberlain Pipham, who had taken the absence of the architect so sorely that he could hardly speak with politeness, to the effect, that, as to the betrothal, marriage and son-in-lawship it must be dropped now and for ever; that he must henceforth make no pretensions to the hand of the worthy little humped back Rosina, and that he must take care how he crossed the threshold of the much-injured Chamberlain, if he would avoid the risk of making a rough exit by the window.

As it concerned the hand of the beautiful Rosina, Jack comforted himself very soon; nor did the threatened expulsion from the window make any particular impression upon him, seeing that his first attempt in that way had been so successful. But the displeasure of the Chamberlain was not so agreeable. He was undoubtedly a man of influence in the council of the town and republic, and very properly so, since with all his ignorance, he was one of the richest men in the place.

The uncle, however, gave him to understand that he would not have found the Chamberlain so severe upon his heedlessness, but for the sly Town Secretary, who had sedulously inflamed the wrath of the Chamberlain by his wicked insinuations. Mr. Muckle in fact reckoned upon coming into possession of Rosina and her treasury himself: besides that for other reasons he was not a good friend of Vapor's, because when he was soliciting the office of Secretary, and made his regular round of supplicating visits to the worthy magistrates,

Jack, under the pretence of clearing him of a few blots that had been sprinkled upon him, had rubbed them in with lampblack. Muckle was not the man who could forget an offence of this kind even after twenty years. He used very few words, but, as they were accustomed to say in Lulenburg, he had big ears; looked no one in the eye when he spoke; but always smiled very obligingly, particularly in the church when he was saying his prayers behind his hat; was therefore, on account of his agreeable and meagre appearance, a little vain; and asserted with immovable self-confidence, that no scribe in Europe wrote so graceful a hand as he.

Jack Vapor, that same day, felt not only the remarkable effects of his recent invasion of the sharp crockery of the potter, but also that Secretary Muckle suspected that no one but Jack Vapor could have been the author of the mischief. Muckle, in truth, as soon as he had learned the story from his neighbour, the guildmaster, had gone to make a personal inspection of the premises where the affair occurred, and had found among the traces of the crockery before the door of the Town-Architect's house, one of the mother-of-pearl buttons from his coat. This fact, and Vapor's singular non-appearance at the betrothal, seemed to stand in the closest relation to each other. It was soon reported that the Secretary of the Council was about to bring charges against Jack Vapor, both on account of this aggression, for the disturbance of the public peace, and for not having sent the engines to the fire. The Architect, not at all terrified, took the threat quite easily; and although Chamberlain Pipham, Guildmaster Pretzel, the whole kin of the Pastor, and many others having similar grievances, swelled the party of the Secretary, Jack Vapor, nothing daunted, confided in his luck like a Cæsar, and in his eloquence like a Cicero. He distributed, however, a protest, if not against the Secretary, still against the long hair-tail, upon which, as the longest in Lulenburg, the Secretary prided himself, although he was not bound, as a burgomaster was, by the nature of his office, to wear a long pigtail. Already this tail had become a stone of offence to many judicious citizens, and a certain patriotic butcher had more than once sworn that he would hew it from the top of his head.

The news of this protest spread quickly over the town; for, according to the custom of Lulenburg, whatever passed in the Council of Lulenburg, was told with solemn confidence from mouth to ear, and ear to mouth, until every inhabitant of both sexes was let into the secret. The inquisitive and tattling people were made quite happy by this, and used to spend a good deal of money in the gazettes.

Both parties prepared themselves, and awaited the approaching day for holding the Council, with great anxiety. The sessions were held once a week. The government in the mean while went on very well, and the republic was governed in the best way without any trouble. One burgomaster, on the ordinary week days would sell coffee and spices, another would fabricate ribbons, the Cham-

berlain poured out wine, one Councilman made sausages, another bread, &c. &c.; enough that every one was busy, and knew that the material interests of the state were better promoted in this

way than by all the scribblings in Chancery, or the brawlings of the Council-House.

(To be continued.)

THE RECONCILIATION.

BY MISS M. H. RAND.

'Twas a sweet summer's eve—and cool and fresh
The air came whispering through the open sash,
Where in its low recess, sat one whose brow
Seemed furrowed less by years than sorrow's touch.
'Twas but a simple cottage, yet within
Were seen strange minglings of the rich and poor.
The kitchen's bright utensils hung around
Th' ungarnished walls, and in their midst was strung
A fine old rifle, with its mountings rich,
Speaking of better days—happier, perhaps.
Upon the table at his side, where hung
A massive, fringed gorgeous covering
Sweeping the floor beneath in graceful folds,
The Work of God lay open, and his eye
Wandered o'er its blest pages 'till the cloud
That rested on his brow, no longer marred
The noble beauty of his countenance.
And still he read, and still that holy light
Shone on his care-worn face, most beautiful.
But suddenly, the sounds of coming steps
Broke on his solitude, and then again
His brow grew dark, as softly on his knee
An infant hand was laid, and bright blue eyes
Looked into his with innocent childishness—
Then by his side a gentle voice stole o'er
His dreamy senses with a startling thrill.
But still he spoke not—moved not—and his eye
Grew sterner—sterner, as his ear drank in
The melody of those familiar tones—
Known to his stricken heart—alas—too well.

"Father, dear father, look on me I pray,
Bid me not now from thy presence away;
Let me but see thee smile on me once more,
The weight of thine anger hath pressed on me sore.

Speak to me—speak to me—cast me not off,
Have I not suffered—aye—more than enough?
May not long years of repentance atone,
One error committed ere childhood had flown?

Father, I loved as a trusting heart would,
Clinging round all that was gentle and good;
He has not proved faithless—unworthy my choice,
Wilt thou not even now welcome his voice?

He has been kind to thy desolate one,
Nor chided my sadness—nor left me to mourn;

For though every pleasure in life was mine own,
How could I be happy when under thy frown.

Hear me—by all the fond mem'ries of old,
Ere thine eye was so stern or thy heart was so cold,
By the love of my childhood long past, I implore,
Let me be clasped to thy bosom once more.

Alas—he hears not—and my sad heart must yearn,
For one word of forgiveness forever in vain;
Then let him but look on me while I pass by,
And carry me back to my own home to die."

A sunny smile broke o'er the old man's face,
And quickly turning, he saw not the glance,
Half sorrow, half anger, bent on him
By that destroyer of his happiness,
Who long, long years before had borne away
That gentle one, to be his own fair bride
Against a father's mandate. He had come
Hoping 'gainst hope—and now all hope was vain,
So had he thought—but that dark eye, that late
Had turned so coldly from those pleading tones,
Now glistened with the drops of tenderness.
As he sprung forward, tearing her from the arms
That clasped her now inanimate drooping form,
"My child—my child! look up—I did but feign.
I did not think of this. Oh! do not look
So cold, so death-like. Let me not be cursed
With thy destruction, my own cherished one."
He lifted her, and bore her gently in,
And laid her down upon her own low couch,
Where in her childhood she was wont to sleep,
And bending o'er her with an earnest gaze,
Watched for the first faint signs of coming life.
Slowly the mantling blood came back again,
Her pale lips quivered, and at last her eyes
Opened upon the well-known objects round
In strange bewilderment; then caught the glance
Of that beloved one, late implored in vain,
Now beaming in intense anxiety
And fond affection o'er her pale sad face.
She sprang with wild delight upon his neck,
Flung her white arms around him, 'till a gush
Of passionate tears relieved her bursting heart,
And locked within that fast embrace, they wept
The tears of overflowing happiness.

CLEMENTINA, WHO CALLED HER FIRST CHILD BETSY.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

If it were not for the making of too extravagant an anti-climax in the very title of our sketch, Clementina's patronymic, as well as her baptismal, might be given. The reasons of its suppression rest, partly upon that consideration, and partly upon the fact that the writer of this veracious narrative would, by too unreserved a communication to the dear public, and too-statistical a development of names and dates, make a blank in his calendar—an erasure in his visiting list. It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Clementina Blank (she is Mrs. now) would ever thereafter endure the sight of one who should, too much in the manner of a deposition, detail the doings of the teens of Miss Clementina Dash. Take the sketch, therefore, "founded on fact," and charitably believe as much as you can.

Though the poet says, "the rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and though every body quotes the sentence, as the very ottar of rose in proverbial wisdom, yet poets are not infallible, nor does every body remember every thing. Consequently one little circumstance has been overlooked—that the rose cannot help being a rose, if it would. It cannot substitute another and less pleasant odour for its own, though we call it by the name of that other Persian plant, which supplies the *materia medica* with its most villanous aroma. The rose is not a moral agent—a young woman is; and not only self-willed herself, but the cause of double self-will in others, of the other sex, who delight to speak of women as their other selves. Therefore, oh madam! call your roses dahlias, peonies, poppies, if you will, but do not let their god-mothers miscall your daughters. There is no knowing what may come of it.

Good, substantial, stately women are apt to be of imposing mental and moral stature, and not addicted to making themselves ridiculous. When we find Sylphinas whose tangible presence has so outgrown early calculation, that their weight in an-thracite would warm the parlour a month, we find such persons too sensible to set up for fairies. But a romantic name, when it happens to jump with a child's whims, disposition, and circumstances, is pretty certain to aggravate that romance in the wearer, with more or less of which all young ladies are born. If Celestina, Seraphina, or the owner of any other specimen of the falsetto in the baptismal gamut, happen to be sylphlike in figure, ethereal in aspect, or petite in proportions, there will be no slaking of her thirst in cups larger than the acorn pattern, no ministering to her hunger in greater than the most orthodox of homœopathic quantities

—that is to say "before folk." She will never walk, but always glide into an apartment—and all the other usual plain realities of life, will, with her, be but spiritual apparitions. Her thoughts will be imaginings—her life a vision—her aggregate—if such a positive term may be used in speaking of one who classes herself as a "thing of light," a corporeal nonentity—her sum-total will be what is indicated in the plain word nonsense: pretty nonsense, perhaps, but nonsense still.

Clementina Dash, like too many young ladies of more exuberant fancy than just perception, grew to her teens with the idea early implanted, that the first duty of woman was to find a husband. But we do not express it right. *She* was not to find a husband, but a husband was to find *her*. In her own poetical thought, she was to float a thing of gentle glory in the matrimonial horizon, like the delicate gold-fringed hues of even, until some poetic young man, sauntering in ecstasy, with his mouth open, and head in the clouds, should run that head against her; around that head, like a halo, she was gently to hang, sheltering it alike from the hail-storms of adversity and the too fierce glare of prosperity: crowning his life with happiness, and searing the hearts of the indefinite millions, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine disappointed other men, in the world, with envy.

In the choice of a husband, Clementina rightly deemed that there were pre-essentials to be consulted; but in her inventory of these requisites she was a little wild. That she was a sylph was a point fully settled in her own mind; and thence she naturally deemed that none but a gentleman sylph was fit to be her companion. On the arrival of such a phenomenon she fully counted, at the proper melodramatic and romantic point of time. He might come per rail-road—not indeed by a noisy, clattering iron road, supporting heavy trains of cars, and huge smoking locomotives. No—no—her fancy was the Peter Wilkins or Henson patent—parallels of moonbeams,—the termini being, the one far off and indefinite, in the chief city of the effulgent realms of Fancy—the other at her feet. By such conveyance did she fully believe that her own true-love, by Fate ordained, would some fine evening drop down before her, "all in a heap," to be elevated from his posture of worship at her shrine, with the tip of her feather fan. It is such musings as these which dispose romantic young ladies so much to affect moonlight and solitude; and Clementina was a most assiduous seeker of both. Poor girl! as the French phrase it, "she had reason,"

for never, except in solitude, came there to cheer her thoughts any of the etherialities on which, fiction—taught, she doated.

Every thing and every person which surrounded her, was of most commonplace and unpoetic reality. Her father was wealthy, and none had a better right, for he had himself honestly earned all that he possessed. He was liberal, but at the same time no spendthrift; and his wife was a pattern-woman for management and economy. They denied nothing to their only child which she could reasonably desire; and even many unreasonable requests of hers were complied with by their kind indulgence. They denied themselves nothing which fashion dictated, and, being charitable and humane, they purchased often that better than all fashionable enjoyments, the luxury of doing good. In a word, every body respected Mr. and Mrs. Dash,—every body except their daughter! She had never read of the heroine of a romance, who was not bound, by cruel mischance, either to hate or to despise the persons who had given her birth, and sustained her life; and as the living representative of the Clementina's of the books, our Clementina was bound to feel as they did.

Of course, she found "congenial souls" in other young women, who were placed in like cruel circumstances with herself;—that is to say, with every comfort within their reach, which a reasonable heart could desire; but, having parents possessed of common sense, and therefore not possessed of any feeling in common with their refined and poetical children—unable even to understand the occasional glimpses of their daughter's mental superiority in any other light than as pettish approaches to very unreasonable ingratitude. With these kindred spirits of her own sex, Clementina could pour out her griefs, and accept theirs in interchange, but she found gentleman sylphs a much more rare variety. She had, in fact, waited in vain for a full realization of her darling hopes in that direction, and, although some moonstruck youths came almost up to her beau-ideal, they were too conscious of their own impudent nonsense, to approach the ordeal of her father's stern common sense, or if, adding the sin of presumption to their ridiculous pretensions, they did venture an attack, they were summarily and unequivocally ejected by Mr. and Mrs. Dash. Thus was our unfortunate maiden as good as sentenced to "unrequited love," for nobody in particular—doomed to single blessedness. However, as she gracefully expressed it in one of her many letters to her kindred minds: "No parental tyranny could deprive her of the communings with the invisible spirit which hovered over her path, anticipating the hour when the sordid calculations of earth-born souls no longer offending his purity, and the barriers of conventional prosaic life no longer paralyzing his golden wings, he could fulfil his destiny, and make her happy." Poor Clementina!

There was one young man whom, romance aside, Clementina would very willingly have taken for better or worse. But the course of true love in

that direction ran altogether too smooth for its truth to be admitted. In the first place, both her parents, instead of opposing would have approved the match—a posture of things unheard of by novel readers, and utterly incompatible with the canons and precedents of Dan Cupid. In the next place, his Christian name was John! John!—not Lord John, nor Sir John, nor any other John but plain John, convertible into Jack, in colloquial familiarity, into Johnny in endearment. Whoever heard of a John in a novel, save John the servant, or an old fusty uncle John, good for nothing but to die at the proper time, and leave his money to those who know how to spend it? Marry John! the thing was preposterous. She could have got along with a Theodore Augustus, even if he had been a man without poetry—but John! Never!

The Dashes, with the multitude, sought a summing place. These visits to the Springs were Clementina's holidays, for, having satisfied herself that no possible romance could happen in the dull house at home, she never made a journey without an indefinite hope that some very remarkable departure from the ordinary stale routine would certainly occur to make her happy. Hope, often mocked, would not be defeated, and still the expectation returned to Clementina, after every disappointment, that she certainly would one day be blessed by being made romantically miserable by a dear delightful, poetical, but forbidden attachment.

But nothing occurred on the way to the Springs, to vary the monotony of all such journeys, except the detection, by her father, of his servant in dishonesty. As he was an old, and hitherto supposed to be a faithful servant, the old gentleman contented himself with discharging him, with his full arrears and more, to shift for himself, as best he might, at the risk of his next master. Clementina would get up some romance about this, particularly as his theft was *her* watch. She ran through, in her mind, all the instances of lost trinkets in the novelists' library, and all the cases in which they had been discovered to have been purloined by bashful lovers, who could live only with a token of their lady dear "nearest their hearts." Having thus found for herself a reason stronger than its jewels, why her watch, of all watches, should have been stolen, she asked her father—"Who could have induced him to take *my* watch?"

The old gentleman answered by repeating the name of him who, in indictments, is charged with procuring all sorts of evil things by his instigation. Clementina was not satisfied, but asked a more leading question,—"*Who* could he have taken it for?"

"Why, for himself, child, and a market," answered the direct old merchant. Poor Clementina! she dared not say what *she* thought, for she knew her father would have laughed in her face. She took her revenge, however, in a long letter, in which she related to a friend all that had happened, and a great deal more. She expressed her sincere belief that the faithful servant never could have

stolen the watch, except for the use of some undeclared and despairing lover of its mistress, kept at a distance by her father's frowns; and she deeply regretted that parent's unreasonable and untimely interference, when, had events been left to themselves, they might have led to an *éclaircissement*, and made two fond hearts happy. "But, such," she concluded, "my dear Araminta, is our fate; surrounded as our too susceptible spirits are, by minds insensible as clods to the higher aims, and the finer aspirations of our beings."

And then Clementina, having despatched the letter, leaned a very pretty chin upon a hand supported by a decidedly full and pretty arm, and looked abroad upon the ruralities, to which, as the daughter of a cit, she was so little accustomed. She saw the discarded servant in conversation with a gentleman, who leaned against a tree—just in the posture which a male coquette knows so well how to assume, to set off a handsome figure; for there are men as proud of graceful forms, as ever daughter of Eve could be. She saw that the stranger earnestly listened, and she thought—nay she was confident—that ever and anon he cast glances at the window where she sat. Now was she sure. It was he—the visitor of her dreams—the companion of her thoughts—the being for her created, as she was born for him. She dwelt upon his elegance of form, she studied, as well as the distance would permit, the contour of his face, she fancied the liquid melody flowing from his lips—she imagined—felt—knew—that this was her *perdue* beloved, who had stepped, all perfect, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, out from the damp leaves of the last new novel! Her heart fluttered, her face was flushed and pale by turns—the crisis of her existence had at last arrived, and she had not then waited in vain! The stranger took a walk which approached the house—she saw nobility in his mien, and consciousness of proud birth and pure blood in his step. She half sighed that she was a plain republican—mere Clementina;—but she rejoiced that her surpassing loveliness was about to call her to share the fortunes of the gifted of another land, and sink her plebeian patronymic in an aristocratic name.

The stranger bowed and passed on—Clementina almost fainted, and quite dropped her handkerchief. She was restored to the dull realities of life, by her mother, who came to accompany her to the tea-table. She looked with anxious hope from face to face about the board—*his* was not there. At any other time she would have studied the countenances of the gentlemen to see which might figure in her dreams, as that of him who was to come one day, and take her from the unreasonable vassalage and dependence of a father's house, in which her almost every whim was gratified—now the place was filled. The stranger sat upon the throne—and taking all the confirmatory circumstances together, she was sure that he it was who was born to unite with hers, his destiny. Had not the servant stolen her watch evidently for some admirer who desired

to have ever near him a memorial of his beloved? Had she not seen that servant revealing to *the* distinguished stranger the failure of his attempt? Had not that stranger gracefully, tremblingly, modestly bowed down to her, thereby indicating his passionate preference? And was he not, beyond all peradventure, a noble wanderer? All her inquiries of others as to who and what he was, were foiled;—no one knew him—so completely did he keep his incognito, that no one had even observed him. He might be a foreign count—a lord—a duke—an earl—a prince! and Clementina thought when she should consummate her brilliant destiny, how, as countess, my lady, duchess, or whatever might be her title by marriage, she would kindly patronize and protect the parents whom she could not ennoble—how condescendingly she would overlook their plebeian checks upon her early aspirations. It is noble to forgive, and Clementina felt already as noble as if there coursed in her plebeian veins, the blood of the Howards—not "*all the blood, of all the Howards*," because that might have created a tendency to apoplexy—but just as much blood as a material sylph may be supposed to require.

Where was the gentleman sylph? At night, in the crowded saloon, Clementina looked in vain. He was not there. And then she remembered that, as a true lover, while yet his star of hope was not in the ascendant, he was bound to eschew society—all solitude to him; to avoid conversation—all vanity to a mind preoccupied; and to cherish, alone and by moonlight, his thoughts of her, and dwell upon the image of her perfection, indelibly imprinted on his mind. She wished that he possessed a miniature of her to console his despondence—or that the larceny of her watch might have been successful, that he might, as he counted the hours like minutes of her absence, press to his heart and lips the monitor of time, which had been her bosom companion.

Rosy dreams visited her couch that night—or rather gilded dreams; for coronets, and equipages, and liveries passed before her sleeping senses, like the glittering pageant of a spectacle. And when she sprang from her couch, the night seemed all too short—the day all too dull and real, after such happy dreams. She was behind the hour at which the guests start upon their matutinal visits to the Springs, to drink waters too nauseous for any body but tyrant fashion to prescribe—and knowing that at the morning rendezvous she should meet her mother, she started forth.

The stranger! and leaning against the very tree where he stood the night before! Alone—and not a soul in sight!

Should she avoid him? It would be cruelty to him, and to herself, and a heartless piece of affectation. Should she invite him to address her? That would be unmaidenly and without precedent in romance—not permissible, unless he were *in extremis* or she in distress, neither of which she felt quite sure was the case. By all the rules of romance, he was bound to start forward, and she to start back—

he to fall on one knee, and she to die away in a swoon—and then to wake and find herself supported in his arms, with his eyes fastened on hers. If he should, under such circumstances, salute her with a kiss, it was her duty slightly to resent it, but only slightly, to avoid mistake, the object being to teach him that kisses were too priceless valuable to be had without the asking—begging—praying for.

While these thoughts were rapidly passing through her mind, she had almost reached the spot where he stood, and had determined to pass without seeming to observe him. He *did* start as she approached—he *did* take off his hat—he did step toward her—and she did actually feel as if her limbs were sinking beneath her. Now were her dreams of a whole teendom (she had turned the first of time's corners) about to be realized.

"Do not be offended or alarmed, my lady"—Clementina shook like an aspen, and spoiled the corner of her handkerchief with her nails. "My lady!"—how respectful—and his accent too, evidently foreign—his manner—so deferential. She held her hand so that he might seize it if he would, and stood ready to scream a *little*. But he did not touch even the tip of her finger, and to tell the truth, seemed nearly as much frightened as herself. After a hesitating pause, he proceeded—

"I have spoken to your late coachman, and"—

"I know!" Clementina interrupted, "I knew—I know it all!"

The stranger seemed a little confused, and perhaps did not quite understand her. But, after looking down at his boots an instant, he continued, while the lady listened with breathless attention, "he encouraged me that I might venture with best hope of success, to address myself directly to your ladyship."

Now the golden shower had indeed descended, and Clementina was happy. She did not scream—her head was giddy, and she scarce knew where she was; but, after a moment she said, hurriedly, "My filial duty—my maidenly modesty—my—but you must speak to my father, indeed you *must*—for *I* never can break it to him!" and away she danced to conceal from him the joy, which, like a

balloon, promised to lift her from the earth. Happy Clementina!

* * * * *

The carriage had rolled round to the door for an afternoon's drive. Clementina, who, since morning had been, unaccountably to her parents, in extraordinary spirits, came tripping down some moments before them.

No! It cannot be! But, yes—it is. The new coachman—the wearer in his hat of that broad belt of gilt lace—the new filler of the suit of the lately discharged servant—can it be *he*? Was it one of love's disguises?

"I did speak to him, Miss," said the fellow, "as you told me, and he's taken me on trial."

Clementina sank down into a corner of the carriage, to conceal her face from the coachman. She reviewed all the circumstances, and reached the first sane conclusion at which she had ever arrived, where herself was a party. As to her title of "ladyship," that was only a specimen of the art by which new importations, from servants up, assail, and too successfully, American, republican, title-despising vanity. His place secured, she had already sunk to plain Miss. Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that the old servant, knowing that Clementina's whims ruled the house, had recommended his successor to apply first to her. Her mistakes were no fault of the man's—nor did he ever understand why she behaved so singularly.

Clementina is married now, to the plain John of her father's choice, and of her own too, when the scales were lifted from her eyes. The trip to Saratoga cured her of her romantic nonsense. She is a good, rationally affectionate wife, but as she never has fully confessed her Saratoga experience to her husband, you, reader, are particularly enjoined to keep the secret from him, in case you should meet.

She has called her first-born Betsy, that it may escape the perils the mother has gone through; but human nature is human nature, in man or woman; and were Betsy now to be christened, we believe she would compromise with conscience, and, after royal example, load the infant down with the sufficiently uncouth combination of Alice Maud Mary.

A MEMORIAL.

THINE was the spirit of the dove. Thou hast
His heavenward pinion now,—and cleaving far
The dark clouds which divide us, thou hast gone
Into thy native atmosphere of light,
Without one speck of earth upon thy wing.

As one who, from a dark and toilsome way,
Emerges into light, and sees above
The bright, blue sky, and feels the generous air
Inviting and assuring,—so hast thou,
Fair spirit! passed the narrow ordeal through,—

Surmounted the sharp rocks, o'ercome the heights,
And, through the thorny thickets that kept back,
Hast gone in triumph with unloitering feet!

The sweet reward is thine! Thine eye beholds
The blessed path before thee. The blue sky
Drawn wide, like some rich curtain that conceals
A glorious presence, opens, and within,
Joint heirs of grace with thee, myriads of forms,
All lustrous in their white, beckon thee on
To thy blest home and dear inheritance.

South Carolina.

LINUS.

A DAY AT VERSAILLES

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

PALACES have been the favourite playthings of kings ever since the time when the royal psalmist dwelt in the house of cedar, while the ark of the Lord rested beneath curtains. That holy-minded prince was not satisfied, however, until he had erected a goodlier temple to the Most High; but most of his royal successors have been content with the "house of cedar." If that is only built, and adorned with golden pillars, if the sound of the harp and the viol is only heard through its gorgeous saloons, it too often matters but little what sounds of wailing are heard in the abodes of poverty all over the land. What cared the reckless and vainglorious Louis when he erected this magnificent gewgaw of Versailles, that he was driving a generous but ruined people to a frenzy which was destined to reach its fearful consummation on that night when a beautiful queen was led out upon one of these very balconies to be jeered at, and stoned by a revolutionary populace! He wanted a palace which should be commensurate with his own ideas of himself; a palace through which he might saunter every day, surrounded by a retinue of mistresses and parasites, who should whisper in his ear, that, when these shining columns should have crumbled into dust, the glory of his own name would still be in its splendid dawn. And that was enough.

To accomplish this favourite design he sent for the most celebrated architects and gardeners, to draft sketches, and lay out parks and terraces; the unoccupied portion of the army were ordered to the spot, and it is said that no less than 30,000 soldiers were employed upon the works at one time. The place selected was a small village about twelve miles from Paris, to which his father often resorted for hunting, and where he had constructed a small pavilion. In 1664 the work was commenced, and at the same time a smaller park was laid out, with an enclosure of twelve miles in length; and still beyond this was a greater park, whose circumference measured sixty miles. The whole of this territory was ornamented with walks and drives, the trees along the walks were cut into various fanciful shapes to represent arches, bowers, pyramids, &c.; at every angle a superb fountain was erected, the water for which was brought from an immense distance, and at an immense expense. In twenty years a palace was completed, which measured 1600 feet in length, three stories in height, and ornamented with Ionic peristyles throughout its whole front. The king came over at once with his splendid court, to occupy it, and during his reign it was the scene of continued fêting and revelry. Under Louis XV. a magnificent theatre was opened in the palace, one

hundred and forty feet long, and forty-four feet high, in which performances were sometimes enacted at an expense of 50,000 francs. The unfortunate Louis XVI. attempted some further outlay upon this favourite gewgaw, but the cup of the nation's misery was full, and this last drop caused it to overflow; and in less than five years Versailles was a scene of desolation and blood. My readers will not be surprised at such a result when they are informed that the whole expenditure upon the palace and grounds amounted to two hundred millions of dollars; a sum sufficient to support *Jonathan* with his numerous household for ten years.

I visited Versailles in company with an intelligent young countryman, and spent a day in wandering among its glories. A railroad has been built from Paris to the village, which closely resembles the English railways in its construction and regulations; and I was told that it was the work of Englishmen. Just as we were passing through the village, which is a desolate forlorn affair, we met the sons of Louis Phillippe riding out in a coach and four, with, however, but very little show and parade. This remarkable king has a family like himself—superior to any thing in Europe. His eldest son, the brave duke of Orleans, died last year, leaving a lovely widow, who mourns sincerely with a bereaved and afflicted nation. Her handsome boy, the heir to the French throne, is a lad of only six years, and I never passed his pretty playful face, as displayed in the various shop windows, without a sorrowful premonition of all the cares and dangers that lie in store for him. The Duke of Nemours, who is the regent until the young heir attains his majority, was seated in the carriage, and beside him the Prince de Joinville, who is favourably known in our own country from the intelligence and gentlemanly demeanour displayed during his two visits among us. There are two other sons in the army, and an only sister, the Princess Clementine, who after tantalizing various princes and princelets of Europe with occasional flirtations, has at last surrendered her hand to one of that most fortunate of royal houses, the House of Cobourg.

The palace is approached by an avenue from the town 800 feet wide, and lined with elms, like the streets of New Haven. After passing through an iron railing, which like every thing in France was profusely gilded, we entered the grand court. Across the frieze above you is inscribed in massive golden letters—"A TOUTES LES GLOIRES DE LA FRANCE." Passing through the court we were admitted to a small interior hall, guarded by soldiery, from whence we were free to direct our course to any

portion of the palace. Our first *tour* was through the historical galleries, on the walls of which the whole history of France is represented down to the present time. In one suite of rooms alone the career of Napoleon was delineated in three hundred pictures. They commenced with his early, unrivalled achievements in Italy, and ended with the ill fated campaign of 1809. From that period there was a great *blank*, interrupted only by a small picture of the willow, and the nameless slab at St. Helena. Above these rooms are other galleries full of French exploits, and beside them are narrow passages containing portraits and statues of those who achieved them. So numerous are these galleries that if they were placed in a direct line they would present three miles of painting and statuary. Among them all, there was nothing so deeply interesting to me as an exquisite marble statue of Joan of Arc. I had often seen casts of it, and was anxious to see the original. Nor was I disappointed. The face possessed such an angelic sweetness, the attitude was so fine, the attire so simple, so modest, so beautiful that I felt on beholding it some *small* measure of the enchantment that West experienced on his first view of the Apollo Belvidere. My admiration was only equalled by my astonishment on learning that it was executed by the late lamented Princess Marie of France, the daughter of Louis Philippe! She was worthy of her wonderful family.

In passing through the collection of modern portraits my national *soft spot* was considerably tickled at finding a picture of Washington, (which I should not have recognized but for the inscription,) a bust of our Boston printer boy Franklin in the midst of the great European philosophers, and a grand picture of the battle of Yorktown, in which Count Rochambeau and his gallant Frenchmen are figuring boldly in the foreground, while Washington and a parcel of stupid Yankees stood behind with their hands in their breeches pockets, as if waiting for something to do. The whole thing was so vainglorious, and at the same time so coolly impudent that I laughed outright.

The "*chamber a coucher de Louis XIV.*," in plain English Louis XIV.'s bedroom, occupies the centre of the front towards the "court of marble," and is the most elegant little apartment in the palace. The ceiling is adorned with the *Titans* of Paul Veronese, brought hither from the hall of the Council of Ten at Venice, by Napoleon; portraits of the nearest descendants of Louis XIV. are on the walls, and on each side of the bed there is a fine picture of the Italian school. The bed, placed within a splendidly gilded balustrade, is that on which the "*Grand Monarque*" died; and the coverlid and hangings are the work of the young ladies of St. Cyr. Since his death no monarch has ever slept in this room; but it was from the balcony in front that Louis XVI., surrounded by his beautiful queen and their children, harangued the furious populace who came to drag them from the palace on the night of the 6th of October 1789. From this room the visitor enters the Royal Council chamber, which contains

some most beautiful and original furniture. Among other things is a mechanical clock, which displays a curious figure of the grand monarch, and plays a chime whenever the hour strikes. In this room Louis XIV. held his councils, and received the despatches of his victorious generals. Here Louis XV. signed the decree for expelling the Jesuits, and here, too, that silly, voluptuous king suffered Madame du Barri, his infamous mistress, to sit on the arm of his chair in the presence of the Council, and to fling a packet of unopened dispatches into the fire before his face. Another room near by contains the tools of poor simple-hearted Louis XVI., who used to amuse himself in constructing various mechanical contrivances. His forge is still standing.

From one of the galleries we passed into the magnificent *Chapel*. Its internal dimensions are, one hundred and forty feet in length, sixty in breadth, and eighty in height. The pavement is of costly marbles, wrought in beautiful chequered work, while the balustrades of the galleries are of marble, and gilt. The ceiling is covered with warmly coloured paintings, and every part that can be is gaudily bedecked with gilding. Near the chapel is the crowning glory of the whole—the celebrated *Gallerie des Glaces*. It is two hundred and forty feet in length, and forty in height, lighted by seventeen large arch windows, which correspond with seventeen magnificent mirrors on the opposite side of the room. Sixty pilasters of red marble with gilt bases and capitals fill up the intervals, and are a thousand times redoubled in the mirrors, which instead of forming an end to the sumptuous hall, seem only shining doors to illimitable halls beyond. The vaulted ceiling is divided into eighteen compartments, in which are painted various allegorical figures, representing the various great events of Louis XIV.'s reign.

The outside of this fairy palace corresponds with the interior. In front of the southern wing is the *Orangerie*, where the groves of orange trees and pomegranates are protected through the winter in Tuscan greenhouses, and in summer are arranged in a thousand mazy lines all over the garden. One of the orange trees in this conservatory is a cotemporary of Francis I. It was produced from seed in 1421, and after living under twelve kings, and a score of constitutions, does not seem to be near the end of its long career. From the terrace in front of the palace the view is enchanting. In every direction, as far as the eye can reach, run off almost interminable walks, lined with statues, and filled with fountains of the most fanciful construction. In one place are groups of marble *Tritons*, supporting crowns of laurel, from the midst of which issue columns of water. In another place you see dolphins of bronze, with water flying from their mouths; and before the main entrance is the great *Basin of Neptune*, where the sea god is represented as seated, as large as life, by the side of his spouse Amphitrite, in a vast shell, and accompanied by sea monsters. From all these figures a deluge of water is thrown in every direction with an aston-

ishing brilliancy of effect. At a given signal, the water is let on all the grounds at once, and comes rushing up into the figures, and spouts gloriously into the air, where after dancing about, as if vainly

striving to rise to a greater height, it curls gracefully over, and down falls the shining irrigation. Such is a faint picture of Versailles. No wonder that kings are content with the "house of cedar."

GENIUS EXEMPT FROM ORDINARY LAWS.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

TALENT must in all things submit to the laws that be; it hath the power to appreciate, but is incapable of the reach of Genius, of its new-creating faculty. It looks to the external—it anticipates neither change nor progress. It perceiveth that which already binds, but maketh not to itself new and higher and holier laws. Let it therefore be bound down as by adamant to custom, to order; let it render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and leave to Genius to render unto God the things that are God's.

Genius is creative; it is a co-worker with the Eternal. It is the expounder of the 'still small voice' uttered forever in the human heart. It listeneth as a meek child to the wind harp, and a strange melody is born of the soul. It is a fresh and holy emanation from the Great First Intelligence. It is the Moses from the mount of God, coming serenely forth from the midst of thunders and thick darkness, bearing the tablets of eternal truth, written by the finger of Truth itself. It may be encompassed by error; in its weakness and bewilderment, it may let the record fall to the earth, that it be broken and marred, yet the hand-writing of God can never be entirely effaced.

It hath a mission to perform; it peopled the realm of thought, it fostereth the affections, and lifeth the mind to communion with the divine; it is mind, and yet above our humanities.

It hath a work to do; yet why should it be compelled to the drudgeries of its art! Why gather the straw for the brick which is to rear the pyramid! Why toil at the midnight lamp, the chisel, or the spade! Why should it not gather reverent disciples in its pathway, and go forth gathering the bread of wisdom, free as the sparrow that is still cared for by the Great Parent, and careless as "the flowers of the field," clothed by him with beauty!

If Genius stampeth its thought by the pen, is there any good reason why it should be compelled to the whole labour of its productions; to give them birth, and put them into shape; to provide the model, and adjust the drapery?

Why should it not be left to the glow of conception? Why is it not enough to have unfolded one new object of beauty; to have called forth one new creation of grace; to have embodied one true and gentle sentiment; one robust and manly passion; one great and glorious thought?

Why should it not strike out its glorious conceptions, and leave to others, if they dare, ay, if they dare to lay their hands upon the Ark of God, leave to others the labour of completing, of perfecting? The process of revision is a deadening one to Genius. If the critics must be appeased, why may not the poet, or the prose artist employ, as the painter does, a pupil to lay colours upon his draft—or like the sculptor, leave the intermediate chiselling to inferior hands? Why may he not, like Jeremy Bentham, employ a Dumont to give shape to his thought? The merit would still be his own; or in case the world should fail to perceive it, and recognize his claims, what matters it? The thought is there; an accession has been received to the fund of human ideas; beauty, or grace, or power, have been brought forth; and the honour of parentage is unthought of in comparison. Genius is content at the enlargement of good; it seeketh not a recompense; it giveth freely, even as it hath received; and thus it learneth meekness and content.

Genius is always enigmatical to other minds. It hath more than they can comprehend, otherwise it would not be genius. It is always in advance of the age, and therefore cannot be understood by those about it. This is a part of its mission. It is a herald of the light to come; the messenger sent to prepare the way for that which is to come to the world at large. It is sent not for peace, but the sword—to tear asunder the bands of custom, to sever the cords of prejudice, to make room, to lay bare the foundation of the human mind, and teach men that which is within and around them, which they have failed to perceive. It seizeth upon the characteristics of the age, giving to it fixedness and refinement, and then it imparteth an onward progress.

Slowly and surely the race moveth onward, and men arise who become the interpreters of Genius. They ponder upon its sayings, they enlarge, and search out hidden meanings, and become amazed at the marvellous power, and forethought of him, who perhaps was but little heeded while amid them, but whose simple, and earnest, and true soul, had been able to behold a new heaven, and a new earth.

Thus Fame is born to Genius; but it was not for this that it toiled and lived. Age after age rolls on, till the human mind has reached the point to

which the mind of Genius had impelled it, his thought has become the common thought, and then his words cease to be oracular, and he must give place to another, that must and will arise.

The words of Genius may have been rugged, devoid of the graces of a set form of speech, but from thence it may be they are more impressive. Shakspeare speaks not the less powerfully to the heart, that he is deficient in the unities: and spite of the critics, his robust, breathing, living, acting creations sway our sympathies as none others may. We feel their marvellous truth, their marvellous power, their tenderness and beauty, as if they were still acting in our midst. They are not creatures of fancy, but responsible agents, to suffer for their crimes, or be rewarded for their virtues.

By and by we shall learn with Shakspeare a more devout humanity. We shall learn to love it, made up, as it must be, of errors and weaknesses, yet redeeming all things by its glowing affections, its generous impulses, its noble self-sacrifices. We shall take it as it is, with much to love, and much to condemn. We shall learn the effectiveness of truth; that it is not her drapery, but her own simple majesty, that we adore. In this way Shakspeare comes in aid of the great charities of religion.

Genius hath no spirit of appropriation: it is but the voice of humanity. When it becomes the common thought, its tones are laid away upon musty shelf, unsought, except by the curious in old thoughts! Others become the representatives of a genius, and are remembered with an awe, as the embodiment of one department of human thought. Thus the divine pupil of Socrates has become the impersonation of religious thought, independent of revelation, just as Butler has with that superadded. Then do not care to prize what Washington has written, remarkable as it would be from any other man, because his acted patriotism was more sub-

lime than any written theme. We recoil from the pompous periods of Johnson, yet feel that he himself is but another name for moral truth.

Genius must arise in every age, and in all departments of human thought. Then follow its expounders: meek disciples in the footsteps of their master, patient and beautiful searchers after truth, listening reverently to its utterance, calling its words to remembrance, and blessed in that it is given unto them to interpret parables.

Talk not of the neglect, the poverty, the hardships of Genius! In proportion as it is Genius, it is raised above the caring for these things. It hath that within itself that maketh these "light afflictions." It hath a kingdom elsewhere. Its infirmities are not its own, they are but the incongruities of discordant circumstance. It hath more worlds than one subject to its will. It hath the common world, to which the vision of others is restricted, and it hath beside a vast and peopled empire, more bright and beautiful and true, in which it most delighteth to dwell.

Genius hath its sorrows; deeper, more intense than those of which others dream. Often is it led to pray, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," but even in its agony it meekly addeth, "nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

Genius is humanity in its highest development. Not perfect, but strong humanity; thence hath it infinite yearnings, passions calling for indulgence, affections illimitable. It pictureth a paradise of love, and spreadeth forth its hands for objects to meet its boundless desires. Alas! it graspeth but shadows. It asketh too much from those about it. It seeketh an expansion of being equal to its own. It createth an idol. Will love steal for Genius the spark of the Eternal to breathe into it the breath of life?

THE LAST SHOT.

BY MRS. E. OAKS SMITH, AUTHOR OF "SINLESS CHILD."

"The Prince had never been known to fail of his aim; he raised his bow, and a beautiful bird fell bleeding to the earth, which uttered at the same time the mournful words, 'Why did you aim at me sitting.'"—*Arabian Nights*.

An Archer, who ne'er drew his bow
Except at bird upon the wing,
Once bent it at the dancing spray,
Where lurked a bird but born to sing!
The flutter 'mid the glancing boughs,
The herd of vagrant shooters near
Mistled the veteran of the field,
Who thought his wonted quarry here!

And even when the songster fell
Wounded before his very eyes,
Still, still confused the Archer gazed
In feeling half, and half surprise:
The stricken bird might beat its wing,
From pain that he of all would rue—
How could he trace its radiant plume,
Flitting amid that common crew?

A note—a throb—a gush of song!
"That wildwood music! God of grace!
'Tis heaven's own warbler that I hear—
The spirit-song my soul would trace!"
Half cursed, half blessed he then the aim,
Which wounded—but still spared the bird;
Cursed, that he blindly thus should shoot,
But, weeping blessed the song he heard,

And rapt by that pure spirit-strain,
Away from all that charmed before,
He knelt upon his shattered bow,
And vowed that he would shoot no more.
That bird, fresh plumed, with vigorous wing,
More rich in melody they say,
To him in greenwood bower will sing,
Who loves to list the live-long day.

THE PARLOURS, BOTH, ARE OCCUPIED.

A NEW SONG:

DEDICATED TO THE INMATES OF ALL FASHIONABLE BOARDING-HOUSES THROUGHOUT
THE UNITED STATES.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1844, by E. Leslie, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

AD LIBITUM.

The par - lours, both, are oc - cu - pied (and ev' - - ry oth - - er

spot) By couples who a - courting seem, and yet, perhaps they're

not. There are some that court on tab - - our - - ets, placed lov - - ing - - ly to -

gether, And lov - ing - ly they whis - per low - of fashions or the

weather. Some court with - in the ves - ti - bule, and some up - on the

stairs; And many court on ot - to - mans; and ve - - ry few on chairs.

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. It features a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are interspersed between the staves.

And openly without disguise, is all this courting done,
 No matter whether on it shines the gas-light or the sun;
 And so desirous are they still the state of things to prove,
 The more that visitors come in, the more they will not
 move;
 But there they sit and persevere, in spite of hint and glance,
 And people that on business come have very little chance.

And some court at the chequer-board, while others court
 at chess,
 (Though chess-play'rs cannot be in love so much as they
 profess,)

There are some that at backgammon court, half hid be-
 hind a column,

And some would even court at whist, were not the game
 so solemn.

There are some that promenade as if they never meant
 to stop,
 And some that think it policy to institute a hop.

This courting of the young folks is a pretty sight to see,
 But the courting of the married ones had better never be.
 Success to all whose hearts are fixed on objects right and
 true:

We wish, with them, that they could make a shorter
 courtship do.

I'm always glad when any friend invites me out to tea,
 For 'tis very dull to stay at home with no one courting me.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Tell me no more
Of thy soul's lofty gifts! Are they not vain
To quench its burning thirst for happiness?
And happiness! who gains that blessed boon?
None but the good."

ONE of the chief sources from which woman derives her happiness, is the gratification of those tender sensibilities with which she is endowed by nature. Her love, once placed on an object, is as immovable as the insect which grows upon the rock and dies in its struggle to maintain its hold.

It is this tendency, deep and true, of woman's heart, to place her happiness in the inner world of sentiment and feeling, which makes the religion of the Saviour so necessary to her enjoyment as well as improvement. Her duties require that she should cultivate a pious spirit. The excellences of her character cannot be developed without this holy influence. The beauty of her person, even, is very greatly dependent on the cultivation of her religious sensibilities.

It has always been a prominent purpose of the "Lady's Book" to awaken and cultivate these graces of the soul; to form in our young and lovely readers this habit of the heart to acknowledge its dependence on God, and cheerfully employ for good the abilities and influence with which he hath invested them. To this moral power of our work, we are doubtless indebted, in a great degree, for the abiding favour which has attended our periodical. There is always increasing power in moral advancement, which naturally draws the good within its influence as loadstone attracts steel. And while the true heart of woman turns with sympathy to our work, no wonder that, year by year, we gain such numbers of supporters. Many new periodicals for ladies have been established since the "Lady's Book." Some of these have passed away like a New-Year's morning dream, and others retain a place with us in public favour. We have always welcomed the rising of these stars in the firmament of woman's world—the world of fancy and sentiment, of taste and education, of morals and piety. In heaven's sunshine there is light and warmth for all, and they are happiest who rejoice most truly in this diffusion of light and happiness. To spread the sunshine of truth, virtue and intelligence over our wide country, requires the exertions of the good and noble everywhere. Whoever comes to the work is a friend. The only strife should be, which can do the most good. We are satisfied that public sentiment should adjudge the reward to the most worthy.

Our Editors' Table is particularly devoted to this summing up the matter,—the good we would teach, and do. One of the lessons we strive to impress, charity of action as well as feeling, is now exceedingly requisite. "Cold winter is come," and there are among us, those who suffer from want.

It is true, that in our country, few cases of utter destitution present themselves; but still there are poor mothers who toil hard, and can scarcely earn a support for their little ones. They need encouragement at least, if not the assistance of alms. It is much the most kindly charity to pay *good wages* to such poor women, rather than subject them to the necessity of begging. Remember that the servile dependence of begging always degrades, while honest labour, that wins an independent living, exalts the heart and mind of the industrious female.

Do not beat down the poor washer-woman or seamstress to the lowest possible price. Do not neglect to pay them promptly, for they cannot *wait*. They take their own lives and the lives of their children in their hands, when they go to their daily labour. Send them not home to the hunger and cold they must endure, if you, my dear lady, "have not the change" ready. Let kind thoughts warm your own heart, and kind deeds make glad the hearts of those who are, in any way, brought within your influence, and then this cold, bleak month will seem to you radiant with joy and beauty.

The obsolete fashions which we gave last month we are obliged to omit them in this, are such as prevailed about half a century ago. The difference between these and our present modes show, as we think, a decided improvement in public taste; though if we could do, as Peter the Great once did, the progress would be much more apparent.

When that very wise king and very obstinate man undertook to civilize his people, one of his first measures was to make them change their modes of dress. The women, and especially the ladies about the court, were ordered to adopt the English fashions; (what a blessed auxiliary a "Lady's Book" would have been to the autocrat!) and in order to induce them to obey willingly the ukase, he allowed them the great and never before accorded privilege of being invited with the gentlemen to public entertainments, weddings and parties. He ordered also, that the evening should conclude with music and dancing, as he had seen in foreign countries; and he usually attended all these entertainments, to see how his subjects conducted themselves;—whether the *beards* of the gentlemen were really shaven, and the ladies arrayed in the prescribed English fashion.

Of course, there were many grumblers among that class who always cling to the old customs as something sacred. The czar, however, determined to show them that he was not the first, nor the only innovator,—that changes and improvements had always been going on among the people, and all that he had done was only to urge on the good work. So he adopted the following plan.

In the year 1701, a favourite jester of the czar's being about to marry, the monarch ordered all his principal nobility and distinguished foreigners to be invited to the wedding, and commanded that every person should be dressed as were their ancestors two hundred years before, and that the ceremony should be performed in the same antiquated style.

The whole affair is most amusingly described in one of the ancient histories of Peter the Great. The dresses and ceremonies were so ridiculous and extravagant, that the most obstinate admirer of old habits was confounded by the apparent folly of his forefathers in yielding to such absurd fashions; and the Russian people felt convinced that they had not only changed greatly, but also greatly improved.

Those among us who are ever vaunting the superior taste and wise discrimination of our forefathers and foremothers in everything, even in their fashions of dress, should examine Wier's great picture of the Landing at Plymouth. Would such dresses as are there pictured forth, be more consonant with refined taste and enlightened reason than those now worn? Does not the comparison greatly preponderate in favour of those displayed in our plate of "authentic fashions?"

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

"*Prescott's Conquest of Mexico*," the great classical history so long and so anxiously expected by the literary world of Europe and America, has at length made its appearance; and all historical readers are delightedly devouring its contents, while all critical pens unite in extolling its transcendent merits. Indeed, Mr. Prescott is an honour to the literature of his country. Like the old classical historians he ransacks the archives of the whole world for authorities, buys manuscripts and documents at enormous prices, lays under contribution the rich repositories of Spanish and colonial papers, spares no labour, no expense which can furnish materials, and throw light on his subject. He then writes with his mind full of the subject, and revises with the utmost care. The result is a finished composition, possessing all the graces of the richest style, and having the rarer merit of perfect fidelity and truth in the narrative. Mr. Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella* placed him in the very highest rank of living historians. The *Conquest of Mexico* cannot increase his reputation, for the simple reason that it could not be greater; but it will serve to maintain and perpetuate it. The Harpers have published this splendid work in a style befitting its merits. The paper and print are magnificent, and the engravings on steel are by Gratzbach, the best of the London engravers.

Messrs. Harper have commenced the publication of their grand "PICTORIAL BIBLE," the most beautiful illustrated book of our country. The engravings surpass all the previous efforts of Adams, the greatest of American engravers on wood; and Chapman has surpassed himself in the designs. These numbers are perfectly gorgeous in appearance. The brilliancy of the paper, print and engraving even surpass the productions of the London and Paris presses. Copies of this Bible may be had of R. G. Berford, No. 101 Chestnut St., and Lindsay & Blakiston, Chestnut and Fourth.

Messrs. J. & H. G. Langley, of New York, have just published "*Melaia, and Other Poems*," by Eliza Cook, in a style of elegance quite unusual in this country. It is on the finest and smoothest paper, with rich embellishments on steel, and a dazzling binding. The author has great popularity among the poets of the day on account of the fine tone of feeling which pervades all her works, the richness of her style, the fortunate choice of her subjects, and the smooth melody of her versification. The volume is as handsome a present as one could desire to make to his best friend on a holiday, or the anniversary of his birth.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. and George S. Appleton have just published "*The Young Student, or Ralph and Victor*," by Madame Guizot. From the French, by Samuel Jackson, three volumes complete in one. This is a very delightful work, full of good instruction and pleasing entertainment for young people. It is embellished with fine engravings by Lossing.

Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston have published "*In-troits: or Ante-Communion Psalms for the Sundays and Holy-Days throughout the year*." It is a very elegant little volume, like all which proceed from the same press, and will form a very desirable manual of devotional poetry.

Mr. Edward Dunigan of New York, has published Dr. Moehler's "*Symbolism; or Exposition of the Doctrinal Differences between Catholics and Protestants, as evidenced by their Symbolical Writings*." This work is a complete account of the various Christian sects, based on their own confessions of faith, and treated by a learned and candid writer of the Catholic church. Every reader and writer on the existing controversy between the Protestant and Catholic churches will deem it necessary to possess himself of this volume.

Mr. R. G. Berford, No. 101 Chestnut St., Philadelphia,

has published in the popular cheap form, "*Family Pride, or the Palace and the Poor-House*," the first number of Berford's Library of American Romance. The story is from the pen of T. S. Arthur, one of the most popular of American writers, and will attract universal attention and interest.

Mr. Alexander V. Blake, of New York, has published the original "*Robinson Crusoe*" of De Foe complete, with numerous engravings on wood. The work is on fine paper, and is done up in a richly gilt cover. No book for young people is so full of attraction as this. The style is the purest English, and the incidents are irresistibly fascinating to all classes of readers.

The same publisher is issuing a very desirable series of books called the "*Youth's Library for the Parlour*." Among the volumes already published, are "*Anecdotes of American Indians*," illustrating their eccentricities of character, and "*Beauties of American History*," both by the author of "*Evenings in Boston*," "*Ramon, the Rover of Cuba*," &c., a well known historical and biographical writer. The collection also embraces "*Northcote's Fables*," richly embellished, "*The Juvenile Companion*," "*Hutton's Book of Nature laid Open*," and a curious and very entertaining little volume, entitled the "*Science of Common Things*." From the care bestowed on the preparation and embellishment of these volumes, they are particularly suited for school and family libraries, and they are destined to have an extensive circulation.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have published in a single 8vo. volume "*Tom Burke of Ours*," the last and best of Lever's novels. The art of writing in detached portions, each having a complete unity, and all connected by a plot, has been carried to greater perfection by Lever than by any of his cotemporaries.

Messrs. Carey & Hart continue the publication of the "*Cyclopaedia of Chemistry*." By Messrs. Booth and Boye, eminent chemists of this city. It is issued in monthly numbers, richly embellished with engravings, at 25 cts. a number.

The same publishers also continue Parnell's "*Applied Chemistry in Manufactures, Arts and Domestic Economy*," in the same style, and at the same price. The value of these works will be duly appreciated not only by those who make a business of any of the useful arts, but also by all who are willing to adapt science to domestic economy.

"*The Pictorial History of the United States*," by Professor Frost, continues to be issued in monthly numbers, and has now reached its eleventh. The work fully sustains the reputation with which it commenced. New varieties of embellishment are introduced as the numbers proceed. The historical portraits are very beautifully done, and the battle pieces are highly spirited and exciting. We propose to treat our readers with some more specimens of the embellishments of this beautiful work. The literary portion of the work is remarkable for clearness and vivacity in the style, and succinctness in the narration of facts. Few reflections are introduced, and only those which are pertinent to the matter in hand.

OUR FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

WE here, with the exception of the third figure, give three beautiful in-door dresses,—to attempt a description of which would be paying a poor compliment to our lady readers. We give them as they are, and they describe themselves.

Fig. 3.—Dress of gros de Naples, plain waist half high. Corsage trimmed with a bias fold and gimp; inside worked handkerchief; the top of the sleeve is plain, the lower

part gathered, and a band running from the top of the cap to the wrist, forming a puffing on each side. A rich cashmere scarf drawn bonnet passing round the front, and trimmed with rosettes of ribbon.

FOR MARCH.

Our readers may look in this month's number for the spring fashions. From information already received from our Paris correspondent, something very rich may be expected.

CHITCHAT OF FASHIONS.

Furs are all the rage in Philadelphia this winter. Pelisses are trimmed round, and in some instances lined with light furs, ermine, squirrel, chinchilla, &c. Mantillas and scarfs are sometimes entirely lined or trimmed with fur, such as fitch blue, fox, martin, squirrel, or long white fur. Large pelerines of fur having two long ends descending in front with commodious arm-holes, are also much worn.

Evening ball dresses are very pretty when each skirt is bordered with a triple embroidery, such as those of gauze, and coloured silk and gold upon a white ground, and others in tulle, upon which are placed flowers formed of dots of lace, each being encircled with a light silver thread, producing an effect somewhat resembling that of silver lace, and which is really beautiful when worn over a skirt of pale pink or blue. Those of the tarlatan muslin retain favour; they are generally embroidered in a stripe or wreath, embroidered in silk to imitate gold. The corsage green, and open single skirt, also *à la grecque*.

BONNETS.—There is no very important change in the shape of bonnets; those which are most admired are in velvet of two colours, such as those in pale violet, lined with citron colour, and ornamented with bunches of twisted marabouts; the interior decorated with violets interspersed with roses. Others in green velvet, lined with the same material in white, and decorated with a long green feather carelessly placed over the front; others in black velvet, are generally trimmed with bunches of the *rose-thé*, or Bengal roses, the interior decorated with two small bunches to match. If there is any difference in the shape of the bonnets, it is in the depth of the sides, which are rather shorter, and the back part slightly raised. Ribbons are more used for the trimming of the interior of the bonnets than the flowers, and very few ladies are seen now without those elegant large veils. A very pretty style of bonnet has lately appeared, made of white satin, and trimmed under the brim with three rows of plaited satin; the brim or the exterior having a row of the same encircling it, only narrower. The left side of this hat is decorated with a bouquet of roses.

Small white bonnets setting far back on the head are much in vogue.

ROBES DE CHAMBRE.—At this season of the year we know of nothing so truly luxurious, as a comfortable, warm, and elegant *robe de chambre*; for instance, those of cashmere, of a beautiful light green, with facings of velvet of a shade darker than the dress, or those in violet and straw colour; they are always embroidered with a twist of silk of two shades, or one in dark blue cashmere, lined with orange satin, and encircled with a fine silk *filet*, shaded blue and orange, and slightly full upon the dress like a lace would be. The sleeves are moderately full, and are also trimmed with a narrower fringe from the opening which commences at the bend of the arm, and is rounded at the back.

CLOAKS.—Although those now in vogue are almost too numerous to mention, we feel compelled to select a few of those which have just appeared; in particular, one composed of cashmere, the colour gray, having a slight tint of red, the skirt being very full, and large cape, richly embroidered, quilted, and worked in a raised style; the large cape is cut in the form of a pelerine at the back, and terminates in the front in two long ends; this cape is also made sufficiently deep to cover the arm-holes, sitting likewise in easy folds over the shoulders.

Another very graceful style of cloak, are those which are made in lilac satin, and rounded on each side of the front; edged all round with a broad band of fur. The back part of this cloak is made plain at the top, but the front is slightly full on the top of the shoulders, where it is decorated with three large silk buttons. A band of fur, the same as that which edges the cloak, is placed under the third button, descending the whole length of the cloak to the edge, and covering the arm-holes; five buttons are placed at distances upon this band; the top of the cloak is finished with a small fur collar, fastened in front with two broad strings of ribbon velvet, having tassels at the end of each.

OUR JANUARY NUMBER.

Our pride! The universal voice of the press has pronounced that number the best issue of a monthly periodical in the Republic. Certainly we were at great expense to produce such a number, but we were determined to show what could be perfected by one who has for fourteen years catered anxiously for the females of the United States, and who has, during that time, received their almost undivided support. It has been usual for publishers who have been so long connected with a magazine as ourself, to fall off gradually in their efforts, thinking that they have done enough; but we will leave it to our many readers who commenced with us in 1830, whether they have not every year perceived a gradual increase of attraction.

Our mezzotints in last number, it will be acknowledged, were of the first order of merit. Our *fashion plate* was a novelty. *Croome's vase* was decidedly the wonder of the month.

The following notice is one of some hundred that we have received.

From the True Whig, Goshen, N. Y.

There seems to have been quite an excitement among the publishers of periodicals this month. The strife has run high. Every effort appears to have been used by each individual to make his or her magazine outshine all others. Well, the result of all this is, we have for January some of the handsomest periodicals that probably have ever been issued in this country. In examining them as they came to hand, it would seem that none could exceed this one in beauty, nor could a more magnificent one be conceivable until the eye had actually rested upon another with still additional beauty. At length, Godey's Lady's Book made its appearance, and in its beauty, as Aaron's transformed rod, swallowed up all those of the Magicians.

It is hardly necessary for us to state that we give

THE MONTHLY FASHIONS

not printed in colours, but coloured from life after having been printed. It is useless for others to *pretend* to give fashions, for Godey's Lady's Book is the standard that governs the female dress of this Republic. It has been for fourteen years, and it will so continue.

OUR FEBRUARY NUMBER

contains—The Queen of England, and her two eldest children, a beautiful engraving by Dick, and an historical print of the children of Edward, by Humphreys. This picture shows correctly the fashion of dress at the time. It is a thrilling subject. The anxiety of the children, the watching of the dog, the gleaming light through the door—all tend to make it an illustration of great interest. Our usual beautiful plate of fashions, and an original satirical song by Miss Leslie, written expressly for "The Book."

ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY SULLY AND OTHERS.

We have now in engravers' hands several very beautiful original designs by celebrated artists of our own and sister cities.

☞ A little gum arabic dissolved in water, and applied to the back of any of the seals in December number, will cause them to adhere firmly to a letter.



W. Croome

A. W. Graham

LAUREL HILL.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

MARCH, 1844.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

(See Plate.)

THOSE who have read this charming work, (Paul and Virginia) will need no explanation of the scene portrayed. They will immediately recognize the two lovely children returning from the Blank river, whither they had gone to intercede for the forgiveness of a poor fugitive slave, whom they persuaded to return to her master, a rich planter of the Island. For the gratification of our young readers, who may not have had the pleasure of perusing the book, we will give the description in the inimitable manner it is told by St. Pierre.

"They climbed up the precipice they had descended, and having gained the summit, seated themselves at the foot of a tree, overcome with fatigue, hunger and thirst. They had left their cottage fasting, and walked five leagues since break of day. Paul said to Virginia—'My dear sister, it is just noon, and I am sure you are hungry and thirsty;—we shall find no dinner here; let us go down the mountain again, and ask the master of the poor slave for some food.'

"'Oh, no!' answered Virginia—'he frightens me too much. Remember what mamma sometimes says—'The bread of the wicked is like stones in the mouth.'"

"'What shall we do then?' said Paul—'these trees produce no fruit; and I shall not be able to find even a tamarind or lemon to refresh you.'

"Scarcely had he pronounced these words when they heard the dashing of waters which fell from a neighbouring rock. They ran thither, and having quenched their thirst at this crystal spring, they gathered a few cresses which grew on the borders

of the stream. While they were wandering in the woods in search of more solid nourishment, Virginia descried a young palm tree. The kind of cabbage which is found at the top of this tree, enfolded within the leaves, forms an excellent sustenance; but although the stalk or trunk of this tree was not thicker than a man's leg, it was above sixty feet in height. The wood of this tree is composed of fine filaments, but the bark is so hard that it turns the edge of the hatchet, and Paul had not even a knife. At length he thought of setting fire to the palm tree; but a new difficulty occurred, he had no steel with which to strike fire; and though the whole Island (Mauritius or the Isle of France) is covered with rocks, not a flint is to be found. Necessity, however, is fertile in expedients, and the most useful inventions have arisen from men placed in the most destitute situations. Paul determined to kindle a fire in the manner he had seen practised by the negroes. With the sharp end of a stone he made an incision in the branch of a tree that was quite dry, which he held between his feet. He then sharpened another dry branch of a different sort of wood, and then placing the sharp point in the hole of the branch under his feet, he commenced turning it rapidly between his hands; in a few seconds smoke and sparks of fire issued from the point of contact. Paul then heaped together dry leaves and branches, and soon set fire to the palm tree, which burned and fell to the ground. The fire was useful to him in stripping off the long thick leaves which enclosed the cabbage.

"After these children had refreshed themselves

with this simple food, which they greatly enjoyed, because they were thinking and talking of the good which they hoped they had done for the poor slave, still the idea of their mothers, and the uneasiness they must feel at their long absence, would intrude. Virginia often recurred to the subject, but Paul, who felt his strength renewed by their meal, assured her that it would not be long before they reached home. 'The sun,' said he, 'shines full upon our cottages at noon. We must pass, as we did this morning, over that mountain with its three points, which you see yonder. Come, let us go.'"

"They walked on slowly through the woods, but from the height of the trees, and the thickness of their foliage, they soon lost sight of the mountain with the three peaks, by which they had directed their course, and even of the sun, which was now setting. At length they wandered, without perceiving it, into a labyrinth of rocks and trees, which appeared to have no opening. Paul made Virginia sit down, while he ran backwards and forwards half frantic, in search of some path which might lead them out of the thick wood; but all his researches were vain, and he began to weep.

"'Do not weep, my dear brother,' said Virginia, 'or I shall die of grief. I am the cause of all your sorrow, and of all that our mothers suffer at this moment. I find we ought to do nothing, not even what we think is good, without consulting our parents. Oh! I have been very imprudent,' and she burst into tears. But in a moment she raised her head, and said to Paul—'Let us pray to God, my dear brother, and he will hear us.'

"Scarcely had they finished their prayer when they heard the barking of a dog. 'It is the dog of some hunter,' said Paul, 'who comes at night to lay in wait for the stags.'

"Soon after the dog barked again, with more violence. 'Surely,' said Virginia, 'it is Fidele, our own Fidele. Yes, I know his voice. We are at the foot of our own mountain! We are near home.'

"A moment after, and Fidele was at their feet, barking, howling and crying, and devouring them with caresses. Before they had recovered from their surprise they saw Domingo, their old faithful negro servant, running towards them! Oh! what joy was this."

TO —.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

I woo'd thee not as others woo,
By flattery's magic spell;
For oh! I knew—what joy was mine—
Thy woman's heart too well.
The lute by zephyrs idly touch'd,
Returns no answering strain,
Thy bosom's chords could not respond
To aught so light and vain.

I woo'd thee not with costly gifts,
Or gems from India's mine;
They might the *hand* of beauty gain,
But not a *heart* like thine.
The violet yieldeth not for gold
Its fragrant loveliness;
And the rich treasures of thy love
No sordid vows could bless.

I woo'd thee not with deeds enrolled
Upon the scroll of fame—
Nor that her meteor light was shed
Around my humble name:
Thou'rt like the flower that to the sun
Its bright eye turneth still;
Though fair or clouded, whispering,
"Thine own through good or ill."

I woo'd thee with the words of truth,
And won thee for my bride;
Mine is the priceless boon which thou
To others hast denied—
A heart more pure than snow which lies
Where foot hath never trod;
Where faith, as from her native home,
Still looketh up to God.

I woo'd thee—and whate'er my lot,
Since I can call thee mine—
Though storms may gather round my way,
Or sunbeams brightly shine—
I care not, for thy love can make
Affliction's chalice sweet;
Though by thy side life's *golden* hours
On angel wings would fleet.

I woo'd thee—and from that blest hour
When on thy youthful brow
The seal of earthly love was set—
My spirit breath'd a vow
To guard unsullied to the last
The treasure thou hast given;
That when life's o'er, our souls may meet
With purer joy in heaven.

LAUREL HILL.

(See Plate.)

"Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration
What is now due debt."—SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*.

"Let us
Find out the prettiest daisied spot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave."—*Ibid*.

On a former occasion we presented our readers with a view of the beautiful group of statuary by Thom, which adorns the entrance to the splendid cemetery of Laurel Hill. But he who has only seen the sculptured legend of Old Mortality, has seen but one of a thousand beauties which commend this lovely spot, not only to the man of taste, but to all who entertain one of the purest sentiments of humanity, reverence for the dead.

The graphic pencil of Croome enables us now to conduct our readers within the inclosure, and show them a portion of the cemetery and of the prospect down the Schuylkill from the highest part of the grounds. This view affords a few examples of the variety of styles adopted by those who, from time to time, have testified their affection and respect for the departed by the decorations of the sculptor's art which they have lavished upon their monuments, and at the same time it exhibits a characteristic specimen of the rural beauties of the place. Our friend Croome has shown his usual good taste in the selection of his point of view, and his usual skill in the delineation of the striking features of the scene. But no painter—no poet can do full justice to the beauties of Laurel Hill. There is something in the atmosphere of the place which comes over the spirit like echoed music or remembered affection, soothing even the most worldly minded into religious awe and the desire of a happy immortality. A funeral here is not like a funeral in any other place. The quiet and still air of the scenery—the measured sounds of the funeral service in that beautiful chapel, far removed from the din of worldly business and turmoil, the noiseless tread of the mourners on the smooth turf, as they follow the departed, slowly winding their way among those marble mementoes of our common destiny, while the "ever whispering pines" send forth their soul-like music over head, and the weeping willows bend to the passing breeze—these give a character and tone to the funeral services of this favoured spot, such as we may look for in vain where pomp and noise, the glitter of metropolitan processions and the roar of national cannon attend the great and famous of Europe to their last home. Père la Chaise boasts more costly monuments, but it is not

so desirable a resting place for "the weary sojourner of earth," as Laurel Hill.

We could expatiate for hours upon this theme, but believing that our readers may entertain some curiosity with respect to the origin and history of this cemetery, we prefer to offer them a few facts respecting it, which we have been at some pains to collect.

The project of a rural cemetery for Philadelphia originated with Mr. John J. Smith, Jr. in the year 1835. He buried a lovely daughter in the city in March of that year, and was much distressed to find the coffin deposited in the clay soil, the grave partially filled with water. It is a fact that most of the grave yards of Philadelphia, if, indeed, *all* are not so, are found to consist of clay, such as is used for making brick; when a grave is dug, the hollow becomes a *cup*, the bottom and sides retain the water; and our citizens, without knowing it, or inquiring into the subject, have for a century practised a mode of interment as revolting as that of New Orleans, where the bodies were for a long period deposited in the saturated moist morass on which the city is built. Subsequent investigation having satisfied Mr. Smith of these facts, and that the city of Philadelphia had been increasing of late years at such a rate that the living population had multiplied beyond the means of accommodation for the dead, he called a meeting of five citizens on the 14th of November 1835, to consult on the feasibility of the plan. Of the gentlemen who met, three others besides Mr. Smith expressed their approbation of the plan, and determined to prosecute it. The original and present managers are John J. Smith, Jr., Nathan Dunn, Benjamin W. Richards, and Frederick Brown.

Subsequent applications to many others to lend their aid and countenance to the project were made, but all, while they generally approved the project in itself, declined advancing pecuniary aid, on the plea that our citizens were too much attached to the customs of their ancestors, to the churches, and so forth, ever to countenance so great an innovation. Nowise discouraged, these four gentlemen proceeded to seek for a suitable site for the cemetery, and at length in February 1836, the infant

association was successful in purchasing a place in every respect the best in our vicinity for the purpose, situated on the river Schuylkill, about four miles from the city. It embraces within its circuit a series of beautiful views of surrounding water and land prospects, unrivalled in picturesque beauty. The soil is a dry gravel mixed with loam, varied in occasional spots by a still drier substance, a disintegrated soft rock.

A large outlay, amounting to little less than *one hundred thousand dollars*, without calculating interest, having been made with judgment and great taste, a fine Doric entrance built, a Gothic chapel erected, trees and shrubs in great number, and of choice and expensive varieties having been planted, a very expensive wall and beautiful fences completed, an act of incorporation was obtained from the legislature of Pennsylvania. While, however, these expensive improvements were going on, great doubts were expressed by many of the success of the undertaking, and we have seen the memoranda of Mr. Smith, made in the autumn of 1836, in which even his sanguine disposition is made to feel doubtful of a pecuniary return. But the subject of decent interment is one of universal interest, because all have lost relatives or friends whose last resting place has made more or less impression upon survivors. As soon as this beautiful spot was enclosed and surveyed mathematically into separate plots, it was opened for sale to individual purchasers. The public voice at once responded to the usefulness of the undertaking, purchasers flocked in by hundreds; all doubt of success was dissipated. The first four years saw the books of the company registered with the names of eight hundred of our most responsible families in every walk of life, thus preparing for themselves a place of decent sepulture, apart from the crowded and thronged walks of the city, where the dead repose not, except surrounded by noises of discordant cries, the rumbling of carts and fire-engines, and immersed in their clayey, moist beds.

No place of this kind, we venture to say, has ever received so spontaneous a flow of patronage; the dead were removed from their narrow and confined receptacles in the town to this rural "daisied" repository, by friends, anxious, with that natural and true feeling of the human mind, conspicuous even among the savage red men of America, to provide a suitable place of deposit for departed mortality, where their remains could rest secure from desecration till time should do its work.

The first person interred at Laurel Hill was *Mrs. Mercy Carlisle*, wife of Abraham Carlisle. She had frequently viewed the improvements as they proceeded, and exacted from one of her family a promise that she should be interred under a beautiful group of five large Weymouth pines in the centre of the ground. In three weeks from the date of her solemnly expressed wish, she was a corpse, and with pious care was interred according to her wish; her husband and two grandchildren now sleep beside her remains.

Laurel Hill, in addition to its very numerous and peculiar attractions has a hallowed interest by possessing monuments over the remains of some of our most eminent American citizens, whose names attract universal homage. Among these, conspicuous above others, is an obelisk of granite to commemorate the virtues of *Charles Thomson*, the first and long the confidential Secretary of the Continental Congress, who obtained the enviable name of "the Man of Truth" both from the white man and the Indian natives. His signature gave currency to every thing he authenticated. He died at the advanced age of 95. His remains were brought from their neglected resting place on his own farm in Montgomery county, and a handsome tribute paid to his memory by his nephew and heir, John Thomson, Esq., of Newark, Delaware. In an article limited as ours is for space, we can barely enumerate a few other worthies who here repose.

General Hugh Mercer, who fell in the glorious cause of American freedom at the battle of Princeton, has been removed to this cemetery, and a monument erected by his countrymen. It is the large structure near the centre of the plot.

Commodore Isaac Hull selected Laurel Hill for his last resting place, and his widow is now engaged in carrying out the minute directions left by the Commodore as to the improvements he desired.

Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant, has also been brought to this necropolis, and a handsome monument erected over his remains by the Mercantile Library Company.

Joseph S. Lewis, to whom our citizens are indebted for the introduction of Schuylkill water, here rests under a superb mausoleum with a most exquisite *alto-relievo* representation of our city water works, and a suitable inscription.

Julius R. Friedlander, the friend of the friendless blind, *John Vaughan*, and other friends of mankind, are suitably commemorated by obelisks.

More recently the remains of *Isaac R. Jackson, Esq.*, late representative of our country at the court of Denmark, were deposited here; and a monument suitable to his distinguished merit and rank will soon mark the spot where they repose.

The beautiful custom of planting flowers over and around the graves of departed friends, is here practised with great taste. The planting of the cemetery has received the most sedulous care of Mr. Smith, whose personal attention on the spot has been unremitted for seven years. The curator informs us that Mr. S. has planted with his own hands twenty-four hundred trees, shrubs and roots; an attention to this department which has already made Laurel Hill to approach more to the character of an arboretum than any other similar spot.

"Honour to them," says a recent writer, "who have improved the public taste of our city by opening gardens like that at Laurel Hill, where dust to its narrow house may peacefully retire, and the winds of heaven may pour through the branching trees solemn music for its requiem."

THE CROSS ENGLISHMAN.

BY A TRAVELLER.

LOVE of one's country is doubtless a virtue, and a man who is wanting in the instincts which ripen into this sentiment, has a defect of character by which he individually, and the community in which he lives, are losers. Strange that so amiable a quality as this should be liable to such gross perversion. Why can we not cherish our country without a feeling of ill will to others? Other countries may be great and prosperous, without diminishing *our* greatness or *our* prosperity. Why cannot we be satisfied without comparisons? But so it is, and must long continue to be. If the United States had the Connecticut for its north-eastern boundary, we should entertain very different feelings towards, and opinions of, the people across the river, from those now entertained, and the Sabine limits our sympathies on the south-west. When war prevailed among nations, there was some excuse for the bitter feelings between them, extending even to individuals. Perhaps it is the impression of the sentiments then engendered that we are now subject to, and if the present condition of peace should be maintained, the bad side of our virtue of patriotism might not appear so obtrusively as now. An English liberal observed to me that he despaired of any modification of the constitution of his country until the generation who remembered the guillotine had passed away.

Our history will always have that in it which will tend to produce unkind feelings on the part of American youth toward our mother country; but perhaps those who only remember "the last war" are more reasonable than their grandfathers, who were actors in the events of the revolution, or their fathers, who had lively recollections of these, and took their part in the doings of the second contest. I confess myself, when thinking of England, to have been always labouring with recollections of the burning of Washington, the attack on Baltimore, and the probable march against Philadelphia. The deep distress and close anxiety which pervaded the mind of my mother when my father was in camp, cannot be effaced from my recollection. The light in which the English tourists who came among us after the peace of 1814 held up the country and its institutions served not a little to keep up this feeling, and as I grew up, there was always a struggle in my mind between the desire to be reasonable, and the influence of early impressions. The Englishman of my fancy often remained the "John Bull" exhibited in the caricatures of the "Wasp and Frolic," the "Constitution and Guerriere," and the like. Prejudice takes sly opportunities to overcome one, and when we think we have escaped

from her, suddenly stoops down in our path, trips up our heels, and over we go, to our infinite mortification, if not to our personal damage. In some such way prejudice brought me to the ground early one misty morning in Glasgow, giving me a fall and a lesson.

The evening before I had been laughing with a friend over the various matters which an American traveller might collect in Britain as offsets to the amiable incidents in American life which fill the pages of Hall, Hamilton and Trollope. I had gone so far as to give him the table of contents of a chapter or two of Trollopiana, as we agreed to call the work. This chat must have called up the phantasm of John Bull, the cross-grained surly fellow of my youthful fancy, though I had then no notion of the sort. I was to visit the Clyde Iron works with this friend, and to set out in the earliest train of railroad cars which passed the works. The short days of winter in the latitude of Glasgow make six o'clock appear very early, and when the porter knocked at my door, there was not a stray ray of sunlight to give a hope of day. The street lamps were wrapped in mist, and there was a chill upon the air which sunk into the very marrow. Think how desolate to leave one's bed on such a morning before six to face a driving mist! My teeth fairly chattered while dressing, and it required no small resolution to pass the coffee-room, where a coal-fire was blazing, before which the drowsy porter sat, to tempt the morning air. I did pass, however, and found my way to the front door. It was double and triple bolted, and would not let me out. I rattled the bolts as loudly as was consistent with the peace of the lodgers, expecting that the drowsy porter in the coffee-room would come to my relief—not so. Not a little irritated at his indifference, I dashed towards the room to awaken him, and on reaching the door, saw him still at the fire, his face resting between his open palms, taking that uneasy sort of snooze which the failing muscles of the arms resting upon the knees permits: I called, perhaps somewhat sharply, for the fellow's conduct was vexatious, "come open the door for me." I had roused a sleeping tiger in the shape of a fellow lodger! The effect of my words fairly electrified me. He raised his face from his hands, turned upon me two bloodshot eyes, the expression of which, all unsuited to the occasion, was exactly that of Cain in David's picture of the first murderer meditating his brother's death. "Call the porter!" were his uncivil words, spoken in a loud and angry tone. "Surly monster" was on my lips, as the porter passed and opened the door. How

differently, thought I, as I walked along the dimly lighted streets to the house of my Scotch friend, how differently should I have been treated in a hotel at home by a fellow lodger. This cross-grained Englishman is incensed at being taken for a servant, perhaps does not choose to do what he considers a menial service. We Americans have doubtless our infirmities, but we are disposed to render mutual assistance in such circumstances as these. How much more amiable our habit than this selfish English way, which requires every man to take care of himself, and this surly fashion of always standing on one's dignity.

Exercise soon removed the hotel and out-door chill from my system, set my spirits into their more usual flow, and enabled me as we wended our way together to the railroad depot to give my Scotch friend a new chapter of "Trollopiana," in which the "cross Englishman" figured as the hero.

We had paid for our tickets, taken the places which their numbers assigned to us in the cars, the bell rang once and twice its warning, the noise of escaping steam had ceased, the engine had begun to wheeze, and we to move forward, when a person appeared through the mist, running as a man does only when a thought too late for the railroad car; it was my fellow lodger of Comrie's hotel, "the cross Englishman." Now he had a right to be angry—with his watch—with himself—with the cabman—with the cook—the conductor's watch,—something, or somebody. On we went—there was no help for him. It was too much to ask of me or my friend to sympathize very deeply in the present obvious anger of the belated "cross Englishman."

Great is the wealth which the Clyde iron works have yielded to Glasgow, iron transmuted into gold by the agency of coal. The use of heated air instead of cold in the furnace blast has added greatly

to the profit of the iron manufacture. It was an interesting sight to see the streams of molten iron and slag flowing from the furnace mouth with a fluidity which only the hot air blast gives. Coal reducing the iron from its ore, and melting it; coal heating the air for the blast; coal raising steam to drive the bellows.

The various ingenious modes of heating the air occupied us long in their examination. I hoped that my countrymen would have the good sense to send some one to examine these works, to obtain thus cheaply the experience of others instead of acquiring it by the loss of their capital and time. French engineers of mines had been here upon the spot, had obtained minute information, and made elaborate drawings of every part of the works and machinery. The morning wore on, breakfast time had passed, the fresh air had sharpened our appetites; we began to make our way out of the labyrinth of furnaces built and building, piles of iron and ore, coal and coke, towards a village near by, when who should appear at a distance, coming along the path we were ascending, but the "cross Englishman."

Now for a *pleasant* meeting, said my friend, the path is too narrow to escape contact. We neared each other, suddenly the same impulse appeared to move the cross Englishman and me,—we quickened the pace with which we were approaching each other,—to the consternation of my Scotch friend we broke from a walk into a run, we rushed together with arms stretched forwards—and my hand was in the grasp—the cordial—friendly grapple of the "cross Englishman!" He was an early tried, kind friend from home, on the errand of inquiring into those very iron mysteries—a genuine true-hearted Yankee, who by a disturbed night's rest, and the spirit of national prejudice, had been converted into a "cross Englishman."

SHELLEY.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

THY sky-lark emblems thee, her gushing song
 Flooding the heavens with music, as away
 She soars with glad heart in the dawning day,
 Fanning the odorous air with pinions strong—
 Nor to her wondrous melody belong
 Notes wilder, deeper, sweeter, more divine,
 Or spirit-ravishing, oh bard! than thine!
 Yet woe! that thou shouldst beautify the wrong,
 And o'er the brow of sensualism throw
 Splendors that blind the gazer with their glow,
 And hide deformities that, else, repel—
 Ah! that thy song had, like the lark's, been given
 A willing offering at the gates of heaven!
 So might in holiest hearts its music dwell.

Yet may we bless thee for thy faith in Man—
 Thy hate of hollow forms and hoary lies,
 And creeds that wall about old tyrannies,
 Placing the free soul underneath their ban—
 For strong impulses and high hopes that can
 O'erleap the present, and with prophet-tone
 Tell when oppression shall be overthrown,
 And love and freedom all the nations span!
 Oh, had that life, so long baptized in tears,
 Filled up the measure of maturer years,
 Thy soul had struggled from its dreary haze,
 Flung to the wind its doubts, and in the night
 Of truth made free, shone forth serenely bright,
 A star of hope to all succeeding days!

THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE THIRD.

A VERY rainy morning prevented the young Manderfields from taking their accustomed ramble; and Juliet had frequent stair-case-and-passage interviews with Mrs. Blagden; that lady going up and down even more than usual. Towards evening, having presided at the early tea-table of the children, Mrs. Manderfield departed with her husband for the dinner to which they were engaged, and from whence they were to adjourn to the opera.

Just after the coach had driven from the door, their servant girl Nanny came up to say—"Young masters and misseses, for all I an't none of Mrs. Blaggen's maid, and looks for nothing paticular for my trouble (that is, nothing to speak of) I'm being so good as to come up a carrying a messenger from her; becuse why, her own Jem and Jenny has their hands full (or petends to have) on account of the compny. Not that, for what I see, neither of them an't worth their wictuals, now or never."

Nanny was always very loquacious, except in the presence of her master and mistress, as she called Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield to the great amusement of the boys.

"And what is the message?" inquired Charles.

"Why, the short and the long of it is"—replied Nanny—"Mrs. Blaggen told me to come up and say as how she thinks you'd better all come down afore the compny begins; so as to get good placeses to see Mr. Knight."

"Tell Mrs. Blagden we are much obliged to her"—said Juliet.

"Nanny"—said the kind-hearted little Laura—"I wish you could see Mr. Knight yourself."

"Oh! for matter o' that, Miss"—replied Nanny—"Mrs. Blaggen has a promised me leave to look through any key-hole I please; if so be as I'll be sure to remerember to keep down on my kneeses, and make myself smallish, and not be in nobody elses way; and not be greedy of peeps, so as to take more than my shear, and not leave enough to her own rightful sarvants (which is two) when they wants a peep. Though I can't see why she don't make Jenny stir about, and do all the work, and not keep that ere Jem. For boyeses an't never of no use, only to idle about, and dewour wictuals and give sauce. I'm sure I shouldn't care if so be as I never laid my eyeses upon a boy again as long as I live—begging pardon of them what's young masters."

"You need not beg their pardons at all, Nanny"—said Juliet, trying to look grave.

"To be sure Miss"—said Nanny—"you've a

right to know what boyeses is. But I must hurry down, and get my tea, and have it over. Mrs. Blaggen must be done her'n by this time; for all she drinks four cups with brem butter to suit. She took it into the kitching this evening to save the parlourses, becuse why, they're smartened up for compny. I warrant that ere Jem is all the time a grinning and making faceses at her back! And if she was to offer to box his earses, he'd call out in a minute he'd have the law of her. He says he was boy once to a lawyer that did not know how to make money and keep out of scrapeses, and so was took to Newgate. I wish Jem had been took with him."

Nanny departed; and the young Manderfields soon after descended to Mrs. Blagden's front-parlour, which they found "smartened up" with fresh flowers in the bow-pots, as the two china jars on the mantel-piece were called; and four tall mould candles decorated with cut-paper in tall bright brass candlesticks, a clean chintz cover on the sofa, and the usual green baize removed from the carpet. A large upright folding screen forming a sort of hollow-square was placed before the door that opened into the back parlour, and it was through the key-hole of this door that the servants took their peeps. Within the inclosure of the screen was a chair and a little round table, with a candle on it, and several articles called in theatrical language "properties."

Mrs. Blagden was a tall thin personage, and therefore rejoiced in what she considered a very genteel figure. She had an amazingly small face and features. The boys thought that (like the people in one of the Spectator's moral and amusing dreams) she must have exchanged her original head for that of some woman very diminutive in size. But, happily for her, she regarded her small-featured countenance as one of infantine delicacy.

She was drest, on the present occasion, in her gala suit. The fashionable female attire of that period was remarkably tasteless and unbecoming; and as usual, it was caricatured by the ladies of the *bourgeoisie*. Among other disfigurements, powder was not yet quite banished from the hair of the women, except among the higher classes, and *they*, indeed, had but recently discarded it. So Mrs. Blagden's hair was well-powdered; the custom lingering long among those whose locks had been touched with silver by the relentless fingers of Time. On the top of her head she wore a sort of jockey-cap of black satin with a gilt band and buckle. It had no strings, but was stuck on, (painfully, we fear,) by two pins about a foot in length headed with large bright knobs. A strange

custom then prevailed in England, of ladies (and even little girls) when drest for company, wearing their bonnets in the house. Round the neck of Mrs. Blagden was closely folded a white muslin cravat tied with a great bow in front. These cravats (sometimes so large as to bury the chin) had been adopted by ladies as well as gentlemen, in compliment to the prince of Wales. Mrs. Blagden's open gown of black and red striped silk, retired back to display a white muslin petticoat trimmed with a deep knotted fringe, or fringe knotting, left from the large quantity of that article which she had made for her curtains, &c. Round her waist was a sash of thick blue ribbon, "particularly long and wide," on which were printed three "pictures;" on the front a broad oval representing Palemon and Lavinia; and at each end a tall oval, one portraying the Shepherdess of the Alps, the other Sterne's Maria.

Mrs. Blagden while waiting for the company, questioned her juvenile guests upon the shows they had seen, and if among the rest they had been honoured with a sight of their majesties.

"Not yet!"—replied Juliet—"but they are to be at the theatre on Thursday, and papa has promised to take us thither."

"Of course!"—remarked Mrs. Blagden—"you will be on oaks and thorns till Thursday comes; as you've never any chance of seeing great people in America."

"We have seen the president often!"—replied Charles.

"The president—who is he?"

"Oh!—do you not know!—General Washington, certainly."

"Washington—I think I recollect the name. I've some hidea I've eard something about that person."

"And did you never hear of Dr. Franklin?"—said Charles—"my brother is called after him."

"Some relation of your family, I suppose.—Or your medical man, perhaps. Well now—I think I must let the cat out of the bag, and tell you what a treat I have in store for you. As you have not yet had the honour of getting a sight of his majesty, (and won't have till Thursday,) this evening, to stay your stomachs, you shall meet with a gentleman who hactually belongs to the court, and lives in the palace, and can see both their majesties and the ryal princes and princesses hevery day of his life. I got a friend to invite him here; and to get him to come, Mr. Knight was held out to him."

"Is he a nobleman?"—inquired Juliet, with sparkling eyes. "Oh! Mrs. Blagden, do contrive that he shall say something to me, if it is only six words."

"Juliet—for shame!"—frowned Franklin, aside to her.

"Why—I can't say he's much of a lord!"—replied Mrs. Blagden—"though he *has* a place at court—where he is one of the chieftest officers of his majesty's ousehold. His most principal business is to attend to his majesty's dinner; and he helps prepare the great dishes with his own ands."

"Then he is the king's cook!"—observed Franklin.

"Why—something in that line. I assure you he olds himself very dignified, as gentlemen in his station have a right to do. And he's very particular about gentility. His visits are quite favours, for they're not easy to be had. But, as I was saying, it must be a real treat to American persons to see gentlemen and ladies that does things for the king and ryal family, or even for the nobility and gentry."

Franklin Manderfield began to think of leaving the room.

"Though I say it that should not say it!"—pursued Mrs. Blagden—"you, being Americans, are quite lucky in coming to a house like mine. To be sure; boasting is not the thing, but you couldn't have lighted upon a gentlewoman that has more hoppersunities of knowing what goes on among the great folks. To be sure, I had a touch of igh life myself, when I stayed two years in the family of Lord Kilgobbin; and I might have been there still, only my lord took a figary of going back to Hireland to live on his estate in that orrible country. So rather than to be situated among the Hirish, I took Mr. B. who was considered quite a good speck, being a hoffer in his majesty's customs."

Mrs. Blagden was now obliged to cease her conversation with the young Manderfields, and devote herself to receiving the company, who began to arrive "by ones, by twos, and by threes;" little Laura (whose curiosity was highly excited) whispering to her sister whenever a very queer-looking man made his bow to the hostess—"Juliet—Juliet—do you think that is the king's cook?" Mrs. Blagden overhearing her, kindly promised to give a due hint, when Mr. Suppenloffel really did make his appearance: and hoped he would be in time to see the beginning of Mr. Knight.

Among the guests, was a blooming young lady apparently about five-and-twenty, with an equal portion of the rose on her cheeks, chin, and forehead. She was airily drest in a bluish white book-muslin gown, a pinkish tiffany scarf, and a little chip hat set to one side upon a head held also to one side, and covered all over with a mass of large frizzy curls that looked like a yellow fog surrounding the full moon. This young lady apologized for being late—saying to Mrs. Blagden and the rest of the company—"I assure you I drest and came away, as soon as ever I could get off from Lady Caroline. You know her and I are quite confidential; and the dear creature detained me so long talking about her music-master. Between ourselves, she's over head and ears in love with him. I don't believe it will be possible to get her to marry the old duke, though he has already begun to give her diamonds. I should not wonder if her ladyship and the signor are off to Gretna Green, one of these days. But that's between ourselves!"—giving a significant nod to the whole company.

"How is the marquis getting on?"—said a tall handsome young man, with the remains of powder in his hair, remarkably broad and finely-pleated

cambric ruffles, and extremely fine legs displayed to advantage by white silk stockings. The person he addressed had just come in, and wore a frock coat and a red and white striped waistcoat, and had his legs concealed by fair-topped boots. "The marquis"—said he—"why the marquis is going on pretty much in the same fashion. He and I were at Ascot races yesterday, and he betted a cool thousand on Kittums, and lost as he always does. Why even in the first heat Why-not was a neck before Kittums. I did something myself by betting on Gohanna. Between ourselves the marquis is a monstrous fool."

Juliet now begged Franklin in a low voice to find an opportunity of inquiring to what marquis the gentleman alluded. But Franklin insisted that it was no matter.

Very near Juliet sat two ladies who were arguing whether push-up sleeves or tuck sleeves were most fashionable. They now looked much pleased at the entrance of a slim damsel not in the very earliest bloom of youth, but in an extremely well-fitting dress of Japan muslin, and with two wreaths of small red roses round her head.

"Ah!"—said one of the disputants—"here comes Miss de Kneedles—*she* can tell us."

"Pray Miss"—said the other—"which is most the rage—push-up sleeves, or tucked ones?"

"Neither"—replied Miss de Kneedles—contemptuously. "Both have been out these two months with the nobility and gentry. Lady Georgiana Fitzgeorge's white satin wedding-dress had Prussian sleeves."

"And how are *they*"—exclaimed both ladies eagerly.

"They are what the French call *à la Prusse*. Mrs. Robings has a new fore-woman, fresh from Paris, and she has brought over all the last new styles."

"And what is the latest trimming?"—inquired one of the questioners.

"Generally coquings."

"And what are coquings?"

"Something quite new. Her royal highness the Princess Sophia of Gloucester prefers pouffs."

"What are pouffs?"

"They are something in the style of bouffants, but more *pronouncy*."

"How *pronouncy*?"

"Why more *decidy*. One of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester's last dresses is a tuberosé-coloured tabinet, garni with a frange."

"What is a frange? Is not it something like a fringe?"

"A frange, I say. But now I'll show you a real treasure.—A piece of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester's last court-dress. There—this was the material of the train." She then took out of her pocket a white paper carefully folded, and opening it slowly to enhance its glories by protracted expectation, she displayed a small slip of what she called "*velours verd de pois*."

"It looks like a bit of pea-green velvet"—said one of the ladies.

"Every thing must not be taken by its looks"—replied Miss de Kneedles—"This is a genuine *velours verd de pois*."

"But is it really a part of a princess's dress?"—exclaimed Juliet, venturing forward—"Oh! please to let me touch it. If I only dare ask for the smallest particle of it."

"My dear Juliet!"—said Charles.

"Juliet—for shame!"—said Franklin.

"Do you belong to the American family that Mrs. Blagden told me are lodging with her?"—inquired Miss de Kneedles.

"Yes, indeed I do"—answered Juliet—"These are my two brothers, and this is my little sister. We are all Americans."

"Dear me! Were those frocks made in America? How strange. Well, as it will be a great thing for you to show when you go back to your own country, I'll be very generous, and give you a leetle, leetle bit of her royal highness's *verd velours* train, precious as it is. Where are my scissors? I always carry a small pair in a corner of my pocket. So I'll snip you off a piece. There now—ain't you rich? You've a treasure to carry home to America. Of course, you know that her royal highness, the princess Sophia of Gloucester, is his majesty's own niece."

"Not his daughter then?"—said Juliet, looking a little disappointed—but, for the present depositing the precious piece of velvet in her bosom.

A gentleman now entered, bearing an immense bundle of flowers. He was immediately surrounded by ladies, all of them breaking out into raptures at the sight of his bouquet, which in a short time was gallantly divided among them. "Here"—said the gentleman—"is a sprig of geranium from the same plant as one which I had the honor of presenting this morning to her grace the duchess of Delvington; and she condescended to reward me with one of her most affable smiles. And the fellow to this Otaheitean rose, was admitted to a place in the hair of Lady Flora Flowerdale when she dressed for dinner."

He was stopped short in this *catalogue raisonnée* of his flowers, by the stopping of a coach at the door. "Ah!"—said Mrs. Blagden—"that must be Mr. Suppenloffel."

"Or Mr. Knight, perhaps"—observed some one.

"Oh! no—Mr. Knight never rides. He calls himself weather-proof; and says he dresses in such a way as to keep out both eat and cold. He is situated in the war office: and when office-hours are over, he does as much walking as he can, by way of exercise, and goes about picking up things. He catches all his hideas in that way; and you'll soon see how he turns them to account."

A respectable looking elderly gentleman now appeared, habited in a full suit of brown even to his wig, which matched his clothes exactly. He wore a small diamond pin in his frill, and had a diamond ring on his finger. His face was very German. He was announced as Mr. Suppenloffel; and there was a silence of two minutes; the com-

pany being struck with awe, and Mrs. Blagden smiling in dumb delight. "At last, am I seeing the king's cook!"—said Laura, in a suppressed voice, after drawing a long breath, and gazing steadily upon him. The boys checked their unguarded little sister, who cast down her eyes in confusion: but the old German had overheard her, and kindly patting her head, he said to her—"Yes—mine dear—I possess the honour of being holden in that station, and serving mine royal master so as to make him please. His majesty's praises are brought to me often."

Juliet now whispered something to Mrs. Blagden, who smiled and nodded, and then advancing Mr. Suppenloffel, said to him—"I am desired, sir, by particular request of a young American person, (oping no offence), to ask you if you have no objection to mention (that is if it's no secret) what dish his majesty is most particularly fond of."

"Juliet, did you say all that?"—inquired Franklin, turning to his sister.

"Oh! no, certainly not"—replied Juliet, half-laughing.

"It is easy to perceive"—said Charles—"that Mrs. Blagden has worded the inquiry in her own way."

"Why should such an inquiry be made at all?"—remarked Franklin, indignantly.

"If it's the least disagreeable for you to tell"—pursued Mrs. Blagden—still addressing Mr. Suppenloffel—"we won't insist, and will umbly beg pardon for so presuming. Only it's so natural, (particularly for Americans) to wish to know his majesty's favourite dish."

"Boiled mutton"—replied the king's cook—his hesitation in telling being evidently caused by a reluctance to disclose the homely taste of his royal master; which taste had in truth often proved a source of annoyance to him.

"His majesty, though the most best of the kings, is all for the simplicity"—continued Mr. Suppenloffel. "My small poor talents would be wasted away, if his royal childer did resemble to him." Then turning to the gentleman of the great bouquet, he proceeded—"Ah! my good friend Mr. Cuttings, I hear you have got one new place at the Duke of Delvington's—and that you do stand very much chance of being his headmost gardener. That is well; for the gardeners of foolish people do grow rich men sooner than any other of the servants. We know that in Yarmany."

The assistant gardener walked away seeming to laugh.

Mr. Suppenloffel now cast his eyes on the tall handsome young gentleman with the remains of powder in his hair. "Well, John"—said he—"I see your leg is quite got well, that you broke when you did fall off from behind that carriage of the Earl of Tilt and Totter, when he came one day to Windsor. I was cooling some boiled cream upon the pastry-office window, when I did see your master's carriage drive up to the gate with you and one more footman at the back of it. It was very strange

and extraordinary, as you have practised so much at holding on to the tossels: but you did give one tumble and off you fell. I did see it was mine son's friend John Jackson, and I had not time to look any longer, for it was mine duty to be called away to see at some peach jelly. But I heard you was picked up."

The footman now began to play with his cane, which he had unawares brought with him, use being second nature.

Mr. Suppenloffel afterwards accosted the gentleman in the frock coat and topped boots, and said to him—"Ah! Mr. Spurrier—I saw you going to that race-place Ascot. That was one fine nag you rided: quite as good as him of your marquis, that went before you. I like much to see a groom horsed as well as his master."

The marquis's groom whistled faintly, and looked down at his boots.

Mr. Suppenloffel now recognized some of the ladies; first paying his compliments to she of the round rosy face, inquiring if when "her mistress, Lady Caroline Giddings, was married to the Duke of Ratcastle she was to be taken at once to his family seat:" adding—"I remember you very plainly, Miss Muffet—I did see you often at Windsor with your lady." The lady's maid was so full of the music-master, that she could not forbear telling Mr. Suppenloffel (confidentially of course) that Lady Caroline hated the very sight of the old duke, that she was desperately in love with Signor Barbenegri—and that to her certain knowledge they were planning an elopement to Gretna Green.

The old gentleman next addressed himself to the young lady who was the dress oracle. "Well, Mademoiselle de Kneedles"—said he—"and how goes on the mantua-making business—do you still work at gowns for Mrs. Robings? I hear my daughters say that she has done very wise to get one Frenchwoman from France. It will bring her to more fashion."

"There never was any want of fashion at Mrs. Robings's establishment!"—said Miss de Kneedles, bridling. "And now in addition to all our other ladies of rank, we have even got a footing in the royal family. We are under the patronage of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester."

The old *cuisinier de palais* continued going among the company that now crowded the parlour, and recognized them nearly all.

"What a monstrous memory the fellow has!"—said Mr. Spurrier to Mr. John Jackson—"It's dangerous ever to have been seen by him."

"Pho!"—said Mr. Jackson—"who cares!—Don't we all know one another."

"True!"—said Mr. Cuttings—"but one don't like to be showed up before those very clever-looking American children."

It is needless to tell how much difficulty the young Manderfields found in keeping their countenances during all these successive disclosures, which were at first surprising, and then amusing to them.

At length a strange sort of knock was heard at

the street door, followed by a strange sound in the entry. Mrs. Blagden having given the key-note, there was a general buzz round the room of—"Mr. Knight—Mr. Knight—Here he is at last."

Still Mr. Knight did not appear;—but the barking of a dog was heard in the passage.

"Oh! Mrs. Blagden!"—said Laura—"I did not know you kept a dog. Why have not I seen him? I like dogs so much."

Mrs. Blagden looked queer.

Presently another dog began to bark in a still louder tone.—"Have you two dogs, Mrs. Blagden?"—said Charles—"that last one barks like a noble fellow."

Mrs. Blagden looked queerer still.

Then a voice was distinguished, saying—"Down, Dasher, down!—Back, Bingo, back." The dogs seemed to obey, and whined themselves gradually into silence.

"Mr. Knight!—Mr. Knight!"—exclaimed Mrs. Blagden ecstatically.—"Here he is—here comes the dear old gentleman that is to kill us all with laughing. I hope none of you have ever seen him before."

The children exchanged glances more significantly than ever, and then directed their looks towards the door, with an eagerness that seemed to say—"Had I three eyes I'd see thee."

The door opened, and in came Mr. Knight.

Mr. Knight entered;—and the young Manderfields found to their great relief, that he was *not* the fine old gentleman of the park; and this time they exchanged glances of congratulation.

Mr. Knight was a short thick personage with a broad good-humoured countenance, and a lively gray eye. He wore a tie-wig of the usual reddish colour that is so fashionable with elderly gentlemen. His dress was a blue coat with large metal buttons, a red waistcoat, brown knee-breeches, and broad-striped blue and white stockings of what our American boys called "the rock-fish pattern," terminating in shoes with immense silver buckles.

He marched up and paid his compliments to the lady of the house, who several times had had the felicity of meeting him at houses where she visited. Mrs. Blagden then conducted him out of the front parlour; and taking him through the back one where sat the supper-table, (its mysteries concealed by a large white cloth thrown lightly over it,) she put him through the door that opened upon the screen, and showed him the inclosure which was to form his behind-the-scenes. Here he was to commence the first part of the entertainment, for which she assured him in a whisper the company were all dying with impatience, particularly the young misses and masters from America, who had never had a chance of seeing any thing funny in their own country,—poor things. All proper arrangements being made, Mrs. Blagden returned to the company, and recommended strict silence to them all.

Presently was heard from behind the screen the exact sound of a drum and fife playing *The White*

Cockade, accompanied by the tread of soldiers marching in quick time. The imitation was so excellent that the hearers fell into raptures, declaring that Mr. Knight must certainly have been provided with a real drum and fife. Little Laura, however, who was seated near the screen on a low stool, rather behind her sister, contrived to peep through a crevice, and saw with wonder how Mr. Knight sat on his chair, pursing up his mouth to produce the sound of a fife, pounding both fists on the table to imitate "the doubling drum," and stamping his feet alternately on the floor to mimic the measured step of soldiers.

After this, he personated a trumpet, and "blew a blast so loud and dread," that, at first, his hearers were fain to stop their ears; but soon growing accustomed to it, they greeted its conclusion with "unbounded applause"—the boys joining vigorously in all these tokens of approbation.

Mrs. Blagden, who took on herself the part of property-woman, then went round through the back parlour, and supplied the musician with a bright copper tea-kettle. Turning it bottom upwards, and dubbing on it with his knuckles, he gave it the true metallic sound of a kettle-drum, to which, after awhile, he added an imitative bugle accompaniment very well executed. He then became a French horn, as his hostess called it; and afterwards a distant cannon, by means of holding in both hands an immense sheet of thick paper, and giving it at intervals a powerful shake, loud, and skilfully managed.

These military feats, which were really excellently done, were followed by some comic "acts," as a farce succeeds a play. Mr. Knight imitated a sweep ascending a chimney, scraping and brushing as he went up, and then singing out at the top. Next he was heard as a milkmaid, rattling her bucket-chains and yoke, as she set down her tin pails at the top of a customer's area, yelling out something that sounded like "Nuke below," according to the usual cry of English milk-people. In short, he went through a series of London cries with great and merited applause. Afterwards, he was a poultry yard, in which the language of the feathered bipeds, fowls, geese, and turkies, was given to the life, and greeted with "tremendous applause." Little Laura in peeping behind the scenes, was equally amused and astonished, as she witnessed the strange contortions by which Mr. Knight produced these various sounds. She wondered if his face would ever get right again.

After Mr. Knight had been supplied with some refreshment in the form of a glass of wine, and what Mrs. Blagden called a plate of *am sandwidges*, brought to him by that lady in person, he began to demolish the properties; affecting to saw off the legs of his chair, (you could hear the saw going and the legs falling,) and then pretending to overset his table, with the terrific crash of all the things that were upon it. Never was any thing more natural.

These feats being accomplished, and the audi-

ence (who behaved *à merveille*) all properly astonished and delighted, Mr. Knight relinquished his invisibility, emerged from behind the screen, and made his bow in *propria persona*. The screen was then folded up, and removed, and Mr. Knight was inducted into an arm chair placed in the centre of the room. Here he gave the last act of his performance, which consisted of a comic story, and a comic song, well told and well sung.

Mr. Knight was undoubtedly a genius in his way, and he always took as much pleasure in amusing his audience, as his audience did in being amused by him. His song was a parody on a popular polacca, and it run somewhat in this manner:*

Slow] Go spread some bread and treacle nice,
And give each little boy a slice.
Slow] Go spre-a-ed some bre-a-ed,
Go spre-a-ed some bre-a-ed—
Go spread, go spread, some bread, some bread.
Go spread—

Quick] Bread and treacle, bread and treacle.
Slow] Bread—treacle—treacle—bread—
Treacle—bread—bread—treacle—

Quick] Treacle, treacle, treacle, bread, bread, bread—
Bread and treacle, bread and treacle,
Bread and treacle, bread and treacle—
Bread.

This song, as Mrs. Blagden said, reminded her of supper; and she marshalled the company into the adjoining parlour, giving her arm to Mr. Knight,

* This song was really composed and sung by an English gentleman of great comic powers.

who though the hero of the evening, was unavoidably placed on her left hand at table, being ranked by the king's cook, to whom was allotted the post of honour on the right of the hostess.

Mrs. Blagden had some fear that his majesty's cook would not be able to eat any thing at her table: but, to her great joy, the good gentleman did ample justice to her oysters, ham, chicken and salad, and even deigned to partake of her gooseberry tarts.

The young Manderfields, having promised their mother that they would faithfully retire at eleven o'clock, took their leave as soon as the cloth was removed, thanking Mrs. Blagden for the enjoyments of the evening, the boys shaking hands with Mr. Knight, and handsomely making their acknowledgements for the pleasure his talents had afforded them. "Americans or not"—said Mr. Knight, as they left the room—"those are the finest children I ever saw in my life."

The young Manderfields had really taken in so much amusement that they were found still awake and talking it over when their parents came home from the opera; and it was the chief subject of conversation all next day.

On comparing notes, each acknowledged having imbibed a secret apprehension that Mr. Knight and the old gentleman of the park might possibly be the same person, and all had felt it a relief to find themselves mistaken.

(To be continued.)

LAMENT OF NIGHT.

BY MISS SARAH F. HAMILTON.

Oh! I must weep, for I am very weary,
Ever pursued by day where'er I go,
Unless I sink into some cavern dreary,
O'erwhelmed with such a hopeless task of woe.

I come with silent steps, as day doth vanish,
With crimson banner in the glorious west,
And light my golden stars, that they may banish
Care from my stricken heart and aching breast.

But when I find my fairest flowers paling,
Some weak and fainting on the "lap of earth,"
I cannot check my tears, or stop the wailing
Sigh of regret, that they had ever birth.

I fold them softly in a gentle slumber,
Hoping to win them back to life again,
And fan their heated brows times without number,
Trembling for fear my care may be in vain.

And then I fill my moss-rim'd fountains ever
Unweariedly o'er earth at even-time,

That their full chalice may be gushing ever
With evening's mellow voices all in chime.

Scarce have I left my favourite fountain, dancing
Round the gray-rock ere day drinks from the brim,
I saw him once as I was backward glancing,
When hiding me in the old forest dim.

My fire-fly lamps, my gentle minstrels singing,
Are quenched and hushed when day looks from the sky,
He sets so many horrid discords ringing,
I close my ears, and the more swiftly fly.

Alas! alas! the lofty thoughts I waken,
The high deep impulse, and the solemn vow,
By day are withered, rudely torn and shaken,
As fresh blown blossoms from the trembling bough.

Then let me weep, for I am very weary,
Ever pursued by day where'er I go,
Unless I sink into some cavern dreary,
O'erwhelmed with such a bitter weight of woe.

THE MINISTER AND THE MERCHANT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MR. WAYLAND, a wealthy merchant of B—, like most other men, had his hobby, though few rode oftener or faster than he. His hobby was to carp at ministers, who were all, in his estimation, a set of idle fellows, not worth their salt. He belonged to the church because it was respectable, and paid his pew rent when the collector called for it. This last act, however, was never performed with a very good grace. To him, it seemed so much like throwing money away, that it always made him feel cross when the bill was presented. Still, Mr. Wayland was a clever sort of a man. This was only his hobby.

The minister of the church to which he belonged, a Mr. Sefton, received one thousand dollars salary. Mr. Wayland's income was over five thousand a year, and he was still accumulating property with great rapidity. One day two of his personal friends, leading men in the church, called upon him.

"Mr. Wayland," said one of them, after all were seated in a snug little private office back of the merchant's principal counting room, "some of us, who think Mr. Sefton's salary too small for a man with five children to support and educate, have determined to make a direct effort to raise it to fifteen hundred dollars. It will only require ten individuals to subscribe fifty dollars each, and the whole matter is at once and quietly settled. You will make one of the ten of course."

"Indeed, then, and I will not," was the prompt reply, made with some warmth. "Mr. Sefton gets enough for what he does. No man should receive more than a thousand dollars for preaching. If Mr. Sefton wants more, let him go to work like other people, not idle away the whole week, and then get up for a couple of hours on Sunday, and talk a little. No, no, gentlemen! I've no notion of paying a premium on laziness. We've far too many ministers as it is. Every fellow with a little tongue, and too lazy to work, sets up for a preacher, and there are always enough pious ones to be found who are ready to saddle him upon the people. Let them go to work, I say!"

"But, Mr. Wayland," interposed one of his visitors, "I know Mr. Sefton intimately, and can testify that few men in any employment labour as long and as hard as he does."

"Nonsense! Don't tell me about the labour one of your black coats performs. Look at their sleek faces and delicate hands. Labour! Not they!"

"They may not labour with their hands, Mr. Wayland, as some men have to labour, and yet have very hard duties to perform."

"Hard duties! Oh, dear! What kind of hard duty, I wonder, has Mr. Sefton to perform?"

"The labour of mind is hard when compared with bodily labour."

"So your authors, and lawyers, and doctors and preachers will tell you. But I never believed a word of it. It's only one of their pretences to cozen the public out of fat incomes, on which to pamper their laziness. Hard duty! Oh, no! That story wont go down with me. I've seen too much of your preachers in my time. Talk of hard duty, when a man has a whole week to prepare two discourses in. I wish I could get off as easily!"

As Mr. Wayland was now fairly mounted with spurs to his boots, his visitors felt that it would only be wasting time to oppose any kind of argument to his prejudices, and so, after giving him another chance to accept or refuse to make one of the ten who were to pay fifty dollars each towards Mr. Sefton's advance of salary, they bade him good morning, and went their way, to meet with better success in other quarters.

The congregation over which Mr. Sefton had been called to minister, was a large one, and numbered a goodly proportion who were what is called very well to do in the world. There were six men alone, whose aggregate annual income was over eighty thousand dollars. Indeed, the congregation was known as a wealthy one. The building in which they worshipped was a splendid edifice that cost over seventy-five thousand dollars, though, as is too often the case, burdened with a debt of about one half the price of erection. Internally, every thing was rich and elegant. The organ was a most magnificent one. As a set-off to this splendour was a fair proportion of poor, who were by far too little thought of and cared for, except by the pastor and a few benevolent females, whose quiet charities softened many a hard pillow, and dried many a tearful eye.

As has been seen, a salary of one thousand dollars was considered amply sufficient for the minister of this congregation, who, in the ideas of many like Mr. Wayland, had nothing at all to do but to write two sermons a week, and preach them on Sunday, a work in itself, by the way, which, if well done, these same carpers would have found not quite so trifling a matter as they supposed.

But let us look in upon Mr. Wayland himself, and see how he spends his time. It is Sunday morning. From causes not requisite here to be mentioned, at least one third of his sermon for the morning service was written after twelve o'clock on Saturday night. The consequence is, a very uncomfortable headache for Sunday morning, with little or no appetite for breakfast. A cup of tea, and

a small piece of dry toast make up his morning meal, and then he is obliged to leave his family, and retire to his study to prepare for the services of the morning. He has been thus engaged about half an hour, and has just begun to write a fuller elucidation of some point in his discourse that does not seem to him clear enough, when a domestic taps at his door. He learns that there is below a woman very desirous of seeing him. On going down, he finds the wife of a poor parishioner in much distress of mind. Her husband has been taken suddenly ill with pleurisy, and the doctor despairs of his recovery. He is anxious to see his minister.

"I will come immediately after the morning service," he replies to the woman's request. "I am much engaged now, and will be until eleven o'clock."

"But my husband is very ill, and is so anxious to see you. I'm afraid it will be too late." The tearful eyes and trembling voice of his parishioner, added to the solemnly spoken sentence, "I'm afraid it will be too late," prevailed.

"In half an hour I will be there," Mr. Sefton said, and then returned to his study. After hurriedly glancing at the morning service, he placed his sermon, in its rough state, into his pocket, and then started on his visit to the sick man. The walk was a long one, and in a direction from his house opposite to that where the church stood. When he arrived at the humble abode he sought, he found that death had been there, and marked for his own another victim. The man was near his end, but fully conscious of his state. He did not exhibit any fears of death, but his wife and three little ones who were gathered around his bed affected him to tears whenever his thoughts rested upon them.

"I am not afraid to die, but who will take care of these for me?" he said, looking his minister in the face eagerly.

"He that feedeth the young ravens when they cry," was the comforting assurance of the minister. "He who has thus far sustained these, your household treasures, through you as an instrument, will provide for them still. He will, in taking you away, send them their bread in due season through some other channel. Trust in God. They that fear him he will in no wise cast off. His promises are sure. Give up all anxiety. Their Father in Heaven loves them with a tenderer love than you have ever felt for them."

Thus did Mr. Sefton go on to encourage the dying man, all the while that his wife and children hung around his bed in tears. Yet, in the midst of such a trying scene, with the images of his own little ones coming up constantly in his mind, he could not rise above the natural sympathies of our nature. Even while he strove to pour in the oil and wine of consolation, his own heart was aching for the afflictions of those to whom he uttered words of comfort. At the bedside of the dying man he remained for nearly two hours, and then closed his eyes in the deep sleep that knows no waking.

Tearing himself now away from the heartstricken

wife, who needed his strengthening words more than ever, he started for the church in which it was his duty to preach. Looking at his watch, he found that it lacked only five minutes to eleven o'clock, and it would require rapid walking to reach the place of worship in fifteen minutes.

Mr. Wayland, after spending the hours from the time he rose from the breakfast table until church time, in reading a pleasant book, went with his family, as was his custom, to attend worship. He entered his pew just five minutes before the hour of service. At one minute past eleven o'clock, he became uneasy at the prolonged absence of Mr. Sefton from the pulpit. At the second minute he whispered to his wife a complaint at the minister's want of punctuality. Five minutes past, and he became restless and impatient, and leaned over to his neighbour's pew, and uttered half aloud a word of censure. Before the expiration of ten minutes he had disturbed the occupants of twenty pews around him by his restlessness, frequent looking at his watch, and whispered words of complaint to all within his reach. At last Mr. Sefton made his appearance, but Mr. Wayland was only prepared to find fault with, instead of profiting by his sermon.

"Good day, Mr. Wayland!" said a neighbour, as they walked home from church. "How were you pleased this morning?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "In the first place, Mr. Sefton was ten minutes behind his time. Such want of punctuality is unpardonable. Suppose I were to be ten minutes behind my time in paying my note to-morrow. Would I get off as easily as he has done? No indeed! And then, some portions of his discourse were very crude. One part in particular was not at all clear, and was worded with gross inelegance."

It was that very part of the discourse on which the minister was engaged, in the effort to improve it, when he was called to attend the death-bed of a poor parishioner.

Mr. Wayland went home, and partook freely of a luxurious dinner, and then lay down, and slept until it was time to attend the afternoon service. Mr. Sefton, on the contrary, eat sparingly, and then went into his study. Pastoral duties, during the preceding week, had drawn more largely than usual upon his time, and he had only been able to write a portion of his afternoon discourse. Only about an hour and a half remained in which to conclude it, and, although exhausted by the services of the morning, and his feelings excited by the death scene he had witnessed, he was compelled to bend his unwilling mind to the elucidation of a subject that required much concentration of thought. He was just beginning to feel the spirit of his subject, and his ideas just beginning to flow freely, when he was sent for to baptize the sick child of a wealthy member of his church, represented to be at the point of death. The carriage of his parishioner was at the door, and he could not refuse to go. The unfinished sermon had to be laid aside. It was an hour before he could get back, and then it was too late to com-

plete the discourse. His only resource was to select from the many sermons already preached, one that seemed best suited to the present state of his congregation. To do this, and to make a few alterations, occupied all the time remaining before the hour to begin service.

"Well, Mr. Wayland, how were you pleased with *that* sermon?" asked the neighbour to whom he had expressed his dissatisfaction in the morning.

"The sermon was well enough. But then I heard him preach it word for word about two years ago."

"Oh, no! I should think not."

"Yes, but I did, though. I remember it perfectly. Now, that is what I call a fraud upon his congregation. He is paid for preaching, and pretty liberally too, I should think, for two paltry sermons a-week. And surely, as little as he could do would be to come up to his implied contract. But your gentlemen with black coats love their ease. If they can foist off now and then one of their old sermons, there is so much gained—so many more hours of idleness superadded to their almost useless lives. Ministers, let me tell you, are drones in the social hive; and what is more, we are getting too many of them. They will one day become as thick as the locusts of Egypt, and absolutely eat up the land!"

Happily ignorant of these unkind allusions, Mr. Sefton, from whose thoughts it was hard to expel the painful scene he had witnessed in the morning, felt it to be his duty to call upon the poor bereaved widow before returning home after the close of the afternoon service. Taking with him two benevolent ladies of his congregation, to whom he stated briefly the death he had witnessed in the morning, he proceeded again to the house of mourning. His presence was needed. To the bereaved wife, the affliction seemed more than could possibly be borne. But he had words of comfort, and kind assurances for her. Her doubting, desponding heart, he encouraged, pointing her eye of faith upward, he urged her to trust in Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow, and a father to the fatherless. Thus strengthening her weak faith, and bearing up her sinking heart, he was the means of pouring oil upon the troubled waters of her spirit. He then left her with the ladies of his congregation who had accompanied him. They, in turn, ministered to her natural, as he had done to her spiritual wants.

After tea, Mr. Sefton proposed to spend an hour with his family. They had all assembled in their little parlour, and he had just opened with them a free conversation, when two of his vestrymen came in, and sat for a couple of hours. On their retiring he found himself so much fatigued, from the arduous duties of the day, as to be obliged to go to bed.

During the next week he visited pastorally twenty families belonging to his congregation, and attended two funerals, and afterwards visited three times at each of the houses where the deaths had occurred, to offer consolation to the bereaved. Four times he was called to persons in great affliction of mind from evil courses long persevered in. Once he had to

visit the city prison, and offer what spiritual support he could to a dying convict. At two different times he was engaged for three hours in endeavouring to satisfy a doubting member in regard to some fundamental doctrine of the church. Besides these duties, he attended the meeting of a Bible society, and addressed it at some length, for which considerable preparation had been necessary, visited several sick parishioners, and spent two entire afternoons among the poor of his congregation. And, added to all these duties, studied three hours each day, and prepared two sermons for the next sabbath.

This week was a tolerable average of his regular duties. Severe enough, one would think, if only quiet mental labour, with bodily fatigue were involved. But who would be willing, for any money-consideration that could be offered, to encounter the painful shocks of feeling to which a minister's calling subjects him. He must stand beside the bed of the sick and the dying, and listen to the widow's lamentations, and look upon the orphan's tears. He must go to the prison, and sit down in his narrow cell with the man of crime, and be witness to the agonies of a guilty conscience aroused by the fear of impending death, nay, more, must stand beside the doomed felon upon the scaffold! When sudden calamity falls upon any member of his flock, he has to be a witness of the spirit's anguish. In a word, he has to bear a portion of every sorrow that touches the hearts of his people, to weep with those that weep, though too rarely granted the blessed privilege of rejoicing with those that rejoice.

Amid these arduous duties through which he had to pass, Mr. Sefton would have felt all that calmness of mind that results from the consciousness of duty performed from right ends, had not the insufficiency of his income to meet all the increasing wants of his large family led to constant disquietude. The dread of debt haunted him like a frightful spectre. And yet, economize as he would, he found that, when his quarter's salary was paid to him, it was insufficient to meet his grocery, meat and dry-goods' bills. The effort to increase his salary, notwithstanding Mr. Wayland's refusal to do any thing, was successful. Nothing had been said to the minister relative to this increase. It had been made at the instance of two or three friends, who thought about him much more than did the other members of his well-served congregation. He had collected in all his bills, as usual, at the expiration of the current quarter, and found that they amounted to three hundred and twenty-five dollars, there having been balances against him at both of the preceding quarterly periods tending to swell the amount of his indebtedness. With these bills spread out before him, he sat in some perplexity of mind, when one of his vestrymen waited upon him to pay him his salary.

"There is a mistake," said Mr. Sefton, after he had counted over the money. "Here are three hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"No, it is all right. Your salary has been raised to fifteen hundred dollars," was the pleased reply.

The minister said nothing, but if Mr. Wayland

had been present, he might have wished that himself were one of the ten who had contributed to make the so much needed increase of compensation. There is a language that reaches the heart quicker than words.

It was about three months from this period that an only daughter of Mr. Wayland's, a lovely girl, just sixteen, who was idolized by her father, was taken sick. Her constitution had always been delicate, and now, symptoms of a very grave nature began to exhibit themselves, such as to give her physician a good deal of concern. These continued gradually to increase, until her family began to be much alarmed, and in particular her father. Never having looked above and beyond the mere natural good things of life, the visible and tangible things of the senses, he had no hopes beyond this world, no desire to possess other than earthly blessings. Of course he clung with warm affection to every thing he called his own. Of all his treasures, this only daughter was the dearest. She was the apple of his eye. From the hour of her birth up to the present moment, his love for her had grown stronger and deeper; and now, when the first fear of losing her startled his mind, it produced an anguish of spirit that was intolerable.

"What do you think of Laura now, Doctor?" was asked at every visit of the physician, and in a more anxious tone on each recurring day.

But the doctor could not give any well grounded assurance that Laura was even no worse than before. His practised eye could not be deceived; the maiden was gradually declining, in spite of all the aids of medicine, and this fact he felt it to be his duty not to conceal. As for Laura, she seemed conscious that her days were numbered, but she had no fears. To her innocent mind, there were no terrors in the dark avenue that leads from this to a brighter world. From early childhood she had been interested in a peculiar manner in whatever had relation to worship. The Bible had ever been her favourite book. Hour after hour, even when but a little girl, would she sit with the sacred volume in her lap, reading over its absorbing histories. As she grew up, she evinced an unusual sweetness of temper. All who knew her, loved her. Of course, she filled a large place in her father's heart, even though he sympathized not with the heavenward aspirations of her innocent heart.

After Laura had been confined to her room for a few weeks, Mr. Sefton called to see her. This was before Mr. Wayland had felt any alarm. He was received with courtesy, but it was the courtesy of a man of the world. There was no life in it. Mr. Wayland was willing that he should visit his daughter if it gave her any pleasure. Further than that he felt altogether indifferent. To Laura, the visit was one of comfort. She loved, and confided in, her minister. He had always been to her the medium of just such truths as she needed in her efforts to lead a life of real charity. Now, weary with days and nights of pain and confinement, she needed more than ever his words of encouragement,

and his timely precepts. These were afforded her, and from this cause her pastor's visit proved peculiarly delightful.

From this time Mr. Sefton came regularly, although her father studiously avoided being present in her chamber while he was with her. Religion, he thought, was well enough for women, but for men it was rather a childish affair, and he did not care about mixing himself up with it. Time passed, and, as has been said, Laura's disease assumed a threatening aspect. The doctor looked grave, and answered all questions in very few words, and with evident reluctance. Mr. Wayland became alarmed, and finally had two other physicians called in. These held long consultations, and tried various new remedies, but all to no purpose. The invalid gradually but surely declined.

Six months from the time Laura Wayland took to her chamber, she was considered by all, even her own agonized parents, to be past hope. The father no longer turned from the minister, whose daily visits seemed to afford his child so much comfort. He even began to look to him, and to hang upon his words. The affliction was from above. The hand that held the rod was no human and visible hand, but the hand of an invisible but ever-present God. When life went on smoothly as a quiet stream, he neither thought of, nor cared for the just and wise Being, whose providence is intimate in all the relations of life, and who loves his erring creatures too well to permit them to rest satisfied with the natural good things of this life, when he has in store for them infinite and eternal things in the life which is to come. That this terrible affliction was from His hand, Mr. Wayland felt, and when, in the agony of a crushed and despairing heart, he turned to Mr. Sefton with a feeling similar to that of the drowning man who reaches out to clutch the straw that floats beside him upon the surface of the water, that individual's words fell upon his ear with a new and deeper meaning than he had ever perceived them to contain. He had heard him preach sermons consolatory of the afflicted, but there was no power in them for his heart. But now, the strong hand was upon him, he was in the pit, dark, and damp, and cheerless, and the feeblest ray was looked to as a glimmer of hope.

Finally the end came. The lamp of life had been gradually sinking lower and lower, and at last only glimmered feebly in the socket. All through a pleasant day in October, Laura had been in a kind of half waking sleep. Mr. Sefton had called in as usual, but she did not seem conscious of his presence. Night came, but there was no change. About ten o'clock the minister again called in, but she did not notice him, or, indeed, any one. During all his visits to the sick girl, he had evinced a tender interest in her, that touched more and more the feelings of the father each time the minister came into his child's sick chamber. He saw that there must be, and was, a motive for this constant attendance upon, interest in, and ministrations to the spiritual wants of Laura, that could not have any merely

worldly consideration as an end. Such fruits, he knew, grew not upon trees of man's planting. He understood human nature, perverted human nature, well enough for that. He had only to question his own heart.

"If there is any marked change in her before morning, send for me," Mr. Sefton said, in a husky whisper, as he grasped the father's hand on turning towards the door. There were tears in the eyes of the minister, and Mr. Wayland saw them.

Deeply touched by the scene he had witnessed, especially so by the despairing grief of the parents at the loss they were about to sustain, Mr. Sefton returned home, and, instead of retiring for the night, went up to his study. His mind was too much excited to permit him to sleep, and, therefore, he preferred a solitary hour for tranquillizing meditations. He had, too, a foreshadowing consciousness that Laura would not see the light of another natural morning, and he wished to keep his mind prepared for the last scene. He had remained alone in his study until near twelve o'clock, when his front door bell was rung loudly, causing his heart to bound with a quicker motion.

"And now comes the last trial!" he murmured as he arose, and descended to answer the midnight summons. Instead, however, of finding Mr. Wayland, or a messenger from him at the door, he was met by a poor woman of his parish, the unfortunate wife of a drunken husband.

"Oh, Mr. Sefton!" she said in a tremulous voice as her eye fell upon her minister, "I wish you would come home with me. John is in such a dreadful way!"

"What is the matter with your husband, Mrs. Lyon?" asked the minister.

"Indeed, sir, I don't know. But he is in an awful way! He came home to-day sober for the first time he has been so for a long, long while. He looked pale and serious. I said nothing, but I felt concerned. He drank a cup of tea, but didn't taste a mouthful of any thing to eat at supper time. Then he went wandering about the house, as if in search of something, for he only stayed a little while in one place. I felt troubled, but said nothing. Sometimes he would come and sit down beside me, where I sat sewing, and draw his chair close up to mine, looking slowly and somewhat fearfully around the room as he did so. After sitting in this way for a little while, he would arise quickly, as if from a sudden resolution, take up a light, and walk firmly up stairs. He did not stay long, however.

"John, what is the matter?" I asked several times.

"Oh, nothing! nothing!" he would answer, affecting a look of unconcern. At last he came close up to me, and whispered, with a blanching cheek, as he turned his eyes fearfully to a dark corner of the room—

"See there, Jane!"

"See what?" I asked.

"Don't you see that snake coiling himself up there just ready to spring upon me?" I started to

my feet in alarm, glancing towards the corner of the room as I did so. But I saw nothing. 'It has been after me all the evening, and will be on me yet!' continued my husband, shrinking away. 'There!' he suddenly screamed in an agony of terror, and darted from the room. I followed him up stairs, and tried my best to convince him that there was no snake in the house—that I had seen nothing. I wanted to get him to bed, and at last persuaded him to lie down. But he soon jumped up in terror, saying that the snake was in the bed. And so it has been ever since, Mr. Sefton, and he is getting a great deal worse. He says now, that the devil is after him, and he wants to see you. Won't you come and see him?"

"Certainly I will, Mrs. Lyon," was the unhesitating reply. "But he needs a doctor more than a minister, I am thinking, and must have one."

Mr. Sefton, after leaving word where he was going, put on his hat and cloak, and went with the woman. He found the poor broken down inebriate in even a worse condition than his wife had described him.

"You must go for a doctor immediately. I will remain with your husband until you come back," he said to Mrs. Lyon. The wife departed, and the minister was alone with the poor wretch labouring under that frightful disorder, the drunkard's mania.

About twenty minutes after Mr. Sefton left his home, the carriage of Mr. Wayland drove up, and the rich merchant stepped from it, and stood at the door of the minister a suppliant for a favour that no other man on earth could give him, a favour that all his money could not purchase. His child had aroused up, and asked for her kind spiritual guide. She was conscious that her end had come, and in the last mournful season of parting with father, mother and friends, desired his presence, who in health had pointed out to her the right path in life. And no less anxious were the heart-stricken parents for the minister's sustaining words in that last, sad hour of their daughter's earthly life.

"Mr. Sefton is not at home," was the answer he received from the half dressed domestic who answered the bell.

"Mr. Sefton not at home at this hour!" he said in surprise.

"No sir. He was called out a little while ago to a sick man."

Even in that anxious moment, a thought of how he had wronged by unjust imputations the minister whose duties were thus discharged in the midnight watches, while he slept peacefully upon his downy pillow, forced itself upon his mind. Learning the place to which he had gone, he directed his coachman to drive him there. It was a low hovel in a mean and distant portion of the city before which his carriage stopped.

"This is the house," said the servant, as he opened the carriage door.

Mr. Wayland knocked, but no one answered. He listened. His ear caught a distant groan. Then a cry of terror, loud and distinct.

"Are you sure this is the house?" he asked.

"O yes, sir. This is it. John Lyon lives here. He is my countryman, and I know him well enough."

Lifting the latch, Mr. Wayland entered, his coachman by his side. A wild cry of terror came from an upper room as the door was thrown open. Springing up the stairs, he was alarmed to find a strong man, with a countenance of the most abandoned terror, struggling in the arms of the minister, who was exerting all his strength to prevent him from getting to the window and throwing himself out. The entrance of the two men quieted in some degree the poor wretch. He knew the coachman, and shrunk instantly to his side.

In a few moments it was arranged that the coachman should remain with John until the doctor came, and Mr. Wayland ascend the box, and drive the minister to his house. This was accordingly done, and the merchant, as he guided the swiftly pacing horses, could not help thinking of the minister of whom he had so often spoken lightly and contemptuously, with a feeling akin to reverence.

We need not linger with the reader about the dying pillow of one who ere the morning broke was the guest of angels. The end of our story is fully apparent. Mr. Wayland looked ever after upon the minister's calling with different eyes. In that deeply trying hour, when his heart was bleeding at every pore, how full of consolation were the words of him whom he had despised when all things were fair and bright as a summer day. He never could forget the deep, earnest tenderness with which Mr. Sefton took his hand, after the last sad act of burial had been performed, and he had returned with him to his desolate home, and said—

"You have not left your sweet child in that cheerless spot. She is not there, but has risen, and is now with the blessed angels. You have therefore a rich treasure in heaven, and where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also. Henceforth there exists a link between your heart and heaven. An electric chain to thrill your soul with holy aspirations. Look up then, and see even in this painful bereavement a dispensation of infinite mercy. Look up, and your child shall again be restored to you."

For weeks and months afterwards the minister and the merchant often met. The latter saw with different eyes, and estimated by a different standard. He saw that the office that Mr. Sefton held was one of great trial and unremitting toil. That it involved constant self sacrifice, and constant shocks of feeling. He had not only to bear his own burdens, but when any one of his members was tried in the furnace of affliction, he had to stand by them, and share their griefs, and take off a portion of their sorrows. And for all this, a ministration that no mere temporal reward could in any way compensate, his earthly remuneration was a closely calculated pittance, too often grudgingly bestowed, while a large portion of his congregation had with him not the remotest sympathy. As months and years passed away, and the keenness of his sorrow wore off, the society of the minister became less and less attractive to Mr. Wayland. Natural ends were strong with him, and he pursued after natural goods with eagerness. But he was liberal in his contributions to the support of public worship, and never would permit a minister to be alluded to lightly, without a reproof.

TO A FLOWER.

BY MISS E. S. NORTON.

SWEET flower, how many would pass thee by,
With but a cold or careless eye,
Nor deem how much of instruction dwells
Within a wild flower's humble cells.

The scholar and sage might smile to see
With how much pleasure I gaze on thee;
An old man tells them Nature is fraught
With deeper lore than their tomes have taught.

In my youth I burned the midnight oil,
Searched learning's records with care and toil;
But found not wisdom until I turned
To the *living* page that before me burned.

I loved thee then, and I love thee now,
Though age has furrowed the manly brow;
But yet it is not for thyself alone,
For a deeper spell is over thee thrown.

There was one who loved thy sweet perfume,
But she passed away to the silent tomb;
'Twas long ago, but thou bring'st her back,
And memory "glances along the track"

Of weary years, and I see her now
Without a cloud on her snowy brow,
With her angel smile and her eyes of light,
A being for earth too fair and bright.

But one short year with her love I was blest,
And then she passed to eternal rest,
And she left behind her a darkened home,
And one who joyless the world must roam.

But I hope to meet her in worlds above,
Where comes no blight upon aught we love,
Where never is wrung the faithful heart,
Nor called from all that is dear to part.

THE COUNT OF REVILLAGIGEDO.

FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A TRAVELLER IN MEXICO.

AMONG the fifty noblemen who held the office of Viceroy under the Spanish domination, it was to be expected that some few should make their government remarkable for something more than pompous display and oppressive extortion. One of the most distinguished of this better class was the Count of Revillagigedo, who was viceroy towards the close of the last century. He was a man of great energy and decision, zealous for the advancement of the country committed to his care, and apparently rather uncompromising in the measures which he took to promote it. He laid out roads, constructed bridges, raised embankments round the lakes, had the principal cities well paved and lighted, and established an efficient police. His name was as great a terror to the brigands of that day, as it is now to foreigners unskilled in Spanish gutturals. His most inconsiderate act was perhaps that of giving his sesquipedalian cognomen to a group of islands off the west coast of Mexico, which were surveyed during his administration.

His government is still well remembered, and many stories are told of him, evincing a rather whimsical character. He was accustomed to make nightly rounds in the city, in order to assure himself that his regulations for its quiet and security were carried into effect. On one occasion it is related that in walking through a street which he had ordered to be paved, he suddenly stopped, and sent a messenger to the director of the work, requiring his instant presence. The usual phrase with which he wound up such commands was "*lo espero aqui*," (I await him here,) which had the effect of producing an extraordinary degree of celerity in those who received them. On this occasion the officer, who was enjoying his midnight repose, sprang from his bed on receiving the startling summons, and rushed half dressed, with disordered haste, to learn the purport of what he presumed to be a pressing and most important business.

He found the viceroy standing stiff and composed on the side-walk. When the panting officer had paid his obeisance to his master, "I regret to have been obliged to disturb you, Senor," said the latter, "in order to call your attention to the state of your pavement. You will observe that this flag-stone is not perfectly even," touching with his toe one that rose about half an inch above the rest of the side walk. "I had the misfortune to strike my foot against it this evening, and it has occurred to me that others may be as unlucky as myself, unless the fault be immediately remedied. You will attend to it, sir, and report to me on the subject to-morrow morning." With these words he continued his

round, leaving the officer in a state of stupefaction; but it is asserted that the pavements of Mexico, for the rest of his Excellency's government, were unexceptionable.

Another anecdote, of a similar kind, places his peculiarity of temper in a still stronger light. In perambulating the city one pleasant evening about sunset, he found that a street in which he was walking terminated abruptly against a mass of wretched tenements, apparently the lurking-places of vice and beggary. He inquired how it happened that the street was carried no farther, and that these hovels were allowed to exist, but the only information he could gain was that such had always been the case, and that none of the authorities had considered themselves bound to abate the nuisance. He sent immediately for the corregidor—"tell him that I await him here," he concluded, in a tone that had the effect of bringing that functionary at once to the spot. He received orders to open without delay a broad and straight avenue through this quarter as far as the barrier of the city. It must be finished, was the imperious command, that very night, so far as to allow the viceroy to drive through it on his way to mass the next morning. With this the count turned on his heel, and the astonished corregidor was left to reflect upon his disagreeable predicament. The fear of losing his office, and perhaps of some worse consequence, gave him energy. No time was to be wasted. All his subordinate officers were instantly summoned, and labourers were collected from every part of the city. No expense was spared. The very buildings that were to be removed sent forth crowds of *lazzaroni* (or *leperos* as this class is styled in Mexico) willing for a few reales to aid in destroying the walls that harboured them, secure of finding shelter in other quarters when they needed it. A hundred torches shed their radiance over the scene. All night long the shouts of the workmen, the noise of the pickaxe and crowbar, the crash of falling roofs, and the rumbling of carts kept the city in a fever of excitement. Precisely at sunrise the state-carriage, with the viceroy, his family and suite, left the palace, and rattled over the pavements in the direction from whence the tumult had proceeded. At length the new street opened before them. Ten thousand workmen, in a double file of dirty faces and toil-stained hands, fell back on either side, and made the air resound with vivas as they passed. Through clouds of dust, over the unpaved earth, strewn with fragments of plaster, between lines of split and dismantled houses, the carriage swept along, till, at the junction of the new street with the road leading to the suburbs, the cor-

rigidor, hat in hand, with a smile of conscious desert, stepped forward to receive his Excellency, and listen to the commendation bestowed on this prompt and skilful execution of his commands. Should any one be unreasonable enough to doubt the truth of this story, let him be aware that the street is still standing to testify to it, and is known by the name of the *Calle de Revillagigedo* to this day.

These stories give some idea of the kind of authority exercised by the viceroys, which was certainly far more arbitrary than that of their sovereign in his Spanish dominions. There is another adventure, told to display the excellence of his police system, in which the Count figures after a rather melodramatic fashion. It seems that among the Creole nobles who, with the high officers of government, made up the viceroy's splendid court, there was a certain old Marquess de —, a stiff, formal sprig of aristocracy, whom fortune had endowed with great estates and two remarkably pretty daughters, and it was doubted by some whether the care of his money or his daughters gave him the most trouble. The eldest, who bore her father's title, was celebrated for her beauty, of a kind uncommon in those regions, for she had a fair skin, blue eyes, and golden hair. Hence she was everywhere known as the fair-haired Marquesa. Her sister who, on the contrary, was very dark, with eyes like a gazelle, and raven hair, was called the pretty brunette. But different as they were in looks, and perhaps in character, there was one trait in which they agreed amazingly, and as it is one very rare in their sex, we may suppose it to have been a kind of family failing. It is asserted that they were the least bit in the world capricious, or, if we must say it, coquetish towards their admirers. It is unknown how many offers they had refused of the wealthiest grandes and most gallant cavaliers about the court, and the poor marquess, who was nothing of a domestic tyrant, and desired to govern only by soft measures, was quite at his wit's end to find out some way of persuading them to know their own minds.

One night he was aroused from sleep by a message from the viceroy, who expected him in the palace. Not for his best estate would the loyal marquess have kept the representative of his sovereign waiting one moment longer than necessary. Though wondering what reason of state could require his presence at that unusual hour, he dressed himself in haste, and hurried to the palace. The viceroy was in his cabinet, surrounded by several gentlemen of his household and officers of the police, all, as it seemed, in a state of anxious curiosity and suspense. "Marquess," said the viceroy, "my lieutenant of police here, complains that you did not take proper care to secure the doors of your mansion last evening."

"I assure your highness," replied the marquess in great surprise, "that my steward locked both

the great gate and the outer door, according to the invariable custom of my house, before retiring for the night."

"But have you not a postern opening into the next street," returned the count, "and are you equally heedful with regard to it? But in short," he continued, "you must know that this watchful lieutenant of mine has saved you to-night from robbery."

"Robbery! your Excellency. Is it possible?" ejaculated the old marquess, startled for a moment out of his habitual composure.

"Yes, and of the worst kind," replied the viceroy. "The felons were taken in the act of making off with your most exquisite treasures, which are now restored to you." At these words, a door at the side of the cabinet was thrown open, and the astounded marquess saw, but could hardly believe his eyes, his two daughters, dressed as for travelling, and clasped in each other's arms. They seemed overwhelmed with confusion, the fair locks all dishevelled, and the black eyes drowned in tears.

"And these are the robbers," added the viceroy, pointing to a door on the opposite side, which also flew open. The marquess turned mechanically, and saw two of the gayest, handsomest, most dissipated and worthless gallants about the court, whom he recollected as occasional visitors at his house. They appeared no less confused, and with their embarrassment there was an evident mixture of alarm. The truth now began to break on the mind of the old noble.

"You see, marquess," said the count, "that but for the vigilance of my police, you would have had the honour to be father-in-law to two of the greatest scamps in my viceroyalty. Look what a scrape your carelessness has brought me into, my dear sir. I am obliged to wound the feelings of the two most lovely ladies in my court, to save them from the machinations of scoundrels unworthy of their charms, and I fear that they will never forgive me, (whereupon the opinion goes that they forgave him on the spot.) Farewell, Senor Marquess; take my advice, and brick up your postern door. Calderon was a wise man, and he tells us that a house with two doors is hard to keep.* As for these young scapegraces, they sail for Manilla in the next galleon, where they can exercise their fascinating powers on the *chinas* and *mulatas* of the Philippines. Good night, gentlemen all, the comedy is over."

As this story, like the others, rests on the grave authority of gossip and tradition, there can be no doubt of its general truth, allowing for the fair quantum of embellishment to which such narratives are entitled. It is only to be regretted that no account is given of the fate which afterwards befell the two pretty coquettes.

* One of Calderon's comedies is named "*Casa con dos puertas mala es de guardar*."

THE FLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY EPES SARGENT.

"I saw thee in thy beauty, bright phantom of the past!
I saw thee but a moment—'twas the first time and the last:
And though years since then have glided by of mingled joy and care,
I never have forgotten thee, thou fairest of the fair.—MRS. HALL.

THERE is a species of false generosity which would often persuade us to violate our duty to ourselves, in the wish to contribute to the comfort or preservation of others. This sentiment has been praised and encouraged by some moralists as a virtue. How many a novel-writer would seem to regard it as a laudable and admirable trait in his heroine's character, that she was ready to surrender her hand and person in marriage to some detested suitor for the sake of saving a father, a brother or a lover from shame, ruin or death! And yet when the tests of a high morality are applied to such an act, how unworthy and *unheroic* does it appear!

The Glenhams were designated by all who knew them as a "fine family." The father was a retired lawyer, who, after amassing a comfortable fortune, purchased a handsome country seat about ten miles from the metropolis, and bade farewell to the city for the greater part of the year. His wife had been a belle in her youth, but was now content with a respectable station among the fashionable matrons of the day, and occupied herself with plans for advancing the fortunes of her "girls" by means of eligible alliances. The daughters were five in number. Three sons, the eldest of whom was "in business" in New York, and the remaining two in college, completed the family circle.

"Pray who is that Mr. Summerall, Ellen, who was so attentive to you at the pic-nic?" asked Mrs. Glenham one afternoon of her second daughter.

"He is a young man, I believe, who has but recently left college."

"But where does he come from? Does anybody know his father and mother? And what are his prospects?"

"Of his pedigree I know nothing, of his prospects but little, save that he has not yet decided upon a profession."

"He seemed mighty particular, I thought, in his attentions to you. Where did he get introduced?"

"At Mrs. Trelawney's ball last spring. He was introduced by Mrs. Trelawney herself."

"That woman has such a passion for new faces, that she is continually getting into scrapes in the choice of her acquaintances. It was through her indiscriminate patronage that the French barber, who figured so largely at some of the balls last

winter, was smuggled into society. He brought a letter of introduction to her from some friend in Paris, who recommended him as an unrivalled *coiffeur*. Poor Mrs. Trelawney, not knowing what the word meant, took it for granted that it was at any rate something very genteel. She forthwith invited the fellow to dinner. He saw her mistake, and had the shrewdness to avail himself of it."

"I do not apprehend that Mr. Summerall will turn out to be any such character."

"Perhaps not, my dear. But I would have you exert a proper caution until we are satisfied in regard to him. The country swarms with adventurers."

Here this casual conversation was discontinued. The younger of the two between whom it took place, would at once have impressed almost any observer, who had the least pretension to taste, as unquestionably and dazzlingly beautiful. Her head was exquisitely shaped, and her features were of that classic, Grecian cast, which young sculptors delight to imitate. Her form and stature were in keeping with the symmetry of her face. Lithe, slender and elastic, every motion displayed some new grace, every glance of her dark blue eyes some new expression.

Ellen Glenham was rather peculiarly situated in regard to the rest of her sisters, who were remarkably plain in their personal appearance. It would seem as if those charms which should have been distributed amongst them all, had been lavished on Ellen, and in her concentrated. Of this superiority no one could ever have discovered by her manner that she was conscious. In her eyes they were all beautiful, for they loved her with a true affection, and were so proud of her that she had no occasion for any pride of her own. It was indeed a touching spectacle to see those four homely girls arraying their favoured sister for some ball or fête at which they had declined being present. On these occasions Ellen would have followed their example, had it not been for the imperative command of her mother, and their own gentle persuasions. How they would hang around her, dispose a curl here, and a ribbon there, and then stand off, and scan in smiling and enthusiastic admiration the beauties they had helped to adorn, and in which they themselves were so deplorably deficient!

But it was not solely in her personal attractions that Ellen excelled them all. In every elegant accomplishment she seemed to distance competition. Her music masters were surprised at the aptitude with which she became initiated in the intricate mysteries of their celestial art. She had a rich, rotund, melodious voice, and sang with remarkable effect. She touched the piano with boldness and precision, and there were few amateur performers who could be compared to her. To all these advantages, personal and mental, she added that of a sweet and sunny temper, a heart that responded through every fibre to the voice of affection, a soul which was even fairer than the casket in which it was enclosed.

The conversation between the mother and daughter, which we have already recorded, had not been concluded many minutes, when the subject of it himself, Mr. Summerall, made his appearance. A slight flush passed over Ellen's cheek as his name was announced. It was not unnoticed by her mother, who as she swept by her to leave the room (for the morning dress of the matron was as yet unchanged) whispered, with a warning glance, "Mind—no encouragement, Ellen!"

Was Ellen guilty of a deceitful degree of reservation in her communications to her mother respecting Mr. Summerall? We trust not. Her intercourse with him had as yet resulted in no positive avowal on his part of an intention to sue for her hand. But how much can the heart communicate without the aid of words! From the first moment when they met, she could perceive that the great emotion of his life was kindled. And though he never alluded even distantly to the subject of his attachment, and though his manner was ever self-possessed and manly, yet Ellen could not escape the instinctive consciousness that she was beloved by him with all the ardour of a firm but passionate nature. To say that she was flattered by the discovery would be but feebly to convey an idea of the true state of feeling which it produced. Unknown to herself, her own affections had kept pace in their growth with his. She had never made one selfish inquiry in regard to who he was, or whence he came, whether he was rich or poor. She had never put to herself the question, "is his purpose marriage?" She was contented with knowing that he was the most agreeable young man of her acquaintance, that on entering a ball-room, he looked chagrined and disappointed till he found that she was present, when his eyes brightened and his whole demeanour underwent a change. Had Ellen instituted a serious self-examination, she would have been startled, however, at the positive nature of the preference which she felt. She was made aware of it at length.

"I have come to bid you farewell for a long, long time, Miss Glenham," said Summerall, looking intently in her face.

"You do not intend leaving the country?" asked Ellen in a tone of eagerness, at which she herself was so startled that a sudden blush overspread her cheek.

"Such is my intention," he replied. "I have finally abandoned the idea of attaching myself to one of the learned professions, and shall sail to-morrow for South America, where I have an excellent opportunity of entering upon a commercial career. Were I alone in the world, had I myself only to provide for, my inclinations would impel me to a different pursuit. But I have a mother and two fatherless sisters, who, if not in indigent circumstances, have been deprived by unforeseen events of many of the comforts to which they have been accustomed. The hope of assisting them has determined me in taking the step which I propose."

Ellen's voice trembled as she replied, "We shall be very sorry to lose you. When will you return?"

"Perhaps not for five years—perhaps in less time. Such being the uncertainty, I have long hesitated, Miss Glenham, whether it was generous in me to say what I am now going to say. And yet can words and protestations tell you so well as my actions and looks have already told you, that in you I recognise my heart's destiny, that I love you with a strong, deep, engrossing passion!"

"Enough! do not—do not!"—Ellen could only complete her sentence by covering her face with her handkerchief, and endeavouring to still her heaving bosom.

"Be tranquil, and hear me, my dear Miss Glenham. Love sharpens the faculties, and I am persuaded, and I know you will think me above all vain impulses in this, that there is no individual of my sex whom you regard with more favour than myself. I would not speak so plainly, were it not that I have but a few precious minutes to remain in your presence. I did not come to solicit from you an exchange of pledges, to entrap you into what the world calls an engagement, or even to learn from you that my affection was reciprocated. I have sought this opportunity simply to apprise you of the true state of my own feelings, to declare to you my deep, constant and enduring love, and to say that the hope of calling you one day mine, will sustain me through the years of toil, privation and absence, to which I look forward. And I implore you not to deceive me, even if in cherishing this hope I am presumptuous and deluded. Let me wear it like a talisman in my heart, let me beguile with it my hours of sadness in a foreign land, let it be my great incentive to exertion, the spur of my ambition, the idol of my dreams!"

The lover checked himself, for at that instant Mrs. Glenham re-entered the room. Young ladies in love generally have a repugnance to being found in tears by their mammas; and Ellen, to escape from scrutiny, rose and went to the piano. Her songs were hastily executed, however, and it was evident that her heart was not in them. Mr. Summerall took his hat, and approached to bid her farewell. Must she remain silent when there was so much to respond to? Must she not indicate by word or look that he might hope, that his affection was not wholly unreciprocated? She took up a

pair of scissors from her work-box, and severing a stray ringlet from her forehead, placed it in the hand that was extended for a parting grasp. So rapid had been the act, that it was unnoticed by her mother. Summerall pressed the un hoped for trophy to his lips, and, with a glance of inexpressible gratitude at Ellen, took leave of her and her mother. And this was all in the way of love passages that transpired between Ellen Glenham and Alfred Summerall! Who can say that he did not leave her as free as he found her.

A year passed by, bringing misfortunes to the Glenham family in its train. The eldest son, who was engaged in mercantile pursuits in New York, had been compelled to call upon his father for large endorsements, and finally, through inattention or ignorance, became so involved that his good name must either suffer irremediably, or he must raise a considerable sum. The money was supplied, the young man's honour was retrieved, but his father and his father's family were completely beggared.

We will not describe those gradations from affluence to competence, from competence to narrow means, from narrow means to destitution and dependence which the Glenhams underwent. The period at length arrived when they were obliged to remove from their stately manor-house to a humble tenement occupied by their gardener, when the boys were taken from college, and one of them sent to sea, and the other placed in a store, when the girls solicited work from milliners and upholsterers in the city, and when the father tried daily in vain to procure some humble appointment, no matter if it were no better than that of a tide-waiter in the Custom House. Ellen bore up under these privations with an indomitable spirit, and became more than ever the life and joy of the household, rising early and retiring late, and not shrinking from the most menial employment. Her trial, however, was to come.

Among the suitors whom she had known in her prosperity was a Mr. Wentworth. He was one of those negative individuals, of whom you could say nothing bad, and but little, for which he deserved credit, that was good. He was personable in his exterior. His manners were those of a gentleman, and he was perhaps as well educated as nine-tenths of the flutters in fashionable society. His chief claim to consideration, however, lay in the indisputable fact that he was wealthy. He had made his money himself, too, by bold speculations, and he had bought a splendid house, and furnished it luxuriously. All that he now wanted was a wife who would grace his establishment, and whose charms and position would draw around her and him that fashionable world, in whose glare he was ambitious to bask. Ellen Glenham was the reigning belle. She was sincerely admired by the men, envied and caressed by the women. Wentworth offered himself when she was at the zenith of her popularity, and was rejected, although he had reason to believe that the mother favoured his suit. Time rolled on, and the report reached him

of the calamitous reverse of fortune which had befallen the Glenhams. He vigilantly watched their decline, step by step; perhaps he managed to hasten it a little by intrigues, which he was not ashamed to resort to; and when he had moulded an opportunity to suit him, he sent a liveried servant with a letter addressed to Mrs. Glenham.

At the moment of its reception the family were in a state of embarrassment and distress, compared with which all former sufferings seemed trifling. As if by concert, all the small tradesmen with whom they had had dealings, had the day before importuned them for the paltry amounts for which they were indebted. Mr. Glenham, after encountering a refusal from two of his city friends to lend him a ten dollar bill, had returned home, and remained in a state of stupor, hour after hour looking out of the window. Susan, the eldest girl, for the sake of saving a few shillings in stage fare, had walked from the city when the snow was on the ground, and contracted a violent cough, which she in vain tried to conceal. The weather was extremely cold, and but little fuel remained wherewith to keep them warm. Penury in its most frightful aspect looked in at their dilapidated windows.

It was under circumstances like these that Mrs. Glenham, who had little genuine fortitude of character, received Mr. Wentworth's letter. It contained a reiteration of his offer of marriage to Ellen, accompanied by a suggestion that in the event of his alliance with the family, it would of course be his pleasure as well as his duty to restore them to the condition they had formerly occupied, to reinstate them in their old mansion, and furnish them liberally with the means of sustaining their position. An exclamation of joy from Mrs. Glenham was the first announcement of the character of this communication. When it was made known to Ellen, a deadly pallor overspread her face, and she trembled violently, as if some internal prescience had told her that it was the knell of her hopes.

What should she do? She candidly avowed the truth to her mother and sisters. She told them that not only was it impossible for her to feel the remotest affection for the man who thus took advantage of their misfortunes to press his suit, but that her heart was pre-occupied by another's image. Mrs. Glenham's anger on hearing this avowal was without bounds. She charged her daughter with ingratitude, (alas, how selfish are we made by suffering!) told her that she would be the murderer of her father and mother if she did not accept the offer of Mr. Wentworth, and appealed to every feeling of self-sacrifice in her nature, to rescue them by a single word, as she could do, from degradation, squalor and daily indignities and privations. Ellen turned her pale face to her sisters. They said nothing until their mother had gone; but then, with a generosity that did more to shake her resolution than all their pleadings could have done, they besought her to withstand the temptation which had been presented, to keep sacred the shrine of her affections, and in spite of suffering and of death, to

adhere to the promise, implied if not avowed, which she had made to Summerall, when she gave him the unforgotten ringlet. Unhappy Ellen! Why did she not take the advice of these pure-minded and clear-sighted sisters.

She was the victim of a false notion of generosity and self-sacrifice. Because her inclinations impelled her so strongly to wait patiently, whatever ill might betide, for the man of her heart, she imagined that the path of duty lay in an opposite direction. She yielded to her mother's upbraidings and expostulations, and consented that she should despatch a letter to Mr. Wentworth accepting in Ellen's name the offer he had done them the honour to make.

The ir retrievable step was taken. But what anguish did it cost poor Ellen to review it! And yet, measured by the standard of that erroneous morality which has been so much patronized by novel writers and poets, her deed was commendable, and she reconciled it to her conscience. Well for her had it been, had she bethought herself—

"There is a duty second but to that
We owe to the Creator—higher far
Than all the claims of country, kindred, friends,
Of government, society and law—
The duty of self-reverence!"

How doth the "whirligig of time bring about its revenges!" Not many hours after the fatal letter of assent had been despatched to Mr. Wentworth, a carriage drove up before the door of the humble domicile where the Glenhams were collected, and a young man, handsomely attired, stepped forth, and knocking for admission, inquired for Miss Ellen. It was Summerall! The death of a relative had raised him and his family to a condition of opulence, and he had left South America to assume the management of a handsome fortune in his own land. He had called at the house formerly occupied by the Glenhams, where he learned, to his dismay, of their misfortunes. Hurrying away to their present abode, he sought impatiently for her to whom his day dreams and his hopes had ever been true. She appeared, but how changed! What an expression of hopeless and helpless wretchedness had settled upon that face, in which every joy was once reflected! A few hours had done the ravage of years upon her features.

The painful truth was communicated by one of the sisters. Not a murmur escaped from Summerall's lips, although they quivered, and a certain shrinking of his form, as if a heavy blow had been inflicted on his breast, indicated the agitation within. He uttered no reproach, but, in hurried and slightly tremulous accents, wished Ellen "all happiness," bowed, and quitted the house. With

a groan of inexpressible pathos, Ellen rose from her chair, took one step towards the window as if to catch a last glance of his figure, then sank insensible upon the floor.

It was nearly an hour before she was restored, and even then the languor and lassitude displayed in every movement could hardly be called restoration. Days passed on, and, in accordance with Mr. Wentworth's arrangements, the family were re-established in their old house with their accustomed luxuries around them. A period for the wedding was fixed; and great preparations were made for its becoming celebration. The apathy and indifference which had marked Ellen's manner immediately after the engagement, seemed gradually to wear off. She began to take an interest in things around her, gave directions with some animation as to the style of her bridal dress, and received Wentworth with kindness, though she would never allow him to take a greater liberty than that of kissing her hand. On the morning of the wedding, her spirits were unusually bright. She appeared stronger and more full of life than she had been for months. Her eyes flashed with preternatural brilliancy, and there was a softness in her tones which went to the heart of those with whom she conversed. These signs were regarded as favourable by all except Susan, the eldest sister, who could not see them without weeping, for she could not escape from the recollection of an expression which had fallen from Ellen's lips the day after her last interview with Summerall: "Happen what may, I can never be another's. *We shall not be parted long.*"

The bridal party were assembled in the little chapel of the village. The question, the affirmative answer to which makes of woman a wife, had been put twice to Ellen, and twice had her head sunk convulsively on her sister's breast, without her being able to respond. As she made a third effort, nature gave way, and she fell, in violent convulsions, into the arms of her attendants, and was borne from the church. A state of rigid repose succeeded, during which she seemed as one dead. Suddenly, however, her limbs became relaxed, a smile of unimaginable sweetness irradiated every feature, she rose from her recumbent position, extended her arms as if to embrace some invisible presence, uttered in a tone of exultation the name of Summerall, and fell back inanimate. Thus perished the Flower of the Family!

It was not till some months afterwards, that intelligence was accidentally received in regard to Summerall. For reasons honourable to himself, he had embarked under an assumed name, *about a week before the period* fixed for the nuptials of Ellen Glenham, in the ill-fated President.

JACK VAPOR, THE BUSY BODY.

A DUTCH STORY.—IN TWO PARTS.

(Concluded from p. 91.)

THE BUSY BODY.

THE great day at last appeared, when the dangerous state of the republic was to be considered. Adventures like those of the last week had from time immemorial never happened. Jack had not been idle. He had paid court to all the handsome girls in town, and had sworn that it was only for their sakes that he had sacrificed to the humpbacked daughter of the Chamberlain: The grateful maidens had therefore provoked their mothers, the mothers their husbands, and the husbands their obliging friends of the council, against the indecently long queue of the Town-Secretary. Every one expected with fear and trembling the issue of these things. As soon as the town clock had struck the hour, all the Lulenburgers and Lulenburgeresses were at the Council house, in spirit if not in body. Many mechanics left their work-benches, the smith his anvil, the miller his mill, the weaver his loom, to wait in the park before the Town-house the coming forth of the learned gentlemen who would let them know confidentially what would be the probable turn of affairs.

The Council had assembled with its full complement of members. During the first silence the eyes of all wandered restlessly towards one or the other of the heads of both parties, but particularly towards the Secretary, before whom there lay on the table several pots of earthenware and a mother-of-pearl button.

After the preliminary business had been disposed of, Muckle took the floor, and brought forward his charges.

"Where shall I find words," said he, "to paint the ruin which the inquiet spirit of one of our own citizens has brought upon the republic. Since the founding of Rome and of Lulenburg many men had lived; but not one of all had been able in so short a time, with such small means, and on so limited a theatre, to work so much mischief as Jack Vapor. Yes, oh fathers of your country, I name him, because already the children in the streets point to him as the author of all evil. Where is there a house which has not something to complain of him? Are secrets betrayed, it is Jack Vapor who does it! Is there back-biting, Jack Vapor helps it along! Do the nobility quarrel, Jack Vapor has set them on! If a plan miscarries, Jack Vapor is the man who thwarts it! Is a betrothal broken off, Jack Vapor has a hand in the sport! Is an enterprise wrecked, it is all through the awkwardness of this same Jack

Vapor! He was born for the misery of mankind, has his nose everywhere, goes everywhere, will know all things, do all things, improve all things, and bring all things into confusion."

After this opening, the orator illustrated his points by many citations from the well-known history of the town, and spoke of recent adventures, of the fire, of the smashed crockery, of the fierce encounter between the guildmasters, of the immeasurable astonishment of the whole town, and of the detrimental effect of this upon nervous persons—the sick and lying-in women. He spoke so movingly that guildmaster Pretzel could not withhold his tears at the reference to the broken pots; so ardently that chamberlain Pipham became fiery-red in the face, and shoemaker Awl clenched his fists. Even Jack Vapor himself for a moment seemed to lose his imperturbable elevation and peace of mind.

But he soon came to, and began his defence with great dignity and clearness, to wit,—that from an old pot and a pearl button which he might have lost in the streets, they could prove nothing against him; that his intimacy in the families of the neighbourhood was only a proof of the strength of his affection for his fellows, and the profound love with which he regarded every thing that related to Lulenburg. As it concerned the fire, the fault was not his that the engines came too late, since the misfortune was not spoken of until after it had happened. But even if the engines had made their appearance, the conflagration would not have been less, because the machines had fallen to pieces from age, and were so rotten that they would not hold a cup of water.

The Secretary replied to him with vehemence, to the effect that Jack Vapor was to a certainty the author of all evil. "To such an extent, oh! fathers of your country," he went on, "has this man carried it, that no persuasions are necessary to make me believe that the bloody Turkish war, that the pestilence in Poland, that the terrible earthquake in Calabria, that the last great storm, that the swallowing up of the Spanish fleet by the sea, that all, in short, are not to be ascribed to Jack Vapor! Since he came within our walls, confusion, discord, parties and tears have been the order of the day. Lulenburg still stands; but we, oh! fathers, shall yet behold its unhappy ruin, if we do not forthwith banish this Jack Vapor beyond the sea. Has he not brought us difficulties and terrors enough? Would you excite a civil war, murder and conflagration—the overthrow of this excellent Council-house—the

reduction of our dwellings to ashes?" Then Muckle went on to elaborate an image of destruction, which made the hair of every listener, even of the noble Jack Vapor himself, stand on end with fright, and all believed that another siege of Jerusalem was to be enacted at the very gates of Lulenburg.

Anxiety, fear, doubt and revenge shone in every countenance. Some sank down half powerless upon their seats; others, with outstretched nostrils swelled with courage, and cast deadly glances at the poor Town-Architect; others in stupid astonishment wished to fly that they might save themselves in time, or crawled on their bended knees under the benches; while others longed to give the word to put Jack Vapor to death, only their voices were so thick with excessive indignation that they did not succeed in making themselves heard.

Suddenly the door of the chamber opened, and the messenger came in with a letter in his hand bearing a monstrous great seal. He gave it to the chief burgomaster, and said that a courier from His Highness the Prince of Lichtenstein had brought it. Then the ears of all were eagerly stretched forward. The burgomaster laid the letter down, giving it a majestic look, and mysteriously whispering on both sides, "Despatches from his high Mightiness." The good Lulenburgers burned with curiosity, and hung with their eyes fixed upon the great seal. The siege of Jerusalem appeared to have been soon forgotten.

As the presiding burgomaster unfolded the letter, those who sat next to him drew as near as they could, and others, that they might not lose a single syllable or breath, discreetly rushed forward from their seats, so that they came to sit upon the laps of the former. The whole chamber was empty except just around the Master, where head crowded upon head. There reigned the stillness of death. Although Lulenburg had had some business intercourse with the Principality of Lichtenstein, it had never before happened that the Prince had written directly to the Council of the republic. The burgomaster very properly divined that the message must relate to some affair of unusual importance.

He began to read, but in a low and trembling voice suitable to the solemnity of the circumstances. As those who sat behind did not perfectly understand the first words, they called out "Read louder! louder!" By that means, those who were in front were disturbed, and unanimously ordered the others to be still. Thereupon the hindmost quite lost all that had been read, and repeated their calls for a louder enunciation, while some demanded that the readers should begin again at the beginning. The foremost grew impatient, and again commanded silence. This calling back and forth grew stronger until at last all were provoked into a tumult, and each one tried to raise above the voice of his neighbour, in order to persuade them to silence. Then those behind, convinced that those in front had the advantage in being near to the reader, moved forwards; and among others, Jack Vapor, as quick as lightning, sat himself directly under the nose of the

burgomaster. The Secretary shouted until he became cherry-brown in the face, that Jack Vapor had crowded him out of his place; but it was in vain; for others had been crowded out in the same way. Now arose a frightful pushing and tearing and storming, in the midst of cursing and swearing, and praying and sighing, for the restoration of order.

In this tumultuous movement the burgomaster had the most to bear, for against him, as the centre, they pressed from all directions. He determined, however, that he would make himself heard in spite of the storm. He rose with majestic indignation, and that he might overtop the crowd, stood up upon his chair. But while he was expressing his just anger with a thundering voice, an indiscriminating push of the multitude struck the throne from under his legs, and he came down among the herd, like a proud oak among an undergrowth of shrubs. His peruke, which, rich in powder and pomatum, coloured the face of the collector of the customs, and made him rub his eyes out, was seized by the latter in his wrath, and converted into a weapon of offence and defence. The sight of this and its efficacy, excited others to the wicked imitation of the example. Soon no peruke was any longer safe upon its head; one after another they flew over the heads of the mob, like mist, scattering clouds above, and cries of pain and murder among those engaged below.

In this melancholy confusion of affairs, the great and long-prepared design against the hair-tail of the Secretary was ripened. One of the Councilmen, a tailor by trade, took out his shears, and followed the Secretary as he ran about in the tumult like a long tailed rat. In a jiffy, the tail was separated from his head, without the least misgiving on his part until it gave him a stroke in the face. Some one had borne away the trophy from the malicious tailor, and as it was about a yard long, made use of it as a whip.

When the Secretary saw his pigtail at the mercy of strangers, and by a quick grasp of the back of his neck, concluded that he had lost his treasure for ever, he raised a sorrowful cry, and with eyes full of tears, and hands raised to Heaven, called its avenging thunder down upon the head of the transgressor. He would not have tormented himself as much for the loss of his head itself as he did for the loss of his hair! His howling was so unearthly that he frightened the whole assembly in the height of their fray, all quarrels were forgotten, and, keeping silence, they surrounded the Miserable One. But when they found out that neither arm nor leg was wanting to him, and that only his illegal and unofficial tail was gone, they all laughed most provokingly, the perukes were restored to their proper owners, and each one regularly resumed his seat on the benches.

The burgomaster shook his head ominously at the recent disorder, which made his rough wig look like the head of Medusa or Titus. Still these lively debates were no unheard of thing in Lulenburg, and

so no fuss was made about this affair. They saw in it only an expression of citizen-like independence and true republican freedom of manners. Each one took his own hair back, and kept his clothes together, wherever they were torn, with his fingers. The Secretary laid his defunct tail near the pot and button on the table, drying his eyes with a coloured pocket handkerchief. All awaited, with renewed reverence, the reading of the princely letter. But this, during the pulling and hauling, had been torn into many pieces. They carefully gathered the scattered particles, laid them on the desk before the burgomaster, and left it to his wisdom to decypher the contents.

This was no easy task, for the pieces were so manifold that a single sentence of the writing could not be made out. The Council were thrown into a great strait and embarrassment. Three times the burgomaster put the question, as to what answer should be sent back to Lichtenstein, and threetimes the enlightened assembly shook their heads. At last Jack Vapor rose up, and proposed that they should announce to His Princely Highness that his message had been received and lost; and that a noble and learned magistrate should entreat him to be good enough to write his commands a second time.

Jack's advice would have been adopted, had not Muckle, who all the while had been collecting the scattered pieces of the letter, begun to read from them the following words,—“Take—Jack Vapor—the dog—a thousand guilders—the price—of his head!”—

Every body listened with mute astonishment. “There,” cried the Secretary, “there is no longer any doubt. Jack Vapor has again been perpetrating some silly trick which will perhaps bring misfortune upon all Lulenburg. The Prince, as it appears to me, commands us that we should take Jack Vapor. He himself calls him a dog outright, and sets a price of a thousand guilders upon his head. This Jack Vapor has undoubtedly had his hand again in some forbidden and uncalled for affair, which did not concern him. But it wont do to eat cherries with great lords. Without pretending to dictate, my advice is, that you secure the accused in a prison, until the Prince has been informed that the Council were ready to make every satisfaction, and for that purpose had seized the much offending Jack Vapor.”

The proposal of the Secretary was adopted with unanimity, as much as Jack protested against it, and averred that he had never in his life had any thing to do with the Prince. They ordered the constables, who were reckoned among their partizans to seize him. The Major pulled his big feather a little further out of his hat, put himself at the head of his troops, and led the condemned, amid a large concourse of people, to the town-jail.

JACK VAPOR.

The intelligence of the arrest of the Town-Architect, and of the anger of the Prince of Lichtenstein caused the most incredible surmises. Every man cudgelled his brains to find out in what respect Jack Vapor had offended. Indeed, the perplexity was so absorbing that they did not once miss the yard-long tail lost from the head of the Secretary. They talked only of Jack Vapor, the busy body, and no one seemed to doubt his probable execution. Some conjectured that he would be beheaded, others that he would be hung, and still others that he would only be burnt. Many gave out that the solemnity would not be observed in Lulenburg but at the princely residence instead, and others rejoiced at this, since it would furnish them a good excuse and pretence for visiting the residence. Several agreed with others that they would make the journey in company so as to save expense. All the carriages and horses in the town, at that early day, were bespoken and laid under an embargo. The tailor was called in, and measures taken for new clothes.

Still there was mingled with these considerations and early preparations, some christian pity, when they thought of the delinquent, who now waiting his death, pined in the prison. Jack Vapor, whom every body knew, who had more or less busied himself in every household; Jack Vapor, whom every mother had disposed of, or wished for a son-in-law; whom all the girls looked at askant in the street, but always with the most friendly eyes in private; Jack Vapor, a vivacious companion at the table, an elegant speaker in council, a chatterer over his coffee among aunts and cousins, the most zealous respondent in church; Jack Vapor, the All in all, the Alcibiades of Lulenburg, in prison!

The quiet anguish of compassion first seized the daughters, then the mothers, and finally the men. Scarcely had the darkness of evening arrived, when many a pretty young woman, who at other times would fly the presence, and hardly hear the naked name of an unmarried man without blushing, would trip along the street of the jail with moist eyes, to convey something to the “poor sinner,” as they now called the Architect. One brought sausages, another sugar candy, a third little pasties, and a fourth confections and raisins.

“Oh! merciful heaven!” cried the old women, the maid-servants and the little chimney-sweeps, who had remarked this, “already his hangman’s-mealtime has come.” Throughout the entire citizen class there was now no delay. This hangman’s-meal, or farewell meal that we speak of, was a custom observed of old by the Lulenburgers towards a criminal sentenced to death. Some day before the execution it was their wont to send in all manner of eatables and drinkables, whether he wished them or not. As the prison at this time was on a level with the street, and a hole had been broken in the wicker-work of the window, through which things could be conveyed from without, (no one being

allowed to open the prison-door without a special permit from the authorities) the place in front of the building was thronged till midnight with givers. Bread and cookies of all sorts, hams, sausages, roast goose, chickens, ducks, pigeons, pastry, apples, pears, &c., then bottles of beer and wine, flasks of liqueur, smelling-bottles, crawled through the hole. The grocer provided the "poor sinner" with salt, pepper, cheese, butter, and smoking and snuffing tobacco, so that the Town-Architect was in danger of being stuck fast in the midst of the enormous quantities of things which were poked through to him. But he did not suffer himself to be seen by the philanthropic donors, and never answered a word to their expressions of condolence. "He is so ashamed," they said with great tenderness of feeling, "that he keeps himself back there in the dark."

For once this tenderness was in error, for the Town-Architect was not in the town-prison. When the Major about midday had led him forth, he found the prison in the best condition, but badly preserved. The door could neither be locked nor bolted, inasmuch as both lock and bolt had rusted away the mouldy wood. But this was not a consequence of any neglect of duty on the part of the worthy magistrates of the republic, but because of a forty year old lawsuit between the town and the county (*i. e.* several neighbouring villages) relating to the question, whether the expense of prisoners should be borne by the town, which possessed the right to imprison, or by the county, the inhabitants of which had the privilege of being imprisoned. It had never entered into the thought of man that a citizen of the town should be condemned to jail. This lawsuit had been conducted by the Great Council of the republic for forty years, and was not yet terminated. Every year the administration of the town or the administration of the county gave a reconciliation feast, on the strength of the so called "undetermined expenses," and thereby the contending parties were happily moderated and harmonized. But although the wine and roast meat of the said reconciliation feast tasted very nicely to both parties, the reconciliation itself was never brought about, partly because they feared they might lose the prospect of new feasts for the future, and partly because they feasted at the cost of the one that was in the wrong, yet neither of them would be in the wrong.

The Major immediately perceived, by means of his characteristic sagacity, the little deficiency in the door, so that instead of locking it, he nailed it first, covering the nail, at the instigation of the Secretary, with the public seal. A watchman, one of their partizans, was placed outside to remain all the while. The captive as soon as he was in, put this cogent question to the watchman:—"how a prisoner was to comport himself in certain straits which naturally happen to every body?" The watchman considering the question, thought it important enough to run after the Major and Secretary, who were not far distant, to procure their solution

of the difficulty. During his absence, the Architect examined the construction of the door, and as the hinge, where it was not nailed and sealed, easily came out of the worm-eaten posts, he walked forth, and then putting the hinge back in its place, slipped out of a side door, without being remarked.

The faithful watchman returned with the unfeeling command of the Major, that the prisoner might deport himself in the circumstances alluded to, in the best way he could. Thereupon the sentinel disclosed his sincere compassion; and as the prisoner did not answer a syllable, he continued a quarter of an hour comforting him, and giving him good advice, when he ceased, contenting himself from time to time in inspecting the nail and the seal.

THE BUSY BODY.

It was a very masterpiece of travelling which the architect performed from the prison, through the town, to his own dwelling. He reached the back court of the Town-house by means of a spacious pen, which had an outlet to the next street. In this pen the hogs belonging to the government were fattened, which hogs Jack took occasion to give the liberty to come out into the open air. Then he sprung into a bakery that communicated by means of a gate near the top, with the houses standing upon the further street. He flew nimbly up the stairs, found the gate barricaded by a parcel of meal sacks, shoved the sacks off into the street with all his might, and before the sixth sack had reached the ground, was on the other side of the gate, down into the street, and over the way to the house of the Major, from which, fuming and blowing, he found a path to the place where not long before, Mr. Pretzell had had his singular misfortune with his crockery. Here was a new obstruction. The Major had built a new goose-pen across the path, in which, since he had taken to the feather-business, he confined immense flocks of geese. Fortunately the pen was not built in the massive order; and the wooden slats flew right and left, under the hands of the Architect, so that he was safe in his own house, before the geese, screaming and fluttering, for having gained their freedom, could testify their joy to the town.

So deeply absorbed were the Lulenburgers with the occurrences of the morning, that they seemed to have no thought about any thing else than the arrest of the Architect, the courier of the Prince, and the tearing of the despatch which had been sent to the council. Yet it must have occasioned some unusual remark when suddenly they saw the hogs of the beloved Council, burnt with a big L (for Lulenburg) wandering over the town; or when the air was darkened with clouds of meal from the falling and bursting sacks, or when at last the Major's flocks of geese flew screaming round the gable-ends of the houses. No one could make out why these wonders should happen all in the same neighbour-

hood, and about the same time. One person, a politician, suggested that the adherents of the condemned Architect designed to create a public uproar, and Secretary Muckle gave out that he would have believed it to be Jack Vapor himself at his old tricks, if he had not nailed and sealed him in almost the very moment that the hogs, the meal sacks, and the geese had made their first appearance in public.

On the following morning as the more thoughtful revolved the great deeds of their country, particularly the expected solemn execution, and all the accompanying circumstances, a courier rushed full gallop into the town with new despatches for the government. Instantly the town bell was sounded. The burgomaster and the Councilmen, in their gowns and swords, hastened to the extraordinary session with countenances full of profundity and seriousness. Many people ran inquisitively into the public park, and many more did so when they saw the coach of the Prince drive up, for the purpose, no doubt, of carrying away the prisoner.

The session was opened. The burgomaster laid out the letter, broke the great seal in the presence of the assembly, and began to read in a loud voice the following—

“We, Nickodemus, Prince of Lichtenstein, Count of Krohenburg, Baron of Dockfield, Lord of Sowwinkle and Foxtown, to the enlightened Burgomaster and Council of the noted town and republic of Lulenburg, send greeting. Most honourable, beloved, and true! We are sorry to learn that our message to you was lost, for it was to this effect—Whereas one of your accomplished citizens, named Jack Vapor, told one of our courtiers, that if he should only undertake it, he could teach a dog to speak, which would be particularly pleasing to us, so that no price would be too dear, if he succeeded in bringing our favourite dog *Fidele*, to a knowledge of human speech, which is a very difficult matter, notwithstanding his natural aptness, seeing that the dog already comprehends the German fully, and has a smattering of Italian and French, we invite the aforesaid Jack Vapor, for a time, to our court, sending him a thousand guilders for his first experiment, and should this come to a head, should he succeed, we will make him High Counsellor, and Instructor to our princes, as soon as they grow big enough. And now we expect from you, most honourable, beloved and true! that you send this Jack Vapor to our court directly and without delay. Hereof fail not.”

With mute signs of astonishment, the whole assembly listened to this announcement. Not a soul, from the Secretary and First Councillor down to the doorkeeper, who did not keep his mouth wide open for two minutes after there was nothing more to be heard. Even the presiding burgomaster, when he laid down the letter, did not close his lips, and stared quite vaguely into the air.

Some wondered at the favourite dog of his Highness, which was already accomplished in three languages, others over the till now unknown skill-

fulness of Jack Vapor in teaching dogs to speak, others reverentially considered the dignity and offices to which the Architect had been suddenly raised just when he expected a contrary elevation, and others dreaded the revenge of the great man, translated from a prison to the neighbourhood of a throne, when he should once get the town and republic in his power. The dead silence of astonishment was soon changed into tumult, as each one wished to proclaim how that yesterday he had protested against the arrest of the Architect. No one was concerned in that, but Secretary Muckle. In the midst of all, some broke out in lofty praises of the godlike Jack Vapor, whom they called the Pride and Ornament of his native country, whilst others enumerated how, the evening before, from pure attachment, they had poked costly spices and drinks into the little hole in the lattice of the prison. Muckle chewed his pen in ignominy, and stood as the scapegoat of the nation. Even he was anxious to reconcile himself to his great enemy.

Accordingly he was the first to propose that a deputation of the Council be sent to fetch the distinguished High-Counsellor from the prison, and carry him in triumph to the town-house, then they must formally ask his pardon for the misunderstanding of yesterday, set him in the place of honour by the side of the presiding burgomaster, when the letter should be read to him; and lastly, would he, as he, *i. e.* the Secretary ought, crave his mercy, and commend his native land and his fellow citizens to his affection, so that Jack Vapor might never turn against Lulenburg, as Coriolanus once did against Rome.

Let no one wonder at this sudden change of opinion. Circumstances among them so easily altered principles, friendships, hatreds, oaths and inclinations, that he whom they would have yesterday trodden under foot, because of his misfortunes, to-day they would crawl upon all fours to propitiate. They call it the Way of the World, Politics, Prudence, and they find the practice of it profitable, so that it is diligently pursued.

JACK VAPOR.

Jack Vapor, who knew his fellow citizens very well, sat fearless and contented in his own house, where his old housekeeper supplied him with food. He knew that in a few days every thing would be changed; that his dear Lulenburgers, great in words, but little in deeds, even if he should be discovered, would not touch a hair of his head. He moreover comforted himself in the certain knowledge that he had never hurt a flea of the Prince's of Lichtenstein.

But when his faithful housekeeper, who went out from time to time to get the news of the town and the proceedings of council, told him the singular story that he had been dubbed High-Counsellor by

the Prince in order to instruct the favourite dog in the German grammatics; that a deputation of the Council had waited upon him in vain at the town jail; that the whole town was in an extraordinary amazement, both on account of his disappearance, and as to the mode in which it was effected, especially when it was shown, after the narrowest scrutiny, that neither wall nor window, neither nail nor seal, had been injured, Jack, we say, quite regretted his flight. But to bring the matter in its proper track, he dressed himself in his showiest, lighted his tobacco pipe, stationed himself conspicuously at the open window, smoked in comfort, and accosted in a friendly way every body that passed. By this he hit his mark; for each one stopped and gaped at him in surprise, the report flew swift as lightning over the town that the mysteriously-disappearing High-Counsellor was smoking his pipe at his window; and all ran thither to convince themselves of the truth of the report. In less than half an hour, the street was thronged with people from one end to the other, the *honourables* of the town hastened to the neighbourhood of his acquaintances and friends, head crowded upon head out of the windows, while the chimney sweeps, masons, carpenters and more daring boys, chose places on the roofs of the opposite houses, to see the new-made High-Counsellor, who considered the multitude with curiosity and pleasure, as though he were quite astounded by their respect.

With unwearied courage, the deputation from the

Council worked their way to his house through the throng in the streets. He received them with condescending kindness. The burgomaster had placed himself at their head, and opened his address with the words, "Mighty and well-born Lord High-Counsellor of the Prince! How shameful is it that our dear native town should prove what was said in the Scriptures to be true, 'that a prophet is not without honour save in his own country.' " Upon this text the speaker spun out a long salutatory discourse, which in the midst of flattering compliments and excuses for the mistake of yesterday, ended with some wise advice. Thereupon the message of the Prince was disclosed. All the councillors wept tears of joy. The potential Architect made an exquisite reply, which lasted so long that the people had almost deserted the streets, and the deputation ceased to shed their tears of joy. Then appeared the coach of the Prince, and the High-Counsellor was informed that he was expected that very evening at the royal residence.

There was now no delay. Jack jumped into the royal carriage, and drove away, amid the mingled sobs and shouts of the population which had nourished so great a man.

What befel him at the court, and how he succeeded in his experiment of teaching the dog to speak, will be related in subsequent chronicles, i. e. if there are found readers enough of this first part of his memoir to induce the translator to undertake a second part.

LAURA BELL.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

Oh, Laura Bell! sweet Laura Bell!

The days have flown too fast,
Since through the woodland and the dell,

Two happy souls, we passed;
But memory lays her paint so well
The colours long will last.

A million times I've thought of thee,
Sweet Laura, it is true!
A million times you've thought of me,
And twice the number too;
For loved we strong and tenderly,
And drank love's earliest dew.

With you no ill an ill had seemed,—
Life could have had no strife;
But, Laura, I had never dreamed
Of making you a wife,—
For heaven so often round you beamed,
I could not, for my life.

Like some bright spirit, flown away
From your own native skies,
You seemed awhile on earth to stay,

Feasting your angel eyes;
Hiding your wings, till some glad day
You'd float to paradise.

And Laura, we were forced to part,
Ere love's young dream was ended,
And all the ties that bound my heart,
Like cords of sand were rended!
Oh, Laura! salt the tears that start,
When age and youth are blended!

I'm old and heavy-headed now,
And thou hast slumbered here,
Where other hands have laid thee low,
Full many a waning year,—
And oft thy children come to throw
Their flowers upon thy bier.

Oh, Laura Bell! I loved thee well,
And time has flowed too fast,
Since, like the brooklet in the dell,
Our love in silence passed;
And here I come, sweet Laura Bell,
To find thee dead at last!

COUSIN PHILIP.

A DOMESTIC TALE.

BY MISS META M. DUNCAN.

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs: he brushes his hat o' mornings. What should that bode?
Shakspeare.

"My dear Philip, you are surely not going to town without giving some little more attention to your dress?"

"Attention! mother; why I have got on the smartest clothes I own. I doubt if any Chestnut street dandy has better."

"Now, Philip, dear!"

"Now, mother, dear!"

"My dear son, do be a little reasonable, and, if not for your own sake, pray for mine, show a little more regard for appearances."

"Why, mother, I have been sacrificing to appearances for the last hour—indeed I am a walking sacrifice, in this thick cloth coat, on the 25th day of July. What fault do you find with me? For my part," he continued, walking up to the glass, and running his fingers through the mass of fair curls that shaded his handsome laughing face—"for my part, I think I look charmingly."

"But, your feet, Philip; you have no straps to your pantaloons!"

"Straps! Oh, mother, straps are the most uncomfortable things in the world."

"And then, your vest!"

"My vest! Do you call this vest ugly? Why, I told Sam to hunt me out the handsomest he could find."

"No doubt it suits Sam's taste, exactly. I advise you to make it over to him. It would be far more appropriate for an old black factotum, like Sam, than for my son!"

"Now, mother, don't look so grave. I will give my whole wardrobe to Sam, and go without any vest at all, if you wish it. But tell me, pray, why you are so anxious about my appearance to-day?"

"Do you forget your promise to dine with your uncle?"

"No, certainly, I do not, and if I get through my business in time, I shall keep my promise to the old gentleman."

"And your aunt and cousins, who are so fastidious?"

"Ah! that's the secret, is it? You want me to show off before my fashionable relations! No, no, dear mother," he continued seriously, "they must take me as I am. We are too unlike ever to be friends, even were I capable of forfeiting my self-respect, by endeavouring to conciliate them. I do not wish to pass for more than I am to any one, much less to them."

"But, for my sake, Philip!"

"'Tis for your sake, mother, that I go at all. Your affection for your sister I respect, though I cannot understand it. You and my father have seen fit to forgive the neglect of years, and 'tis proper that I should do so too, but do not ask me to forget it."

If Philip Herbert was unwilling to conciliate his mother's relatives, he had no such inclination toward herself, and when he jumped into the gig to drive to town, the proof of it might be seen in his person. The obnoxious vest had disappeared, and was replaced by one of Mrs. Herbert's selection, pantaloons with straps were adopted, in one pocket reposed a pair of new kid gloves, and from the other peeped the corner of a delicate cambric handkerchief. Truth obliges us, however, to say, that the sleep of the new kid gloves remained unbroken—he forgot they were in his pocket, and that, though, with the most exemplary obedience, he continued to wear the straps, they were *unbuttoned*.

Mrs. Herbert and Mrs. Murray, were the daughters of a very proud, though very much reduced family, of Philadelphia. Mrs. Murray, the eldest, who was remarkably beautiful, had the luck to make a wealthy and ambitious match, while her sister, much less handsome, much less ambitious, surrendered her heart, and finally her hand, to a plain country gentleman, the son of a farmer, who lived in ease and plenty on the farm which his patient industry had rendered a valuable estate.

Mrs. Herbert was on a visit to an old schoolmate when she first met Philip Herbert, in whose neighbourhood her friend lived, and when she returned home her hand was pledged to her lover. This announcement met from her mother, her only surviving parent, the most violent opposition. She was shocked at her daughter's degeneracy, at her taste, in wishing to marry a rough unpolished clown—one so different from all she had been accustomed to associate with. In vain was she told that Mr. Herbert was not a practical farmer—in vain were his education and acquirements dwelt upon. His talents, his integrity, his frank manly manners—even the wealth which must revert to him, weighed not with her. The antiquated cut of his coat, his clumsy boots and sunburnt hands, outbalanced them all, and she persisted in believing that Mr. Herbert followed his own plough, and that her delicately nurtured daughter must, if married

to him, milk the cows and churn the butter: she accordingly refused her consent, and forbid her daughter's ever seeing or communicating with him again. Two years passed by bringing no mitigation of this severe sentence to the lovers. At the end of this time, Catherine's mother died, leaving her to the protection, almost the charity of her sister, who, sharing all her mother's prejudices, opposed with equal obstinacy Catherine's engagement. Finding it vain to expect any change in her sister, and now mistress of herself, Catherine yielded to the importunities of her lover—who had also in the interim lost his father—and became his wife.

Mrs. Murray warmly resented this step, all intercourse ceased between them, and for more than twenty years the breach continued. At the expiration of this time, and shortly before the opening of our tale, a reconciliation had been effected through an old friend of the family, visits had been exchanged, and there now existed every appearance of cordiality between the families.

There is no doubt that as time went by, Mr. and Mrs. Murray had their misgivings as to the prudence of the course they had pursued towards the Herberts. The years of wasteful extravagance, which had diminished their own fortune, were marked by increased prosperity on the part of the Herberts. Mr. Herbert had not been brought up to eat his peas with a silver fork, nor is it probable he had ever used a finger-glass in his life, yet, spite of these important disadvantages, he had managed to acquire a reputation for liberality, enterprise and scientific acquirement, which, though widely differing from their own standard, gave him distinction in the eyes of others. They heard of him through the public prints, as an extensive importer of cattle; as a liberal encourager of every thing tending to improve agricultural pursuits; as the correspondent of learned societies, and as the president or active member of numberless useful institutions. He was quoted as authority, and his farm held up as a model, till Mrs. Murray began to believe that there were other roads to distinction than the mere conventional one she was accustomed to tread; and she accordingly yielded gracefully to the arguments of her friend, to whom twenty years ago she would not have listened.

Mrs. Herbert felt differently. With more heart, she preserved through the years which had separated them, a tender regard for her sister—the only serious sorrow her married life had known, was their estrangement; and she acceded joyfully to a reconciliation, which her respect for her husband never would have allowed her to seek. Mr. Herbert was a perfectly good-natured man, and had never thought enough about his wife's fine relations to harbour any unkind feelings towards them, so that, although he was the chief cause of the division between the sisters, he was the least difficult to manage in the reunion. If his wife overlooked their unkindness, he had no desire to remember it, and he shook the whole family heartily by the

hand, and invited them to walk round and see the place, with the cordiality of an old friend.

Mrs. Herbert's married life had been unchequered by misfortune. She had a respect bordering upon veneration for her husband's character, the kindness of his nature nurtured her tenderness for him, and she felt proud of the high opinion generally entertained of him; but, as there is always a drop in every cup, more or less bitter, she also had her peculiar vexations. It was impossible for her entirely to forget all the maxims of the fastidious school in which she had been educated; and though she had long ceased to be startled by her husband's homely notions and habits, she never became thoroughly reconciled to them. Many little things, nevertheless, he had amended to please her, and when she found it impossible to remedy others, she very sensibly ceased to remonstrate, and if she occasionally beheld him from her window, with a large rod in his hand, helping the lad to drive in the cows, or in harvest-time, with his coat off, assisting the men to house the grain, she consoled herself with the reflection that he did not often meet the cows coming home, and that country habits were too strong to be gotten over entirely. She had winked at the introduction of a spittoon into her neat sitting-room; she had smothered her disgust, and ordered sour-kraut for dinner, and she had submitted to the evil of a smoking husband, without a murmur. After ten years of silent endurance, the cigars were voluntarily given up, the spittoon became useless and disappeared, the sour-kraut ceased to be inquired for and was at length forgotten; but the greatest grievance remained unaltered—he would wash at the pump! To be called "Kitty" was a trial to her spirit, next in importance, but it shrunk to a mere shadow, when compared with his addiction to the pump!

In vain did she provide the most elaborate washing apparatus, and add them to the extraordinary collection of odd things to be found in his own private sanctum. In vain, with feminine art, did she suspend over the washstand his barometer—a friend always consulted on leaving, or returning to the house—though the washstand was not a dozen yards from this enemy to her peace, he still preferred the pump! His father had always washed at the pump, on returning from the farm—he had used it himself when a boy—the pump was necessary to his happiness, and she must submit.

The Herberts had been blessed with but one child, the son whom we have already introduced to our readers. He was his mother's darling—the pride of her heart. All the ambition her nature was capable of, was called forth for him. Many a day-dream did she weave for him, many a castle in the air. He was to combine all the virtues and talents of his father, with the graces and accomplishments of a hero of romance, and rise to some pitch of greatness, which her imagination still left undefined. His education was to be of the most superior kind, and his early cultivation strictly attended to by herself, while a secret mental compact was entered into to prevent his falling into any of his fa-

ther's odd and rustic habits. Her first step in the furtherance of which was to lay a positive interdict upon the pump. Also, like many a mother, "she had drawn a bill upon the future, which time refused to honour." Her son, while still in petticoats, displayed the most marked admiration of all his father said and did, which he exhibited on all occasions, by endeavouring to imitate him. He sat by the half hour in his father's armchair, with his little fat legs crossed, holding the newspaper (upside-down) before him, puffing away with the most knowing air, at a paper cigar. He ate nothing but what his father liked—ordered the servants importantly in his father's words—occasionally addressed his mother as "Kitty my dear," and suffered sundry falls daily, in consequence of his inveterate propensity to march about the house in his father's boots, into which, from the discrepancy in their several heights, he sunk up to his hips! All these, however, were but "winning little tricks," which served but to endear him to his mother, and even when he grew bigger, and would steal from her side, day after day, to run out into the fields, or get a ride home on the top of the hay wagons, she saw not the bent which his mind was receiving, in her admiration of his bright face and merry laugh. At length the time came when he could no longer be kept from school. There was a great struggle in the mother's heart to decide between a day-school, near at hand, and a seminary more distant, which would only admit of her seeing him once a week. Suddenly, however, to the surprise of every one, she decided upon the seminary. It was the wiser choice, and all applauded the resolution with which she had sacrificed her motherly yearnings to the interest of her boy. Few actions, however, spring from unmixed motives, and in this instance Mrs. Herbert was not singular. On the evening which she informed her good-natured husband of her decision, she had accidentally beheld from her chamber window, which overlooked the kitchen yard, both father and son, in the most amicable manner, washing at the pump! Her mind was made up, and before another week Philip was off to school.

Years passed by, each one silently overturning some of Mrs. Herbert's schemes for her son, her own efforts to the contrary notwithstanding. We do not know if the world would have gained much by recording those lectures with which she seasoned her labours every Saturday night, as she scrubbed the week's dirt off him. The feasibility of improving both mind and body simultaneously is uncertain, though we are inclined to think from the little impression made upon Philip, that the application of soap, hot water, and huckaback, are not favourable adjuncts in the improvement of the mind. Be this as it may, Philip grew every day more unlike the model which his mother's imagination had fondly designed. At fourteen, he declared he would not go to college, for, as he intended to be a farmer, a college education was unnecessary. His father would not allow him to decide so early, and gave him two years more to reflect. The two years

passed, and Philip was still of the same mind, then Mr. Herbert yielded, and his mother was obliged reluctantly to submit to the severe disappointment which her son's obstinate determination, neither to "achieve greatness himself, or have it thrust upon him," occasioned her.

Mr. Herbert was a man of too enlarged a mind to value lightly the advantages of education, and though he was gratified that his son had chosen the lot in life, which had contributed so largely to his own happiness, he was unwilling that he should enter upon it without those acquirements which had constituted so great a share of his own felicity. He accordingly devoted much of his time to his son, whose deference for his father, as well as his excellent natural abilities, rendered him an apt pupil. While in the peaceful happiness of her home, and in the tenderness of her son, Mrs. Herbert ceased almost to remember that she had designed him for a more distinguished role in the world's drama.

At the period, however, when the reconciliation between her sister's family and her own took place she had a return of some of her former misgivings. Philip was then about twenty, and, when comparing him with his cousin Tom, the mother's vanity was painfully wounded. Tom Murray, though far less handsome than Philip, possessed polished manners and that indescribable air of ease and refinement, which society alone can give, contrasting strongly with Philip's carelessness in dress and plain blunt bearing. Philip, to be sure, laughed at his cousin and called him an empty-headed fop, but Mrs. Herbert was mortified to find that, with so much real superiority, her son should appear to such inferior advantage. If Philip would only lay aside some of his foolish notions, sighed she, and believe that a man loses nothing in dignity and independence by cultivating those exterior graces which possess such a charm in recommending us to each other, how happy I should be!

A few months after the reconciliation between the sisters, Mrs. Murray was taken by sudden death from her family. In little more than a year Mr. Murray followed her, when it was discovered that all his splendid fortune had disappeared, leaving nothing for his children—nothing to pay the overwhelming load of debt which his extravagance and folly had accumulated. The two oldest daughters were married, but there were still three girls left entirely unprovided for. Catherine, the oldest, being only eighteen, and the other two very small children. Tom, though well-intentioned, had been brought up in idleness, and was now scarcely able to support himself. At this juncture, when every one was paralyzed by the events which had come to light, Catherine proposed to open a school for little children for the support of herself and sisters. This, however, was vehemently opposed by all the family, as too wounding to their pride, but Catherine persisted in urging her plan, nor was she induced to yield, until Mr. Herbert, who had joined the family council, convinced her of the impracticability of the undertaking.

Pleased with the fortitude, good sense, and proper feeling which Catherine had shown, Mr. Herbert on his return home, proposed to his wife their offering her a daughter's place with them.

Mrs. Herbert, warmly grateful to her husband for this mark of generous kindness to her relatives, who had certainly earned no title to his regard, gladly accepted his offer, and the next day the proposal was made; Catherine received it with great agitation, but when she learned that the two little girls, in the event of her accepting this offer, would be taken, each by one of their married sisters, she endeavoured cheerfully to acquiesce in the plan which their desperate circumstances seemed to point out as the only alternative. Nor was she insensible to the disinterested kindness of her uncle. No, she felt it deeply, and though, when she parted from the companions of her childhood, it was with a fresh burst of grief, her feeling and good sense soon enabled her to subdue it, and listen with interest to his soothing conversation, as he drew a happy picture of the future, and promised her the frequent society of her little sisters, whenever their holidays allowed them to come to them.

"I am sorry, my dear Philip," said Mrs. Herbert, "that you are so annoyed at your cousin's coming to live with us. If you consider her a burthen, you must recollect that it is not probable that it will be of long continuance, she will no doubt marry early."

"My dear mother," replied Philip, reddening, "do not injure me by such suspicions. What could have put it into your head that I consider her a burthen?"

"Oh! Philip, you know you are always moaning and groaning about her coming!"

"Well, mother, if I do moan and groan, as you say, why attribute it to so contemptible a motive. My father has only acted in this matter with the generous kindness which might be expected from him. So far from regretting, I honour him for it. I only wish," he continued laughing, "that he had managed it in any other way, than by bringing a fine lady into the family, to turn up her nose at us all, and creep through the house with a face of misery, and the air of a martyr. I give you notice, ma'am, that I am not to be expected to make any reforms! I shall wear my boots a week without cleaning, if it so pleases me. I shall whistle about the house, at all times, and wear my round jacket, when convenient. I have no intention of leaving off smoking, learning to bow, adopting gloves, or enduring straps, and I hope I may be spared any strictures under these several heads."

"And now, my son," said Mrs. Herbert composedly, "since you have explained the different methods by which you mean to make yourself disagreeable to your cousin, pray inform me how you intend to display your civility towards her?"

"Why, ma'am, I shall always lend her the newspaper, when I have done with it. I shall drive her in my gig to church on Sundays, if she does not talk too much, and I shall permit her to become

familiar with Dash, provided she has taste enough for the intimacy!"

"I have no doubt your cousin will estimate all your civilities as they deserve," replied Mrs. Herbert, drily.

As this was the most decided attempt at satire which, in their frequent skirmishes, Philip had ever elicited from his matter-of-fact mother, he looked upon himself as having achieved a triumph, and retired gaily from the field, with flying colours.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Herbert's apparent bravery, she had her own fears on the subject of her niece, though she did not choose to add to her son's prejudices by revealing them. She endeavoured to hope for the best, and was supported by her husband, whose faith in the amiable disposition and good-sense of Catherine rendered him perfectly free from any uneasiness about her. Time proved him to be right. The first two or three days over, Kate settled herself quietly into regular habits. She was not very lively, certainly, but she had by no means "the air of a martyr." At the expiration of a fortnight, Mr. Herbert brought her little sisters to spend a few days with her, and then she became quite cheerful and happy. She soon fell into the little ways of the family, assisted her aunt in such domestic duties as she attended to in person, interested herself in her uncle's pursuits, whose thoughtful consideration for her never slumbered, and indicated her claims to taste in the eyes of her cousin, by patting Dash whenever he approached her.

As for Philip, having put forth his "bill of rights," in advance, his mind was at ease, and fearing no charge of inconsistency, he did his best to make his cousin comfortable. This, we confess, he accomplished for a week or two by keeping out of the way; but, as her unaffected manners and affectionate temper were developed, his amicable disposition exhibited itself towards her in positive acts of kindness. He procured new books for her, gave the first hint to his father to purchase a piano for her, and smoothed over all difficulties in the way of transporting his little cousins from town and back again. As his fears of Kate's fine ladyism died away, his disposition to avoid wounding her prejudices increased; and her unpretending gentleness accomplished what no assumption could have gained. His boots were always unexceptionable; he had compounded with his round-jackets in favour of summer-coats. He still whistled inveterately, but never in his cousin's presence; and, as for the cigars, he forgot them entirely! For the rest, he continued obstinately to eschew both gloves and straps, deeming such sacrifices to comfort, far beyond any cousinly reward. In short, as time passed on, though he would have disdained to confess it, Kate gradually added much to his happiness. It was no small matter to have a young person constantly at hand to sympathize with all his pleasures, and listen to all his schemes. His father was too grave and occupied for this, and his mother asked too many explanations, but Kate caught his meaning at once. Kate could see all the agreeable results at a

glance, and though she talked so low, and used such simple language, some how or another her observations conveyed more meaning than any person's he had ever known, except his father. We should be inclined to think that Kate's grace and loveliness had something to do with the favourable opinion of so young a man, if we did not know that he had never noticed either—at least he never said so!

"Kate has a great many false refinements," thought he; "but she is as fresh-hearted and innocent as that little lamb she made me rescue from the butcher this morning—that was a very foolish thing in me, by the way; lambs were made to be killed. I wonder what made me do it?"

Though Kate did not at first apparently understand her cousin's character, her natural tact taught her to avoid wounding him. She often disagreed with him, and frequently expressed her dissent, but it was done in such a quiet unoffending manner, with such an appearance of conviction in the propriety of her own views, that it was impossible not to respect opinions so firmly, yet so gently asserted. Kate had seen very little of her cousin, and knew still less; but she had heard him laughed at, at home, and came prepared to find him different from those whom she had been accustomed to associate with. A short time sufficed, however, to unsettle many of her impressions regarding him. He was abrupt in his manner, careless in his dress, and indifferent to appearances—he laughed at customs she had been taught to reverence, and violated forms she had been trained to follow, but there were also qualities to call forth respect, which she had never heard attributed to him. He was manly and intelligent, the result of a quick apprehension, and a mind cultivated by extensive reading. He was ardent and impetuous in his nature, with a temper nevertheless habitually sweet, full of originality and life, and affectionate in a remarkable degree to his parents. Kate saw much that at times made her shrink from him—much that startled her, but she never found any thing to laugh at, though she often laughed with him.

Meanwhile, the summer glided quickly by, and winter was come. The cold weather and bad roads prevented such frequent visits as heretofore from the little folks, but Kate had now become more reconciled to the separation, and whenever there was snow enough for good sleighing she always went to town in cousin Phil's sleigh, to make them a visit. Kate was astonished to find that there was so much pleasure to be enjoyed in the country during the winter. She took long walks and rides with her uncle and cousin. She found a thousand sources of interest in the domestic animals belonging to the farm, from the beautiful little Alderney calf, which her uncle had given her, down to the speckled hen, whose claws had been so cruelly frost-bitten. Then she took lessons in making cakes and pastry from her aunt, and in drawing from her uncle. Then, during the long evenings, Philip read aloud while she and her aunt sewed, or else she played and

sang for them, while they listened. Occasionally company came to interrupt the reading, eat the cakes, and listen to the music; but this was not often. It was a thinly inhabited neighbourhood, and town folks seldom feel any promptings to visit their friends in the country during the winter. At length spring came, not with lagging steps, but bursting and joyous. The rivulets melted beneath its warm breath, the trees seemed to spring into life in a day, and the grass to grow like magic. Then the cows were turned out to pasture, the birds began to sing and build their nests, and the hen strutted about the barnyard with her downy brood. All was life, and light, and cheerfulness, and Kate wondered how she could have thought winter pleasant.

"My dear," said Mrs. Herbert, one evening to her husband, as he entered the room, "I really must remonstrate with you, upon your manner of introducing people. 'Kitty, my dear, Mr. Him-hem-haw,' does not answer the purpose intended, I assure you. If you know your friends' names—which I sometimes doubt—why don't you utter them intelligibly? If I had not asked Philip, in a whisper, this evening, as we left the house, what Mr. Baldeagle's name was, I should have felt most awkwardly."

"Bald Eagle!" exclaimed Mr. Herbert, throwing himself back in his chair, and laughing vociferously. "Did you call Mr. Hufneagle, Bald Eagle?"

"Certainly I did," said Mrs. Herbert, looking reproachfully at her son. "Philip told me it was Baldeagle. I introduced him to Kate as such, and we both called him by that name all the while we were with him in the grounds."

"My dear mother," said Philip, endeavouring to stifle his laughter, "it was thus I interpreted my father's gibberish. It sounded confoundedly like Bald-eagle, I assure you."

"Why, my dear, it was Mr. Hufneagle, our new neighbour, who has bought old Norton's place. I met him yesterday at Green's, and he seemed to take so much interest in our new East India plants, that I invited him to come over without ceremony, and see them, though I suspect his eagerness was all assumed for the purpose of meeting our little Kate here, for I find he saw her in church on Sunday and took the trouble to inquire very particularly about her. He said a great many fine things about you, Kate, and I hope Phil has not spoiled your conquest."

"Quizzing is a very low species of wit," said Mrs. Herbert, with cold gravity, still looking inexpressibly mortified, "and I am sorry that my son can find no object more fit to exercise it upon, than his mother."

"My dear mother," said Philip, much annoyed, "how seriously you take the matter; I dare say the man did not perceive that you addressed him by a wrong name. He was too busy trying to find out who 'Kitty, my dear,' was; or if he did, the best people are liable to mistakes. Depend upon it, we shall not find it so easy to affront him."

But Mrs. Herbert was not so easily mollified.

Philip's little snare, in allusion to her name, for once failed to divert her displeasure from him, and finding her not likely soon to be appeased, he rose and left the room, and was soon heard whistling the particular tune which relieved him most, when he was most discomposed.

Some time after, while Kate was sauntering about in the grounds, she was joined by her cousin, who adverted to what had just occurred. Kate, who had participated in Mrs. Herbert's vexation, as well as in her mistake, did not view the affair so lightly as Philip seemed to wish she should, and told him so, gently, but firmly. This Philip resented highly, and dwelt with some asperity upon the "manner in which women magnify trifles."

"Do you call it a trifle, Philip, to place a mother in a ridiculous position—to make her the unconscious means perhaps, of affronting a gentleman of worth and respectability?"

"I call it no trifle," he replied, warmly, "to be lectured, as if I had committed a crime, and all because my mother cannot understand a joke. Confound the fellow, I wish he was in Kamschatka."

"I should not presume to lecture you," Kate replied, quietly, "even if I had the disposition. You forget that you broached the subject yourself, and if I speak at all, it must be what I think."

"Do women ever say what they think," asked he bitterly. "For my part, I believe Talleyrand's definition of speech, 'a gift bestowed upon man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts,' was intended to apply only to women."

Kate made no reply, she saw he was out of humour, and walked quietly by his side, while he amused himself switching the bushes.

"I suppose," said he, at length breaking silence, abruptly, "this new man will be running here every day, and I shall have no peace with his refinements and perfections. I wish, with all my heart, 'old Norton' had lived to be a hundred."

"Perhaps you may find him an agreeable acquisition, Philip. You have very little society here."

"No, I shall never find a man who wears finger rings, and curls his hair with a curling-tongs, an acquisition!"

"And yet he may be very estimable and intelligent for all that. His attention to his person is no doubt the result of habit, and occupies no more of his thoughts than you give yourself to those matters."

"Very doubtful," replied Herbert.

"Admit then that it does," she replied. "Is it not more amiable to endeavour to recommend ourselves to others even by trifles, than to oppose ourselves by obstinate singularity to our equals and associates. Which do you think proves the most vanity, the man who brings to his aid all the softening graces and refinements of education and polite society, or the one who thinks to recommend himself simply by his worth?"

"I should give it certainly for the man of worth," said Philip, smiling half contemptuously.

"But if the other should possess quite as much worth, with a less unbending spirit, Philip?"

"You have argued your friend's case admirably," replied he, sarcastically. "Pray let me congratulate you upon the mutual conquest. Your new admirer is the very pink of politeness."

"You are perfectly welcome to ridicule me, if you please, cousin Philip, but you must bring forward some more potent argument before you convince me. Tell me, is there no merit in the suppression of the thousand small selfishnesses which politeness daily demands of us? Is it no virtue to think of another before ourselves, and if it be so, is it not doubly a virtue to do it in the most gracious and acceptable manner possible? True politeness, say what you will, Philip, is founded in good feeling, and they who possess those feelings, and fail to exercise them, do more injury to themselves than to others."

"It would be useless to argue this subject with you, Catherine; my feelings and your prejudices are too entirely opposed to admit of it."

"Then the prejudice is all on my side? And yet, Philip," she continued, smiling sweetly, "I see merits in those who differ from me, while you, who disclaim prejudice, pass a sweeping censure upon all who deviate from your ideas of right."

"Have it your own way," returned Philip, angrily. "I won't deny you the pleasure of making out your case at my expense. I told you before that we should never think alike. It is impossible that we should."

"I have no case to make out, much less one at your expense, cousin Philip; but I see you are offended at me, so I will leave you," and she turned away and went in the house.

Philip tried to harden his heart, and encourage his ill humour, but in vain, Kate's tremulous voice and meek reply, were reproaches he could not silence. "No doubt, she thinks me a savage," he said, "but how could I help it! If I had replied to her argument, I should have wounded her ten times more. I am not fit to deal with any one so full of sickly refinement. I dare say she despises me for that reason. I was a dolt to think of finding sympathy in any one educated in the school she came from."

Philip's better nature, however, could not be entirely subdued by the arguments of prejudice and temper, and the next morning early he sent to his cousin's room a nosegay of her favourite flowers, as a peace offering. When they again met there was no apparent difference in their manner to each other, but still there was a change, and both felt it. The harmony which had heretofore existed between them was overshadowed. One of those dark clouds, of which temper and strong feeling are so often the fruitful parents, had breathed its fatal spell upon them, creating a restraint which had not existed, even in the early period of Kate's coming.

The consequences of this alteration were that Philip whistled more, and Kate sang less. Philip addicted himself strongly to fishing and spending his evenings out, and Kate passed hers in helping to entertain Mr. Hufneagle, who, as Philip had pro-

phesied, was not so easily affronted, and became a constant visitor. Perhaps this last was the reason why Philip absented himself so much. His early prejudice against their neighbour had grown into positive dislike. If his name was mentioned, he whistled. If he saw him approaching the house he jumped out of the first window or door, to fly from him; and if he heard his voice, when he returned home at night, he would steal quietly to his room, without making his appearance in the parlour. The new neighbour thought him a strange unsocial person, while Mr. and Mrs. Herbert wondered what attraction there could be in town for Philip, whose visits there became frequent and regular.

It soon became evident that Mr. Hufneagle was endeavouring seriously to recommend himself to Kate. His mother and two maiden sisters, who composed his family, were profuse in their attentions to her, and his own became more pointed every day. He was a young man of some property, well educated, good looking, with pleasing manners, and full of that easy chit-chat which to half the world forms an agreeable man. The want of society in the neighbourhood proved a plausible excuse for a degree of intimacy which their short acquaintance scarcely warranted, and Mr. Herbert, in his innocent endeavours to be civil and hospitable to a pleasant neighbour, offered him every facility for doing as he secretly wished. At length, however, single minded as he was, Mr. Herbert began to awaken to some suspicions of Mr. Hufneagle's intentions, and spoke of them to his wife.

"My dear Kitty," he said, "it appears to me, Mr. Hufneagle spends a great deal of his time with us? Who invited him to dinner to-day?"

"I did, my dear. He came home with us from church, and I thought it but civil to invite him to stay. I hope you are not uneasy about the dinner. You have no reason, I assure you; we have got ducks and green peas, ham, and a fine large!"

"Oh, no, no, 'Kitty,' not at all. Don't worry yourself, your dinners are always good. It was not of that I was thinking. Did it ever strike you," he continued, "that Mr. Hufneagle is very particular in his attentions to Kate?"

"Certainly, my dear, there can be no question of it. It will be an excellent match. We shall have her so close to us."

"Close! do you call a mile close!" said Mr. Herbert, testily. "I wish he would let her stay where she is; we would rather keep her ourselves."

"But, my dear, she must marry some time or another."

"I don't see the necessity," was the reply, "she is very happy with us."

"True, but would it not be very selfish in us to wish to keep her to ourselves, particularly if the young people should be attached?"

"So it would, 'Kitty my dear,' you are right. Heigh-ho, it is very sad to have one's comfort broken in upon in this way," soliloquized Mr. Herbert, as he walked slowly down stairs. "Hufneagle is a clever fellow in his way, but not the man I con-

ceived likely to attract Kate. I must observe them closely, and see if he really has gained any influence over her. Poor child, she is thrown so much with him that it would be hard to attribute her acceptance of his attentions to choice."

Fortunately, an opportunity offered immediately for the exercise of Mr. Herbert's penetration, and as his first essay in this line was favourable to his wishes, he was proportionably inspired.

Dinner time arrived, and Philip did not make his appearance. After some murmurings on the part of Mrs. Herbert, at his want of punctuality, they sat down to dinner without him. Just as they had finished, Philip entered the room, looking heated and fatigued. His absence was soon explained.

In a dilapidated hut, at the entrance of a secluded lane, which skirted some woodland of Mr. Herbert's, Philip had discovered as he was riding home, a poor woman who had taken refuge there, with two children, under the most pitiable circumstances. She had lost her husband, and being perfectly destitute, was on her way to Philadelphia, to endeavour to procure work, with an infant in her arms, and an ailing little boy of six years old. She had got thus far on her journey, when the boy became too ill to proceed, and she had crept, almost paralyzed by despair, into the first shelter that offered—the hut where Philip found her—weeping over her sick child. Bidding the poor creature be of good cheer, Philip hastened to despatch Sam to her immediately, with food and other necessities, and rode off himself for a physician, who returned with him directly, and pronounced the child's disorder to be scarlet fever.

"The doctor thinks, my dear mother, that the cabin they are in might be made habitable with very little trouble, which would be better under all circumstances than to remove the child, and if you will send some bedding down, I will see that every thing requisite to make the place comfortable is done. Sam has already accomplished a great deal, and it would touch you to see how grateful the poor creature is."

After a few questions, Mrs. Herbert left the room to comply with her son's wishes, while Kate eagerly rose, and declared her intention to go down with her cousin and see the woman herself.

"You must not, Catherine," said Philip, quickly, "you forget the fever!"

"But I have already had the scarlet fever, cousin; there is no danger to me."

"You had better not," reiterated Philip.

"Indeed, Miss Murray, you would be running a great risk," interposed Mr. Hufneagle, in a tone of confidence, as if he had a right to be gratified. "Pray, let me entreat you not to go—send a servant—'tis not a fit errand for you. For my part, I think it would be far better to put the woman in a wagon, and send her, with her children, to the almshouse, instead of running the risk of infecting the whole neighbourhood."

Philip turned his back upon Mr. Hufneagle, with a contemptuous shrug, which he took no pains to

conceal. While Kate, colouring, and drawing herself up, said coolly, without noticing Mr. Hufneagle's appeal, "if you will finish your dinner, Philip, I will collect some little comforts for the poor woman, and, if my aunt does not object, I will go down with you."

Philip opposed her no longer, and in a short time she joined him upon the piazza, with a basket well stocked by her aunt, with necessaries for the sick child.

"I must take something down for you to sit on, Kate," said Philip, smiling more cordially upon her than he had done for some time, and seizing a camp-stool close by. "Sam has done wonders, but I doubt if he is yet prepared for company;" and they set off together on their errand of kindness.

A little while, and Kate had unladen her basket for the grateful mother, and was seated on the camp-stool, with the baby in her lap, while Philip assisted Sam to build up a fire in the old chimney-place, to enable him to prepare the poor wanderer some tea.

Before night, Mrs. Herbert's thoughtfulness had supplied the cabin with every requisite for comfort. The sick child was asleep in a clean bed. Sundry kettles and porringers simmered at the fire. Sam had swept the floor, and laid numerous strips of old carpet over the bad places. Kate had tacked a curtain to the window, and Philip had mended the latch of the door.

"You have driven Mr. Hufneagle off, by your obstinacy, Kate," said Mr. Herbert, when they returned home. "He is very much afraid of infection."

"I fear rather that he was a little offended, my dear," said Mrs. Herbert, "at Philip and yourself remaining absent so long, when he was our visitor."

"If he is offended," replied Kate, laughing, "it must be at Philip, who is always so remarkably attentive to him!"

Mr. Hufneagle *was* offended—though at what, he never explained. He staid away for several days, and strong hopes were entertained by some members of the family, that this state of things would last, but they were disappointed. He returned, and though he was never perfectly at his ease, while the poor woman remained at the hut, when the boy recovered, and the family was comfortably provided for elsewhere, he fell into his old habits of easy confidence.

His suit, however, did not prosper, as seemed to be expected. Notwithstanding his determination to overcome every obstacle, he found it very up-hill work. He fell in love in April, and it was not until the first of July that he found an opportunity to communicate his love to its object. He did so, nevertheless, and was refused, and then, having never received the slightest encouragement from Kate, he was very much surprised and indignant, and flew off to town with a very bad opinion of the sex.

Kate was sorry for him, but as her conscience was free from reproach, she could not feel very unhappy.

As Mr. Hufneagle had informed Mr. Herbert of his intention to offer himself to his niece, the result of his application was obvious. Mrs. Herbert was a great deal surprised, secretly a little pleased, and yet tolerably disappointed. Poor woman! she had put aside the ham for the wedding dinner! but she obeyed her husband, and said nothing. Mr. Herbert was thoroughly delighted, and when next he met his niece, he could not forbear showing his approbation, by silently drawing her to him, and kissing her. Kate was touched by this unusual mark of tenderness in her uncle, who though always thoughtful and kind, was never demonstrative in his feelings, and she could not help shedding tears as he pressed her to his bosom.

As for Philip, he seemed neither glad nor sorry. He turned his back, and looked out of the window when he perceived his father and cousin getting sentimental, and took no further notice of the event than by ceasing to whistle—we presume out of regard for his cousin's feelings.

An evening or two after this event, Kate sat alone, feeling rather dull. Her aunt and uncle were taking a drive, and Philip had gone to town at an early hour in the morning.

Suddenly she heard an unusual noise, and before she could collect her thoughts, two pair of little arms were thrown round her neck, and she saw her little sisters.

"How do you do, sister?" they exclaimed both in one breath. "Are you not glad to see us? Oh! we were so afraid we couldn't come, but Cousin Philip begged so hard, just for the 'Fourth of July.' He came on purpose for us, and so sisters said we might come, and stay a week. And we are to celebrate the Fourth very grandly. We are to have an elegant feast! Cousin Phil drove us down to Henrion's, and let us buy as many sugar plums, and French bonbons, and oranges, and lemons, and pineapples, and every kind of good thing as we chose, and then he bought the greatest quantity of rockets and Catherine wheels, and Roman candles, and Cousin Phil is to set them off for us on the 'Fourth.'

"And he is going to make me a watermelon lantern," said Mary.

"And I am to have a ride on the pony," said Fanny, "and we are to go fishing very often."

"Yes, and sister Jane says Fanny is not to take off her shoes and stockings, and paddle in the creek as she did last year."

"And sister Augusta says Mary must wear her sun bonnet, and not get so black as she did last summer. But Katy dear, wont you let us run out a little while now, to look about and see the dear little puffy chickens?"

"Hey day! What does all this mean?" said Mr. Herbert, in the passage, on seeing all the numerous packages that had been conveyed there from the dearborn. In a moment the little girls were in the arms of their aunt and uncle, repeating with the same eagerness the history of their visit.

The arrival of the children seemed to give plea-

sure to every one. Their very restlessness and noise from its novelty was agreeable.

"I must thank you for this gratification, Philip," said Kate, as they all stood on the piazza after tea, watching the gambols of the children while they played on the lawn with Dash.

"My mother thought they would like to spend the 'Fourth' with us," he replied, "and it was no trouble."

"My aunt is very good," said Kate softly.

The "Fourth of July" proved as great a day as was promised. Kate decorated the summer house, and the whole family partook of the feast. In the evening it was lighted with coloured lamps, and the "watermelon lantern," with sun, moon and stars carved upon it, hung suspended from the ceiling. The fire works succeeded to admiration, the squibs and crackers were perfect marvels of loudness and fierceness, nothing was set on fire, no one was made sick, and there were enough sugar plums left to last a fortnight.

"Oh! dear, what a happy week we have had," sighed Fanny, as she tied on her bonnet to go home, "I wish we could live with you for ever, Cousin Phil!"

"Well, Fanny, when I am an old bachelor you and Mary shall come keep house for me."

"Oh! my, how nice that would be; but, Cousin Phil, we must have dear Katy too."

"Oh! yes, dear Katy too. Come, jump in. Take care of the wheel. Now, Mary. Sit back, Fanny. Here we are, all snug and comfortable." And away they went, kissing their hands and waving their handkerchiefs till Kate could see them no longer.

Philip was to have set out on a visit to Niagara and the Canadas about this time, but an attack of illness which he got by shooting in the swamps, suddenly put a stop to his journey. His naturally strong constitution, however, quickly overcame the disease, and it was not very long before he was able to be down stairs again.

"My dear," said Mrs. Herbert, "I think Philip recovers very slowly. He keeps upon the sofa all day, and is so extremely quiet, it makes me quite uneasy."

"I suppose he still feels weak," replied Mr. Herbert, "he talked very cheerfully to me this morning. I have no doubt he has plenty to say to Kate."

"No, indeed. You are mistaken. Kate agrees with me. Why, she waits upon him, makes all his drink, prepares his medicines, reads to him, and humours him in every way she can think of, and he never even says, 'thank you, cousin.'"

"This son of mine is a strange compound," thought Mr. Herbert, as he walked into the next room to see for himself.

But Mrs. Herbert's forebodings proved ill founded. Philip's recovery, though slow, was very sure, and a little time found him able to ride out, and recover somewhat of his old look. He still remained rather quiet, however, and Mrs.

Herbert would now have been very glad to hear one of those whistles which formerly had so annoyed her. Mr. Herbert recommended that the old plan of the journey should be pursued, and offered to accompany him, but Philip declined going. "He preferred staying at home," he said, and as he soon returned to his old habits, all anxiety ceased about him.

One evening towards the latter end of August, as the family still lingered round the tea-table, a servant brought Mr. Herbert a letter from the post-office.

"From your brother, Kate," said Mr. Herbert, and commenced to read the letter aloud. Tom wrote to inform his uncle that through an influential political friend he had obtained a desirable office at Washington, and in brief but manly terms thanking Mr. Herbert for all his kindness to his sister, informed him that now being able to support his sisters himself, he would relieve him of his charge, and place Catherine at the head of his establishment.

It would be impossible to describe the dismay painted in every face by the contents of this letter. Kate became very pale, and when her aunt with emotion rose and threw her arms round her, she burst into tears. Mr. Herbert walked quickly up and down the floor, and Philip hastily left the room.

In a little while they were more composed, and could talk it over. Feelings the most gratifying on both sides, were elicited during this conversation, and it was finally agreed that if Tom's plans were fixed, which they hoped was not the case, that there was no alternative. It would be clearly Kate's duty to go.

Some hours later, Kate sat alone upon the broad steps of the piazza. It was a warm sultry night, and she had sought the open air to relieve the heavy feelings which oppressed her. The moon shone brightly, and the peacefulness of nature seemed to calm her troubled thoughts. She had sat there some time when she was aroused by an approaching step, and the next moment Philip stood beside her.

"Where are they all?" he asked in a hurried voice.

"My uncle is in his study with Mr. Green," she replied, "and your mother has gone to bed with a headache."

Philip paused for a moment, and then said, "The night is very beautiful, will you walk a little while with me?"

Kate rose, he drew her arm within his, and they walked on for some time in silence. At length, as they emerged from the shade of the trees, and stood in the broad moonlight, Philip paused abruptly, and turning to his cousin he gazed fixedly in her face.

"This letter, Catherine," he said at length.

"Are you glad to leave us?"

"Oh, Philip!" she replied, in a tone of pained surprise, "how can you ask me that?"

"Then you are sorry?"

"Yes."

"But you will go?"

"Is it not my duty?" she asked in a low voice.

"Perhaps it is. But it will be a pleasant duty. Washington is a gay place, and you will find many there to follow and admire you and make you happy."

Kate hastily drew her arm from her cousin, while with a voice tremulous with wounded feeling, she murmured "ungenerous!"

"Ungenerous! Am I ungenerous?" he cried, as if electrified by the feeling which her voice betrayed, "Look at me, Kate. See, I am at your feet. Is this ungenerous? Is it ungenerous to tell you that I would rather die here than live to part from you? Is it ungenerous thus to pour out all the madness of a despairing heart? Oh! Kate," he continued, "if you but knew the wretchedness I have endured for months. If you could see the agony of the last few hours, you would surely pity and forgive me."

Kate did not speak, but with trembling hands she obliged him to rise.

"I know I must pain you," he continued, in a voice still struggling with agitation, "but you will forgive me. I brought you here under a strong impulse of hope, to tell you all my folly and presumption, to implore you to stay with us, to accept my hand, to permit me to endeavour to win your regard. I believed that feelings so powerful and resistless to myself, must, in time, affect you also. I felt as if I could pour out the very depths of my spirit in your ear, and make you love me at last. But now it is gone. I only feel my own unworthiness—I only feel how impossible it is for one like me to recommend himself to you—I only feel my very heart crushed by the knowledge of the dreary future that is before me."

Kate stood motionless by his side, her hands clasped, her head drooping, and concealing the expression of her face. One would have supposed that it was to a statue those wild passionate words were addressed.

At length the silence was broken by Philip. "And have you nothing to say to me, Kate?" he asked, "not one word to soothe the heart that has been laid bare to you?"

Kate slowly raised her head, and in a voice scarcely audible replied, "What shall I say?"

"What shall you say, dearest Kate! Ah! if I might but dictate to you." Philip drew nearer, and bent to hear the reply, which came so broken and faint,—

"You may, dear Philip, you may."

The next morning, when Philip descended to the breakfast room, he found his mother alone, looking very sad and depressed. In reply to his cheerful good morning, she exclaimed,

"Oh! Philip, this is a dreadful business. I have scarcely been able to close my eyes all night, for thinking of Tom's letter. How shall I ever part with dear Kate? It makes me perfectly miserable."

"Oh! if that's the case," returned Philip, "we must keep her—we must not let her go."

"But she thinks it her duty, my dear, and if such is the case, how can we prevent it?"

"Why, we must tell her how miserable it makes you, and show her the impropriety of dooming you to sleeplessness, and if that won't do, why I see no other alternative. I shall have to marry her."

"What nonsense you talk, Philip. Marry a woman that you don't like?"

"But I do like her."

"I mean love."

"But I do love her, mother."

"Well, if you do, which I don't believe a word of, she don't love you, so do talk a little more rationally."

"It is a very hard case not to be believed when one tells the truth. I assert, ma'am, that it is a fact, and, moreover, I can assure you that Kate is very much in love with me."

A servant now entered the room, and breakfast was ready, and in a few moments they were joined by Mr. Herbert and Kate. When Mr. Herbert had finished his breakfast he turned to Kate, and said,

"I am going to town, my dear. Have you written to Tom, or would you like to accompany me?"

Kate hesitated, blushed, and looked at her cousin.

Philip stirred his tea, coloured a little, smiled, and then said in a tolerably composed voice,

"I will go with you, sir. I am to speak with Tom for Kate."

Mr. Herbert looked from one to the other in the most profound surprise, till Kate's embarrassment becoming too painful to endure, she fairly jumped up, and ran out of the room. And then Philip told his parents all!

We must not pause to dwell upon the deep heartfelt joy of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert, nor describe the emotions which swelled Philip's bosom as he beheld her he loved clasped alternately in the arms of his parents. The deep humility with which he asked himself, "am I worthy such a creature," tested the sincerity of his affection.

The aspect of things being now so entirely changed, Mr. Herbert and Philip, after a long day's absence, were enabled to return with every thing satisfactorily settled. Tom behaved admirably, they said, and Kate had had the happiness to obtain the approbation of all her family in the important step which she had taken.

"I forgot to tell you, my dear Kitty," said Mr. Herbert, "that we met Mr. Hufneagle in town."

"Indeed! and did you speak with him?"

"No, I did not, but I saw Philip shaking hands very cordially with him."

"Philip!" exclaimed Mrs. Herbert, in a tone of surprise—"And how did he seem, Philip?"

"Very much as usual, ma'am. Full of airs and graces, bows and civil speeches, and all those little ornamental prettinesses which used to fascinate you ladies so much,"—and Philip looked mischievously at Kate.

"This is a curious communication," said Mr. Herbert, looking archly over his spectacles, holding a note in his hand, which he had been reading for the last few minutes. "Let me read it to you, Kate, perhaps you may understand it."

"SIR;—I have the honour to give you the information that I have arrived again in good health. The badness in my throat is recovered entirely, and I shall have much gratification to recommence those lessons in the dance, by which you have so much

improve, upon the first moment of your convenience.

"Very respectfully, &c.,

"ALPHONSE DUPRE.

"MR. PHILIP HERBERT, Philadelphia."

"Dear me! That boy will frighten me to death some day," cried Mrs. Herbert, looking all alive, as if she had touched the nerve of a tooth.

Philip had rather hastily jumped out of the window!

THE WATER-LILY.

BY ALICE HERVEY.

NEVER, I ween, was a fairer sight
Than our lake with its water-lilies white;
Encircled with lofty hills it lay
Far from the city's hum away,
On its mossy banks grew many a flower
That flung to the winds a perfumed dower,
And the bending trees, the azure sky,
The silvery clouds that floated by
With softened hues, were shadowed there,
Meet mirror for a scene so fair.

Far o'er the lake, in calm repose,
The fragrant water-lily rose,
And to its broad green leaves it gave
A home upon the crystal wave.
We watched it spread its petals white,
Fearless to greet the morning light,
And from their fresh and dewy cup
Send the pure breath of fragrance up,
Then prayed that heaven would ever save
The lily from the stormy wave,
Yet ere the night the storm-cloud came,
With thunder's peal and lightning's flame,
Which flashing o'er the lurid sky
Shone on the waves now tossing high,
And on the frail and tender flower
Which, fearless of the tempest's power,
Folded its petals white, at rest
Upon the stormy water's breast.
Alas, it deemed the restless wave
Would ill repay the trust it gave,
Rudely it tossed from side to side,
The flower so late its joy and pride,

But not its billows' wildest play
Could tear the earth-bound roots away.
And now the storm-cloud floated by
And brightly shone the azure sky;
The sun slow sinking to the west
Gleamed on the waters calmed to rest;
Again upon the lake were seen
The lily's leaves with fresher green,
Again unrolled its pearly cup
Sending a richer fragrance up,
And with unwavering trust and love
Its grateful smile was turned above.

Thus to my soul, the tender flower
Spoke with a mild and gentle power;
Life is a restless, troubled sea,
And though at morn its waves may be
Calm as the lake which sleeps below
And glistens in the sunlight's glow,
Yet ere the night, the storm will rise
And sorrow's clouds will veil the skies,
For never yet to earth was given
The calm which reigns alone in heaven.
But yet through every trial keep
Thy faith and love still rooted deep;
The darkest cloud will soon float by
And Hope's bright bow will span the sky;
Then with affections purified,
With patience proved, with virtue tried,
Thy smile with changeless trust and love
Can turn, like mine, to heaven above.

A FRAGMENT.

As the dew-drop to the flower,
As the sunlight to the day,
As the moonbeams in their power,
Is thy presence unto me.

As the desert lone and dreary,
As the rough and stormy sea,
As the midnight dark and gloomy,
Is thine absence unto me.

WHISPERINGS.

THE light of day had faded, and the dreamy hour of twilight inclined my soul to seek repose.

Silently I stole to a loved retreat, which Nature, while yet I was a child, as a choice gift had bequeathed to me. I remember it well. It was at the verge of a forest glen, just where a tiny brooklet, emerging from its concealment, laughingly danced along its pebbly bed. A rock broken and craggy arose by its side, and from its gray front, moss, fresh and green, dangled away down. Starry flowers were peeping out from its crevices, and wild vines interlacing had wrought a canopy as varied as beautiful. Beneath this canopy, on a shelf of the rock, I sat me down, and yielded my soul to the peaceful influences of the soft whisperings around. The rock itself, hard and gray as it was, told me of One who to the weary of earth would prove firm and enduring, and beneath whose shadow all might find repose, and I rejoiced in spirit that a refuge had been provided from the storms of life—that in darkness and gloom we had not been left to grope our way, with no friend on whom to lean. The little flowers, with their star-lit chalices, smiled on me, and, as I caught that look, there beamed on my inner soul a smile of heavenly love. Then gratitude swelled my heart, that mercy and compassion were mingled in the bosom of Him on whom our souls may stay.

The brooklet murmured along its course, and soothing and lulling as were its soft whisperings, they awoke a new feeling of praise, that from His side had flown a stream in which all may bathe and wash away the stains of life. The breezes mingled their gentle tones, and hushed my soul to still greater delight, and as I gazed through the trellised canopy above, and looked away into the far blue

depths of the sky beyond, methought there were borne to me on each fragrant breeze, the whisperings of those blissful ones who roam free and pure in regions of heavenly light, and who were redeemed from off this earth.

I listened again, and loved ones were near. All sorrow and pain, at such a moment, were as though they had never been. Every joy of my life, and every delight of my heart, were as nothing to the sweet peace that then brooded over my soul. Redeeming love was their theme, and most pure and holy were the breathings of heavenly praise which flowed from their lips.

I remembered no more that I was of earth, but light as a being of ethereal mould. I gazed heavenward, and ascended too. Those whisperings, which at first were so soft and low, swelled to a melodious strain, until I heard "glory and honour, and praise and power," given unto One who was worthy to receive adoration, from countless numbers of the ransomed.

But a little time was I permitted to listen to those strains ere I was recalled again to mine earthly abode, in patience to wait the appointed time, when whispering spirits shall call me to a home in the skies.

It is long since I have sat beneath those vines, yet the remembrance of the soft whisperings of that twilight hour, will never die away; but as often as the light of day fades, I will listen again for their gentle music, and they shall soothe my heart.

Oh, my soul! what carest thou for the gilded drapery of palaces, or the wreathings of earthly glory, since thou mayest kneel at such a shrine, and on such an altar offer thy purest incense to thy Saviour and thy God?

E. W.

I SAW THE SHINING FLOWER.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

I SAW the shining flower
Turn to the Sun-god's kiss,
With the graceful resignation
Of beauty bathed in bliss.
She followed him from morning,
O'er the woods and gliding streams,
Till he sank from sight at evening,
In the hour of mystic dreams.

In the night the Frost-king wooed her,
And though cold was his caress,
She was dazzled by the splendour
Of his regal form and dress.

In his diadem was many a gem,
And his robe of brilliant dye,
Flashed through the night, as through the storm
The rainbow gleams on high.

Well sped he in his wooing—
The virgin flower was lost,
And her ruin lent new glory
To the demon-king of Frost.
Wo to the simple flower!
When next the Sun-god came,
She shrank before his ardent gaze
And perished in her shame.

THE HEART OF THY NORAH IS BREAKING FOR THEE.

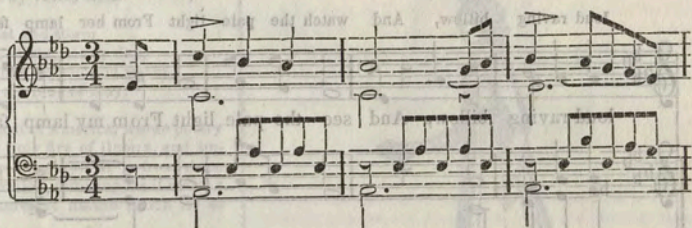
A BALLAD:

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

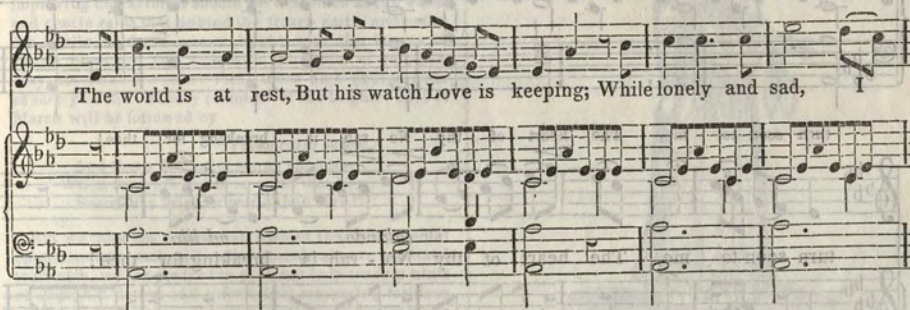
G. LINLEY, ESQ.

Presented to the Lady's Book, by J. G. Osbourn, No. 112, South Third Street.

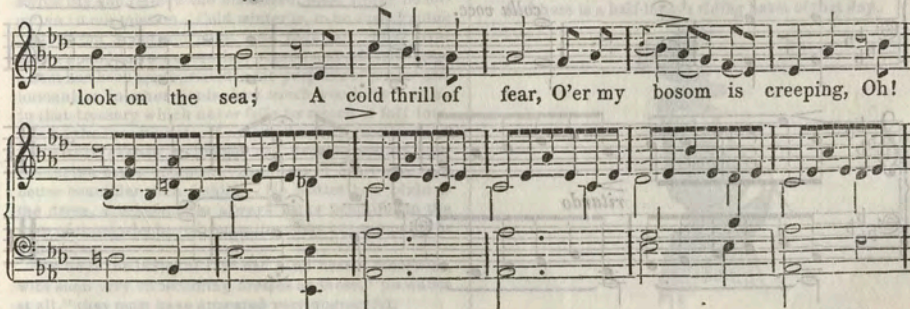
ANDANTINO SEMPLICE.



2. In vain doth she watch, Oft, the gale mad-ly chiding, Oft shrinking, to hear The



sea - bird's wild cry; Her Lover's wreck'd bark, 'Neath the deep is a - - bi - ding, And,



shroudless his form on the wa - ters doth lie. Long nights did she mourn, To the

Dermot, dear Dermot, Re - - turn soon to me. With trembling I list to the

loud raving billow, And watch the pale light From her lamp faint - ly burn; And

loud raving billow, And see the pale light From my lamp faintly burn; Sweet

now in de - spair, Oft doth start from her pil - low, And murmur, "dear Dermot, - Re-

slumber, no more, Sheds a balm o'er my pillow, Oh! Dermot, dear Dermot, Re-

turn soon to me, The heart of thy No - rah is breaking for thee!

turn soon to me, The heart of thy No - rah is breaking for thee!

colla voce.

ritardo

EDITORS' TABLE.

"The stormy March has come at last,
With wind and cloud and changing skies;
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

But in this reign of blast and storm
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May."

So sings Bryant, the true son of America, whose poetry is always warmed with the holy fire of liberty, and imbued with the spirit of moral beauty. It is from these sources he gathers his inspiration, diffusing, as it were, a living light over those pictures of nature which he so inimitably describes.

Indeed, the poetry of America (and there is *American poetry* worthy of being ranked among the best in the English language) may claim, with scarcely an exception, the high praise of moral excellence. No polluted lip has dared approach the "Pierian spring" of the free; no unhallowed lip has profaned the sanctuary of the muses.

This scrupulous delicacy in works of imagination is of incalculable benefit to the young, and it is chiefly they who read poetry. It keeps the "thoughts of the heart," the inner temple of the soul pure. Those who wish to preserve unsullied the virtues of republican simplicity, while they refine and elevate the national taste, should carefully watch the rising current of our native literature. As long as it maintains its present healthy and improving character, it should be welcomed as the warm and gentle rains that unbind the frozen earth, and make the sterile fields of winter bright with the beauty of spring blossoms, and rich with the fruits of summer. May American literature fulfil these high expectations as surely as the "kindly promise" of the brighter days of March will be followed by

"Those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours."

But we must not forget that, besides the usual mental entertainment, such as popular periodicals are expected to furnish, we are pledged to give our lady readers hints on domestic duties, and information respecting fashions of dress. The gentle charities, too,—those which make woman the ministering angel from heaven to cheer the sorrowing and relieve the distressed, must never be forgotten in our mission. Cold winter is, to be sure, "going away," but is not yet gone. So, lady fair, think over your expenditures for the last month, and see how large a sum has been appropriated to the purposes of justice and humanity; in other words, how much you have laid up in that treasury which never fails its return of full interest on the investment. If you are "rich in good works," no earthly change or chance can deprive you of your estate, nor make you poor. Kindness of heart is, also, a better beautifier than fashion. No matter how plain is the dress, a benefactress always looks beautiful to the eyes of those who have been relieved by her sympathy or benevolence.

We hope the ladies of 1795 had kind hearts, otherwise, with such very unbecoming dresses as these, "no waists at all," they must have appeared very ungraceful.



And here is a half-length riding habit of that day.



Also the full dress of the following year, 1796.



And a plumed head of the same date, the deep veil being necessary to keep the hat on the head of the fair lady.



EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published a work which has long been a desideratum among literary and scientific men, a "*Complete Dictionary of the French Language*." We wish it were possible within our limited space to give our readers a competent idea of what this volume contains in the way of improvement on its predecessors. For the present, it may suffice to say that it is a French and English and English and French Dictionary, compiled from the dictionaries of Johnson, Todd, Ash, Webster and Crabbe, from all the most recent and copious of the French dictionaries, and from the standard technological works in both languages; that it contains, besides the common and obsolete terms connected with polite literature, all technical and scientific terms, a literal and figured pronunciation, illustrations of the definitions, peculiar constructions and idioms, and synonymy, as well as an elucidation of the difficulties of French grammar presented and resolved in English. It has received the editorial care of Professors Fleming and Tibbins, Charles Picot, Esq., and Mr. Judah Dobson, one of the ablest linguists in our country. Such a book needs no recommendation. Every one who, like ourselves, has been driven to desperation by the imperfection and the miserable scantiness of the French dictionaries in common use, will hail its appearance with delight.

The short waisted dresses reached their acme in '96—the same year that "the Father of his Country published his farewell address to the People of America."

Why can we not form a system of mnemonics with the modes, and make the changes of fashion of use in recalling some important historical event or scientific discovery? For instance, the narrow, scanty dresses, that seem to cling around the stiff figures of the ladies, painted fifty years ago, like a wet banner on a flag-staff, was the ungraceful and often indelicate costume introduced by the Parisian ladies during the French Revolution. The rage for what was denominated "classic costume," and the reign of the "goddess of Reason" gave tone to the modes of dress in perfect conformity with the laxity of morals and manners then prevailing in that distracted country. Fifty years, what changes have they wrought in France!

Of all the improvements which the last half century has developed in the world, no one gives us so much gratification now, so much hope for the future, as the change which has been effected in the public mind regarding woman. Her education, condition, and influence—what a prominent place these now hold in the estimation of the world, compared with the standard of fifty years since!

And from France, too, the country where the almost sacred character of woman seemed most utterly desecrated, there is now going forth a redeeming spirit on behalf of our sex, which betokens great and happy results. The appropriate sphere of woman, her duties, privileges, and the vast influence she must exert on the social and moral advancement of mankind, these questions are now considered of the highest import, and worthy the study of the wisest legislators and philosophers of "Young France." Two works on this subject, lately translated and republished in our country, we earnestly recommend to our readers. "*The Education of Mothers; or the Civilization of Mankind by Women*," by Aimé Martin, to which the prize of the French Academy was awarded, is a work worthy the study of our statesmen and philanthropists; and "*The Life of Woman*," by Madame Necker de Saussure, should be in the hands of every lady in our land. We tender our thanks, on behalf of our sex, to the publishers of these excellent works, Messrs. Lea & Blanchard of this city, and trust they will find their reward in a rapid sale.

"*The Old Granite State*" is a song composed, arranged and sung by "the Hutchinson Family," and we only name it for the purpose of giving these talented and worthy singers a passing notice. They are, indeed, a gifted "band of brothers," and with their charming little sister, are giving very successful musical entertainments. We listened to them with much gratification, and felt proud of the genius which the green hills of New Hampshire had nurtured and inspired. They excel in the simple ballads, which they sing in such perfect harmony, not only of sound but of taste and feeling, that there seems among them but one voice, one heart, one soul. The true refinement, which a pure moral and religious family influence has exerted, is the marked characteristic of these young people; and when we learned that they had been trained by pious parents, living in that noble independence which the New England farmers enjoy, and that of the eleven sons all but one remain farmers, (tilling their grounds in summer, and singing their songs in winter), we rejoiced in the hope that the delightful but often dangerous gift of great musical talent would by them be employed not only in promoting enjoyment, but in doing good.

The parents are, we learn, both natural singers, but the mother is most remarkable for her musical taste! "She

has sung all her life," as we were informed; and thus, doubtless, like a bird, inspired all her thirteen children from infancy with the love of harmony. They must have filled her home with songs and gladness. May they long live to bless each other.

Messrs. Munroe & Co., Boston, have published "*Scenes and Scenery in the Sandwich Islands, and a Trip through Central America, being Observations from my Note-Book during the years 1837-1842.*" By James J. Jarves. Mr. Jarves' former work, the "History of the Sandwich Islands," was noticed by us a few months ago. It has since been reprinted in England, where it has been received with unusual favour. The present work is equally well written, and of a lighter and more entertaining cast. Its character is sufficiently denoted by its title. The author has a peculiar faculty in describing natural scenery. By a few well-chosen epithets and comparisons, he brings the scene or object vividly before the mind of the reader. The narrative of his excursions in various parts of the group is given in an easy and flowing style, with occasionally a touch of humour, reminding us of Stephens—though there is evidently no attempt at imitation. A description of the volcano of Kilauea, and of the great eruption which took place in 1840, forms a very interesting portion of the work. The trip through Central America was made on returning home from the islands. The author had, of course, no opportunity to visit any of the celebrated ruins, but he had the fortune, good or bad, to meet with many of those adventures which render travels in that country so much more pleasant to the reader than to the traveller himself.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have done well to publish a handsome edition of "*Noël & Chapsal's celebrated French Grammar,*" edited by Mrs. Seaman. This is the most famous of all the French grammars, not excepting even the "*Grammaire des Grammaires.*" Mr. Picot, the most distinguished of our French teachers, has had it in constant use for some fifteen or twenty years, importing copies from Paris for his classes, and his decisive authority is in favour of this in preference to all other grammars in the French language.

Messrs. Harper have also published "*Sweethearts and Wives; or, Before and After Marriage.*" By T. S. Arthur. This is one of Arthur's beautiful, practical stories, conveying, as usual, a fund of good instruction in the conduct of life.

The same publishers have just published Dr. Bangs's "*Life of Arminius,*" a work which will be universally sought by religious readers, especially those who have any curiosity respecting the great controversies which agitate the Christian church. The book is illustrated with a portrait of Arminius—a fine, full, open, frank countenance, a perfect contrast to the ascetic, pinched up, hungry physiognomy which all painters give to the famous Calvin.

Messrs. Harper continue to issue "*Macculloch's Gazetteer,*" "*Millman's Gibbon's Rome,*" and the "*Works of Hannah More.*" in the cheap number form, as well as the splendid "*Pictorial Bible,*" recently commenced with such astonishing success.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have just published Benthamiana: or "*Select Extracts from the Works of Jeremy Bentham, with an Outline of his Opinions on the principal subjects discussed in his Works.*" Edited by John Hill Burton, Advocate. This book will serve to gratify the curiosity of the general reader respecting the character and opinions of Bentham as a philosopher and philanthropist. His voluminous works, though much talked of, are little known in this country. The specimen of them included in this volume will be considered a rich treasure by the reflective reader, not only on account of the author's great celebrity, but also from the intrinsic merit and interest of the extracts themselves, relating as they do to subjects of every day concern, and being directly applicable to Bentham's favourite object of producing the "greatest happiness of the greatest number of our race."

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have also published as a volume of their cheap cabinet library, "*The Study of the Life of Woman,*" by Madame Neckar de Saussure, a

work of a preceptive character, and of extraordinary merit. It appears that before publication the manuscript of the translation was submitted to the Reverend Doctor Barnes of this city for examination. His letter prefixed to the volume gives the most unhesitating and decisive testimony to the elevated moral and religious character as well as the practical value of the work. It is not often that a French author obtains such an indorsement. Dr. Barnes's indorsement will make Madame de Saussure's notes current in our American market.

Messrs. Grigg & Elliot have just published an embellished and revised edition of their series of school readers, including "*The First Reader,*" the "*Pleasing Companion,*" and the "*Moral Instructor.*" The writer, Dr. Torrey, has been at the trouble of condensing some of the most celebrated moral tales, such as Sanford and Merton, and the best of Barbauld's and Edgeworth's stories, into a size admissible into the "*Pleasing Companion,*" and has preserved the whole of the moral, with but a small part of the reading. This plan is excellent, and will prove exceedingly useful and popular. In the "*Moral Instructor,*" he has condensed a whole system of moral philosophy into a volume not too large and a style not too dry for a reading book. The "*First Reader*" has a mass of information on subjects of every day interest, conveyed in the form of dialogue, description and narrative. It is a very comprehensive and excellent little book. The embellishments are numerous and very cleverly executed.

Messrs. Thomas Groom & Co., Boston, have published the "*Boston Almanac for 1844,*" a neat pocket volume, containing besides an almanac and memorandum book, a history of the past year's events in the shape of chronological tables, lists of public officers, and a complete business directory for Boston. It is for sale at George S. Appleton's, 148 Chestnut St.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, and George S. Appleton, Philada., have published an additional volume of their "*Tales for the People and their Children.*" It is entitled the "*Minister's Family; or, Hints to those who would make Home happy.*" By Mrs. Ellis, author of "*The Women of England,*" &c. It is beautifully written, and full of practical instruction.

We noticed last month the "*New York Glee Book,*" published by Messrs. Langley of New York. They have now issued a cheap edition in paper covers, which may be transmitted to one's country friends by mail. It is a capital collection of social music.

Messrs. J. Winchester & Co., New York, have just published "*Mexico as it was, and as it is,*" by Brantz Mayer, Secretary of the U. S. Legation to that country in 1841 and 1842. With numerous illustrations on wood. During a residence of rather more than a year in Mexico, Mr. Mayer, besides discharging the duties of his office, which circumstances rendered peculiarly important, in a highly creditable manner, found time to collect the materials for the present work—one of the most attractive and valuable that has ever appeared in this country. Its interest is due partly to the novel and varied character of the contents, and partly to the pleasing style in which they are presented. We have the author's personal narrative of travels and excursions through several departments of Mexico, giving us an insight into the daily habits and national peculiarities of the people; a description of the capital, with its public edifices, its shows and festivals, and its mixed population of soldiers, priests and lazzaroni; an extended account of the antiquities of the region, comprising much that is both new and valuable; and finally, several letters on the condition and prospects of the Mexican nation, which attract notice, not only by the information which they afford, but by the rational and statesmanlike views proposed on several important subjects. The book contains nearly two hundred engravings, mostly from the productions of the author's own pencil. Those which display the dress and usages of the people, and the scenery of the country, are very spirited and graceful. A large number of them, and a considerable part of the book are devoted, as we have before remarked, to the remains of antiquity for which that por-

tion of our continent is celebrated. The world was not before aware how many treasures of this kind lay concealed in the neglected museums and private collections of Mexico, to which Mr. Mayer's position and character procured him access. Every one who has been interested in the accounts given us by Mr. Stephens of the monuments of Central America and Yucatan, must be gratified at the appearance of a work in which the same investigation is pursued with equal care and ability from the point where he has left it, through the great Mexican plateau, with its mighty pyramids and storied temples, to the mysterious tumuli of our western prairies.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and George S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, have published a new edition of Bishop Wilson's "*Sacra Privata; Private Meditations, Devotions and Prayers*," a favourite devotional work both in this country and England. It is very beautifully got up, as such a work should be. The same publishers have also issued in a cheap form, "*The Mothers of England*," by Mrs. Ellis, and "*Treasure Trove, or Pounds, Shillings and Pence*," a popular novel by Lover with plates from the author's designs. They also continue to issue "*Parnell's Applied Chemistry*" in cheap numbers. Mr. George S. Appleton has published Bishop Hobart's "*Apology for the Apostolical Order*," a standard Episcopal book.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have published "*Chronicles of the Bastille*," No. 1, a highly interesting publication.

We have received from J. Dobson, Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of a "*Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice*," with introductory and concluding Symphonies, and accompaniments to each air for the Piano Forte, Violin, or Flute, &c., composed for this work by Pleyel, Haydn, Weber, Beethoven, &c. With all the most admired songs, both ancient and modern, Scottish and English, adapted to the airs, and including upwards of one hundred songs by Burns.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Promenade Dress.—This elegant costume is composed of sea-green Pekin silk; the skirt is made very full, and trimmed round with two biais of green velvet; the upper biais being narrower than the lower one; the skirt is set in to the waist (which is round) in large plaits. Tight high corsage, closed down the front with a narrow fold of velvet. Plain half long sleeve, the top part setting tight to the arm, and loose over the elbow, where it is faced with a broad band of velvet. Understeeves of full white batiste. A tulle *ruche* surrounds the throat. Capote of green velvet; the edge of the brim ornamented with a small fold; the interior surrounded with a quilling of blonde very full at the ears; the exterior with two long drooping plumes, shaded white and green; ends of velvet.

Fig. 2.—A promenade dress of lilac satin; the skirt ornamented with three deep tucks, placed at equal distances, and each headed with a narrow frilling of the same material put on it in small flutes. Tight corsage up to the throat. Close fitting sleeves, the top ornamented with a plain round jockey, edged with a fluted frilling same as those on the skirt; the cuff at the bottom of the sleeve falling over the back part of the bands. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with canary satin ribbons and flowers.

Fig. 3.—Shaded blue Pekin silk. The skirt is bordered with one immense ruffle, on the top of which is a fluted trimming. Tight fitting corsage made high; the waist trimmed with a fluting similar to that on the ruffle of the skirt. Tight sleeves top ornamented with a cap, and trimming similar to the waist; the bonnet has the face quite open, and is ornamented on the inside with flowers, and on the outside a drooping plume and ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Walking dress, French gray silk; full plain skirt trimmed with bows and buckles; the waist made to lap, ornamented with three broad folds; tight plain sleeves, finished with a bracelet. Bonnet of white chip, with a bunch of flowers at the side.

CHIT-CHAT OF FASHIONS.

HEAD DRESSES.—Lately the different head dresses have a marked tendency to being worn more over the forehead, at the same time, that the crowns are enlarged in such a manner as to allow of the back plaits of hair being seen to great advantage. A new style of coiffure has just appeared, called the *Tyrolienne*. It is composed of a head piece of gauze, beautifully embroidered in pearls and gold, and having on each side a long plaiting of pearls and gold, resembling a plait of hair. This coiffure may be rendered more simple when made with a raised embroidery of brown velvet. Head dresses composed of a net-work of pearls or jet, are still all the fashion.

The front part of another style of head dress is composed of velvet, the crown of lace covering the back hair, without in the slightest degree disarranging it. A single marabout droops gracefully on one side, relieved with a cluster of roses and admirably adapted for the showing off of a young and pretty face. The front hair is worn in clusters of light ringlets. The most irresistible coiffures are those formed of a wreath of the periwinkle flower, the short lappets of which descend on each side of the head; but if, on the contrary, the front hair is worn in bands, the most becoming style are those wreaths of flowers twisted round the head, and rejoining the principal one worn at the back.

ROBES DE CHAMBERE.—Some of the most elegant are those made in pink cachemire, and lined with white silk taffetas, and trimmed up the fronts of the jupe with broad facings of pink embroidered velvet; the corsage is made high, plain and pointed. The pelerine is of embroidered velvet, descending over the edge of the sleeve, and forming a point in the front, just upon the facings of the jupe. Sleeves covering half of the front of the arm, and faced with embroidered velvet. Under sleeve of embroidered Scotch cambric, the sleeves of full muslin, and manchettes of embroidered muslin, falling over the hand.

CAPS.—The only change in the form of caps is merely that they are a degree smaller. A plain muslin is preferred without ribbon. The crown made very small, and having broad lappets of muslin, falling on each side behind the ears. Another, and rather a more becoming style, are those of plain India muslin, trimmed with two rows of Valenciennes, and ornamented with a broad blue silk ribbon upon the front, and shaded with a second row of lace, falling over the *garniture*. A rosette of blue silk, with long ends, is placed on the left side, with brides of the same. Another pattern has a very small head piece, with lappets of Mechlin lace, reaching only to the edge of the ears on each side, and ornamented with green satin ribbons. Another is trimmed with two rows of embroidered muslin, slightly full, and decorated with two small coques of plaided white and blue silk ribbon, a twist or roll of the same encircling the crown.

Black bugles and steel buttons are to be all the rage; few of the latter have yet appeared. The demand is great for them.

When an engagement is made to pay for contributions, they will be paid for on publication.

We will not be responsible for the return of any MSS.; those who send articles had better keep a copy.

We have been blamed for being somewhat negligent in reporting upon manuscripts received. There may in some cases be grounds for the accusation. Formerly on account of the immense number of articles received we had three readers engaged, and as they would sometimes pass from one hand to another (we are somewhat particular) we would lose sight of them. We have now one person occupied exclusively in the perusal of manuscripts, and in future an answer will be given in one week.

Mr. R. G. Berford, No. 101 Chestnut St., has just published No. 2 of "*Berford's Library of Domestic Romances*," entitled "*Pride and Principle; Which makes the Lady*." It is from Arthur's pen, and, as usual, inculcates the purest practical morality in a winning style. Mr. Berford has also for sale, "*New Sketches of Every Day Life; A Diary; together with Strife and Peace*," by the celebrated Swedish writer, Frederika Bremer.





Miss R. Corbair.

AL. Dick.

THE PROMENADE.

Engraved for Goddard's Lady's Book.

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

APRIL, 1844.

THE PASTOR'S VISIT.

BY H. W. HERBERT, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "MARMADUKE WYVIL," ETC.

(See Plate.)

[The following story has, in certain parts, a bearing upon the politics of Canada, a subject in which our readers will feel little interest and no partisanship. The main narrative is in the author's best style. For this reason we have ventured to publish it, believing that the beauty and pathos of the narrative will be a complete offset to the rather warm expression of the author's views respecting the internal affairs of a neighbouring country.]

THERE is not perhaps at this day, a region of the whole civilized world wherein are so completely realized the old poetic fictions of pastoral life, of Arcadian innocence and ease, as in the districts adjacent to the St. Lawrence and its great tributary streams, in the Lower British Province. It has been too much the custom among us to depreciate these our simple minded agricultural neighbours; to speak of them as ignorant, degraded, lazy, and the like; and, above all, to stigmatize them as oppressed and unresisting slaves, too tame ever to feel the yoke which presses them. It is not in this place, of course, my object to enter into a political discussion, much less to undertake a defence of the British government, but thus much it is fair and necessary to premise, that it is questionable, to say the least, how far those people can be called slaves who possess precisely the same rights of representation with many of our own states, whose taxes are lighter than those which fall on any of our citizens, who, although a conquered people, have been allowed the full and unrestricted use of their own language in the courts of justice and of parliament, and whose religion has not only been secured to them, but fostered by the hand of government.

Be this, however, as it may, we are bound to consider them an ignorant race; for they can neither

write nor read, and this defect, alas! has rendered them too ready victims to the specious agitation of mendacious demagogues. I say mendacious, because it is remarkable that not one of the evil minded and ambitious men who stirred a quiet and contented race into hopeless rebellion, and then coward like abandoned them to their doom—that not one of these ever pretended to tell the people of Canada that they *were* wronged or oppressed—that would have been too fantastic. No! it was future tyrannies, a future abolition of the Catholic church, a future prohibition of the French tongue, that were held up to these poor people as measures in present contemplation, and soon to be put in force by the Home Government—measures which, it is needless to say, had never once been mooted by any past or present administration. Ignorant then they are; but to those who have seen their pleasant whitewashed cottages, their light toils, their easily secured abundance, their tastes superior to their condition, tastes probably imported centuries ago from the gay shores of merry France, their love for flowers, their evening dances on the greensward, their universal skill in music, their graceful old-time *politesse*,—to those, I say, who have sojourned familiarly among them, and looked upon the bright side of their character, it may be doubted,

and that seriously and gravely, whether theirs is not that ignorance which our Gray has not unphilosophically described as bliss, and of which the Roman dreamed when he exclaimed in rapturous apostrophe—

"O fortunati nimium sua si bona norant
Agricolæ."

Nothing indeed can be more curious or more striking than the contrast between the two races, as displayed by a single step across the frontier, from the smart, driving, go-ahead population, and half metropolitan villages of Vermont or New York, full of water privileges, and variety stores, and newspaper offices, and schools, and lecturers on every topic in or out of creation, to the secluded, quiet hamlet of the French Canadas, where the old people wear the very costume which their ancestors imported in the times of Louis Treize, and where the very harness is made after the pattern of the seventeenth century. On the one side, all is anxiety, strife, bustle, turmoil—all one continuous rush each to overturn the other in the great race of wealth—wealth to be accumulated, not for the sake of that which it will purchase, but for itself, for the prestige it carries in its very name. On the other, all is repose, content, humble and unambitious enjoyment. No work is done beyond what is exactly needful to procure the *quantum suff.* for the labourer's necessities or pleasures. No one man looks far beyond the present comforts of his family; to earn these he works lustily, and these earned, he plays jollily! It is a pleasant thing on an autumnal afternoon, to enter, wearied perhaps with journeying, or it may be with the pursuit of game, one of their neat white-walled stone cottages, and enjoy the liberal hospitality of those light-hearted, simple minded creatures; to see their dwelling rooms decked with their images of saint and virgin, mistaken evidences, it is true, but of sincere and fervent piety; their stands of moss roses and *clove* or *picoti* carnations, such as Thorburn himself would own magnificent; their household utensils of brass or pewter, gleaming like gold and silver; their very floors scoured till they are white and lustrous as a frigate's quarter-deck;—and then the bright-cheeked, dark-eyed, raven-haired girls, dressed in their high crowned Norman caps, white as the driven snow, with russet apron and checked frock, all wrought by domestic industry; the neatly garnished board, with linen, coarse indeed, but beautifully white and redolent of rosemary and lavender; the rich white cream and golden butter; the fresh eggs and good brown loaf; the bubbling rashers, and, to conclude, the *petit coup* of eau de vie véritable de cognac; and above all, the smiling welcome, the merry chat in the gay old patois, full itself of old memories and antique romance, the true hearted hospitality that seems to think itself obliged, when in truth it confers obligation. Aye! and a pleasant thing it is to see them on the sabbath or the saints' day morning, thronging in glad but pensive groups to the porches of their fine, stone-built, steepled

churches, the girls in their broad, home-made hats of straw, with bouquets in their hands and perhaps in their bosoms; the men in their gray home-spun garb, and bonnets rouge and untanned boots, dependent on the manufacturer for nothing—in truth, for nothing except the pound or two of tea, the case bottle of cognac, and the annual frock of gaudy calico for each of *les creatures*!—and the good priest of the parish, with a kind greeting and paternal benediction for each one of his little flock. Aye! and most gay of all it is, and most pleasant, on a calm, quiet summer's evening, when the radiant sunset is fading from the western sky, and the full moon is soaring up above the elm trees, when the west wind is whispering peace among the tree tops, and all the toils of the hot day are over, to see the merry groups dancing upon the greensward to old tunes quaintly played upon the joyous fiddle, while the old men sit in the shade smoking or chatting in a rustic row, and the village matrons recall their own gay girlhood in looking on the sports of their young families.

Just Heaven! and what must those men feel; what must their hearts, their consciences—if they have heart or conscience—say to them in the watches of the silent night, who, for their own self-seeking aims and ambitious ends, drove these contented, happy peasants, to steep their hands in midnight massacre, their souls in rebellious guilt, and then basely forsook their self-constituted post as leaders, leaving their hapless and deluded followers to the bayonet and the rope, while they sneaked off to boast in public meetings of deeds which they had never dared to do; and now, when a contemptuous amnesty has removed the last shade of danger, sneak home again, perchance to plot new mischief and fresh treason!

There was not in the quiet days which preceded the rebellion, a prettier homestead in that land of pretty cottages, than the old-fashioned farm of Louis Carrier. It was a long, low, whitewashed edifice, its gable end facing the narrow road which ran along between the clear bright stream, a tributary of the grand St. Lawrence, which watered the green valley and the steep wooded bank, which rose close to the other end of the building to the height of an hundred feet, covered with a dense brake of hazels and white birch, with here and there a stunted cedar. In many places the stream, or little river—for such indeed it would have been called anywhere but in the neighbourhood of the vast Cadanaqui—ran so close to the hill side that there was barely room for the sandy road; but here the waters swept off in a large semicircle, making a sort of peninsula, across the isthmus of which the highway ran, dividing the house and its garden, which stood on the right hand under the shelter of the bank, from the little farm, its dependency, which swept southward down in a soft declivity toward the glittering river. The garden before the cottage windows, well stocked with vegetables and pot herbs, had yet a space set apart for the gay and sweet-scented flowers, which are so dear to

that happy people; and in a sunny nook, scooped out of the sheltering bank, stood a long range of well furnished hives, whose busy inmates might be seen almost ever on the wing, buzzing about the well arranged parterres; at either side of the little road by the white gable of the cottage, grew a vast elm tree, overshadowing the way for many yards in distance with their arched limbs and pendent foliage.

Such was the rural scene, defaced by no pile of chips and sawdust, no broken fences, no wheels of broken carts, spare poles and whiffle trees, cast here and there at random; no broken sleighs or wood sleds overturned and left to be bleached by the rains and warped by the hot sunshine, until returning winter should again call them into use—as is so often seen about the doors of our abundant but unthrifty farm houses. Every thing here was in its place, orderly, neat, and comfortable. The little straw yard in the rear of the building, with its four or five sleek and comely calves, the pets and playmates of the children; the little stable, which sheltered the trim, sturdy, Indian ponies; the poultry yard, with its multifarious tenants; the glossy necked, plump pigeons, strutting on the thatched roof, tree, or wheeling round the farm buildings, all spoke of plenty even to redundancy. And at the hours of morn, sultry noontide, or dewy eve, the clear and softened accents of woman's gay happy voice, or the quick musical trill of childish laughter, told of the quiet bliss of the contented inmates. Never, perhaps, was there a happier family. Louis, still in the prime of life, a hale, strong, well formed, pleasant featured man, had married years before in the village church, where his father and grandfather and great-grandfather lay buried in the green graveyard, pretty Louise Pelet, the fairest and lightest hearted of all the maidens of St. Mary's. It was a love match then; and for once, permanent and stable, the fickle god had disdained to use his wings, and had continued to abide with Louis and his pretty wife, till he was altogether naturalized and domesticated as one of the rustic menage. Happy in their love, they had been happy likewise in their fortunes, and most rare luck in their children likewise. Their eldest, a sweet, meek maiden of fourteen, with the large pensive eyes and clear complexion of her mother, promised, like her, to be in her turn the belle of the hamlet; the second, a stout, ruddy little varlet of ten years, was already able to assist his father in the light labours of the little farm, and was even in advance of his tender years all that his parents could desire or hope. The youngest, little Louise, her mother's namesake,—the eldest had been christened Jacqueline, after her godmother, the aunt of Carrier,—was still a babe, a playful, tottering thing of three short summers, whose whole life had been one dream of birds and butterflies, of romping with the kittens or the puppies, feeding the chickens on the kitchen floor, and making the house ring with her artless and unbridled merriment. All things had thriven with the family of Carrier. No single

grief had occurred of weight enough to leave its impress on their lives. One child, indeed,—the second,—had been taken from them, but it had died so early that the roots of affection had not gained a hold so deep but that their place was soon filled up in the hearts of either parent. The elder members of the family had indeed passed away, but it was in the fulness of their years, and by a calm and gradual decay that they departed hence, as it were, step by step, unsuffering and uncomplaining, so that, although the lives of the survivors were saddened for a while by the removal of the dear grandmother and gray-haired sire, the gloom soon passed away like the shadow cast by an April rain cloud, and left the landscape radiant and cheerful as before the transient storm. Thus had things gone, improving still, and happier every year, and all in that lone farm were thankful and contented, until the winter long to be remembered and deplored, when, maddened by their demagogues, in spite of the warnings of their best friends, the village pastors, who, to a man, were true to their Queen and their God, the wretched peasantry rushed to arms, only to be overpowered by their enemies and deserted by their false friends. Meetings had taken place from time to time in St. Mary's, discouraged by the venerable gray-haired priest, but fomented by the notary, a young pert, litigious Frenchman, full of the pestilential doctrines of the directory, and by the village doctor, originally a tin pedler and vender of quack medicines and wooden clogs from the land of steady habits,—as its dwellers delight to call it,—wherein all the preliminaries of the rising had been concocted, arms got together, and ammunition retailed at no small profit to himself by the learned M. D. from Meriden, Connecticut; but at no one of these had Louis Carrier lent the sanction of his presence—for a little better educated and more intelligent than his compatriots, without being either smart or ambitious enough to aim at being a leader, he had perceived at once that there were in truth no grievances whatever to justify an armed rising, and that if there had been there was no hope of success while the whole English population of the province were true to their allegiance, and would be backed by the gigantic force of the mother country. Perceiving this, he had cut very short the private exhortations addressed to him alike by Doctor—or, as he sometimes called himself,—Gin'ral Hateful Meddler, and his worthy colleague and co-patriot Achille Alexandre César Napoleon Scapin, who were especially desirous of bringing over Louis, as the wealthiest and most influential farmer of the village, to their seditious plans. All was in vain, however; and though Carrier had too much of the chivalry of the national character about him to betray or denounce the plotters, he never spoke of the scheme of rising without disapprobation and distrust, or of the schemers without loathing and contempt.

Bold himself as a lion, he feared no man; and conscious that he had wronged no one, believed

that, whether in war or peace, he should be secure under his own roof, whether from his own misguided countrymen, to whom he had ever been a friend, or from the English, to whose authorities he had always proved himself a true and loyal subject.

But the time came that tried men's souls. The risings at St. Mary's and St. Charles', accompanied by the diabolical murder of Lieutenant Weir, in cold blood, and by the retreat of Colonel Gore's detachment, aroused whatever of bad blood there was throughout the country; and among the rest, excited the discontented spirits of St. Mary's to take arms, although be it said, the worthy Gin'ral Meddler, the very moment he discovered that his powder was likely to be put to some use, betook himself, as fast as hard-trotting horse could haul his sulkey, to the safe precincts of St. Albans in Vermont, and published the same day in the Palladium of Liberty a veritable account of the storming of Quebec by the independent and erect democracy of the Lower Province, and the total demolition of the British power on the shores of North America. At daybreak that same morning, —and here I write no fiction; *mutato nomine vera fabula narratur!*—on that same morning, before the sun had risen yet so high as to overtop the eastern hill, the armed band of St. Mary's patriots, headed by their now sole remaining leader, the doughty Achille Alexandre Césaire Napoleon, halted before the door of Carrier. Aroused from his innocent sleep suddenly by the voice of neighbours, and, as he vainly fancied, friends, the good man came forth from his wife's chamber unarmed and unsuspecting. In few brief words, the choice was tendered him between immediate death and taking up arms as the leader of that rebel band; and when he utterly and scornfully refused to break his allegiance, even the time to make his peace with God, or to take leave of his loved ones, was denied him. He was tied to the elm tree within ten feet of his own peaceful door, and shot to death by the hands of his nearest neighbours, the rattling of the murderous volley telling the first news of danger to his distracted wife and hapless little ones. Fly not from earth, Oh, god-like liberty, indignant and abhorrent that crimes like these are wrought in thy dishonoured name!

The winter passed away, rebellion's spur grew cold, and needful justice done upon a few,—too few; for the most guilty, the murderers of Weir and Carrier, and the ringleaders of the plot, escaped,—peace returned to the devastated land, and mercy speedily resumed her sway.

But never peace returned or happiness again to the sad home which had been heretofore the scene of bliss too great, as it would seem, to be enduring.

It was a cold and gray spring morning. The snow, which still overspread the whole face of the country, was wasting silently away; the streams were filled brimful, turbid and dark, and swollen; the lowgrounds were overflowed with sheets of snow cold water; huge flights of geese and wild fowl, *hawking* and clanging though the dark at-

mosphere, were winging their way toward their northern fastnesses, glad at the breaking up of winter;—but as yet not a bud was visible on the gray ghostly trees, not an insect was seen floating through the dim air, nor the earliest even of the birds of passage heard chirping in the branches or about the garden bushes.

Without the house of Carrier, all spoke of melancholy and neglect. Even in this short space, "decay's effacing fingers" had been at work, and their fell touch was visible. Several pales of the garden fence had fallen and lay rotting in the half-melted snow; the house steps were unswept, and the garden walks, so carefully and accurately kept of old, were filled with the half-frozen slush; many panes in the windows had been broken and repaired for the moment with scraps of paper, or fragments of old clothing; the calves in the straw yard, no longer sleek and comely, looked ragged and half-starved, as they munched greedily some thrice picked cornstalks; while the ponies, lean, bony and uncurried, with their heads thrust out over the half hatch of the stable door, looking all hunger-worn and sorrowful, neighed fretfully as if to call for the kind master they had lost.

Within, though all was clear and tidy as in the happiest days, the scene was sadder yet. Words scarcely can describe its simple pathos. Propped in an easy chair near to the bed, which had been brought from the chamber into the large old fashioned kitchen, sat all that grief and agony had left of the once beautiful Louise Pelet. Her hair, black as the raven's wing until that fatal morning, was now all streaked with veins of silver, and her complexion ruddy, though unbrowned, as the cheek of a ripe pippin, was pale and chilly as the dank snow without; there was no gleam in her lacklustre eye, no smile on her white lips, except when now and then at the kind ministering of her beloved Jacqueline, or at the playful nonsense of the unconscious infant, a wane and watery gleam would flutter over her sad features, kindling them for a short moment with a bright fond expression, and then leaving them again all blank and soulless. Behind her mother's chair leaned Jacqueline, as neatly dressed as in her blithest and most palmy days, holding a cup of *tisane* in her hand, and watching with her fair gentle features all suffused with sorrowful anticipation the slightest movement of the beloved and now fast failing invalid. On the other side of a chair, stood a tall, thin old man, dressed in the peculiar vestments of a Romish ecclesiastic, feeling the pulse of the sick woman with a grave solemn countenance, fully aware that the days of his poor patient upon earth were numbered, yet eager to alleviate by every means in his power, the bitterness of that parting hour. Leaning against a chair beside him, on which were laid the slouched hat and umbrella of the good pastor, erect in a sturdy yet at the same time thoughtful attitude, gazing full on his mother's face with an eye that did not even wink, so earnestly and fixedly was it attracted to those dear features, stood the young boy—the

very image of his murdered sire, and that too not in form or feature only, but in all that he yet had to draw of character or spirit;—the very attitude in which he stood, then child as he was, expecting half unconsciously the stunning blow that was so soon to break on him, as if resolved to bear it manfully and stoutly, spoke volumes of the father—resolved and true unto death. But the most melancholy part of all that melancholy scene, sadder than the devoted aspect of the frail dying woman, than the calm, pensive, yet intense excitement of young Jacqueline, as she sought to read in the priest's face the sentence of her last parent, than the fixed, solemn hardihood of the young Louis, was the poor babe seated before her mother's feet, playing as joyfully in the unconscious bliss of infancy as though that greatest wo of orphanhood were not impending, cutting her barley cake with a small knife and portioning the simple dainty to her pet kitten, laughing the while from time to time, and clapping her tiny hands to see the cat eat till the kitchen rung, although no ear of the beholders but was too much absorbed to hear or notice that ill-omened merriment.

The last rites of the church had been finished, and the good father's lips had pronounced that absolution which He alone can ratify unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom nothing can be hid.

"Father, good father," gasped the dying woman, "this world is well nigh over; a few short minutes more, and I shall be again with my murdered Louis. But it is hard, oh! father, it is hard thus to leave my little ones fatherless, motherless, and friendless; and it was cruel—cruel—cruel in those"—and a long, choking sob, cut short her utterance.

"Think not of them, think not of them, my daughter. Them shall their own souls afflict and punish here, and their God judge hereafter! And as for these your little ones, remember what the inspired king and minstrel said of such as they—'I was young and am now old, yet never have I seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread,'—and thou art not forsaken, nor shall thy children be deserted, nor tempted here beyond

their power to bear. For thy God is near to thee even now, to smooth thy road into eternity, and He shall be near unto them to guard and succor them for ever—for is not He the Father of the fatherless, the helper of all those who call on him, that they are heavy laden."

"It is true," she replied, very feebly, "my trust is in the Lord my God always. Let me embrace you once more, this one time more, my children," and with the words, she raised her frail form half erect, and clasped them one by one to her worn bosom, bathing their faces with her tears, and soothing their half stifled lamentations on that maternal breast whence they had drawn their earliest nutriment. "And thou, too,—thou too, my Louise," she cried imploringly, "who will teach thee to know thy poor mother that so worshipped thee on earth, thine everlasting Father who is above the heavens?"

"I will, I will," exclaimed the priest, moved to tears by her terrible emotion. "I, I will teach her, Louise Carrier; I will teach her and all these to remember and regret their good earthly mother, and to adore their heavenly father. I will watch over them, and they shall dwell with me so long as I am spared to tend this flock; and I will tend their worldly riches until thy son shall be of years and of strength to fill his father's place. I promise you, Louise, I swear to you,—and the great Lord and Father of us all, who hears my words, will aid me in the task, and bless their little store, and be unto them indeed all in all; for he hath spoken, even the Lord of Heaven and of earth—and which of all his words hath fallen to the ground fruitless and unfulfilled."

He said, and as he ceased to speak, a long faint sigh, half-syllabled into the word "amen," fell from her lips whence never issued sound again in this world.

My tale is but of yesterday, but so far have the good priest's promises been faithfully and tenderly performed; nor will those helpless orphans ever remember but with tears of gratitude the sad hour of their pastor's visit—last visit to their once happy home.

THE ANEMONE. TO ———.

I know a gentle flower that blows
When winter's chilling winds have fled;
And loth its beauty to disclose,
It often hides its modest head.

The careless eye may not perceive
This lowly flower so sweet and fair;
For me, howe'er, in wood or field,
None sweeter scents the morning air.

14*

I meet it on my favourite walk,
And stop to view its simple charms,
As bending on its slender stalk,
It trusts to nature's fost'ring arms.

This gentle flower, whose modest grace
So oft has been a boon to me,
Though missed among more showy plants,
I often have compared to thee.

R.

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

BY A PARISIAN.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

FALSE HAIR.

As, in spite of our Lion Pomatum, Bear Pomatum, regenerative oils, and all such sublime inventions for reviving the capillary system, it is still impossible to make the hair grow when it wont; in consequence, we say, of all this, wigs have arrived at a great degree of perfection in Paris, so that ladies now can put their faith in nothing at all!

A gentleman with a handsome face and a good figure goes into society, where he is remarkable for his elegant manners, his wit, and his elegant black hair, combed boldly to one side. Ladies admire all these little things, and are often caught by them; but appearances are deceitful.

Listen to the conversation of two ladies at one of those little parties where dandies principally appear.

"Will Mr. G. be here this evening; he is very agreeable—don't you think so?"

"I did think so until a few days ago, since when he has fallen considerably in my estimation."

"Why so, my dear? What has he done? Do tell me?"

"Did you not hear of his adventure with the Italian Countess?"

"That splendid looking woman with the great

black eyes; who, they say, always carries a little stiletto in her belt to revenge herself upon a faithless admirer?"

"Precisely; but apropos of weapons, do you know that some eccentric women in Paris, some lionesses, in fact, have endeavoured to introduce that fashion. They carry a beautifully ornamented little stiletto about them with a gilt handle, enriched with precious stones; but they take great care to have the point rounded for fear it should happen to wound them."

"And what is it for?"

"To punish a faithless lover in the Italian and Spanish style; but somehow or other it did not take. Fortunately, it does not accord with our customs to be always armed."

"But we have forgotten Mr. G. He was, they say, in love with the beautiful Italian who carries a real sharp stiletto, and who, hearing that Mr. G. had been seen walking with a lady in the Bois de Boulogne, sent for him to come to her, and after a serious scene, drew her stiletto and threatened to stab the faithless lover; he was afraid, and ran! She ran after him, seized him by his black hair, raised her stiletto—but G. ran on, leaving in her hand a bunch of false hair so admirably arranged,



that until then she had believed it his. It is said this discovery immediately calmed the countess's fury. She burst into a fit of laughter, and wrote to Mr. G. that he need not be afraid to come and get his hair, for she could not be jealous of a man who wore a wig!"

"Is it possible that beautiful black hair that I have so often admired on Mr. G.'s head can all be false?"

"Yes indeed."

"What monsters men are to deceive us so."

"A great many of them have false calves!"

"It is outrageous. If this continues, we can depend upon nothing at all. Oh, I remember that my cousin, whose pretty light hair I think so much of, will never let me take hold of his curls. With a cousin, you know, one takes such liberties sometimes."

"For my part, I always comb my husband's hair."

"To-morrow, when he is not thinking of it, I will give his curls a pull, and if they prove false, I will never sing a duet with him again."

Paris hair-dressers excel in the art of arranging false hair, and whatever the ladies may say, they are destined yet to be deceived by many and many a wig. And after all, what is the harm in a man's

putting on a wig, if he is afraid of getting a cold in his head?

The number of men who wear false hair in Paris is beyond the powers of arithmetic to compute, and nobody ever suspects the greater portion of them, although they show themselves in all parts of the city.

This proves that in Paris, all heads are well dressed.



THE PROMENADE.

BY ALICE HERVEY.

(See Plate.)

I've roamed through your cities, and lovely and bright
Are the faces and forms that have greeted my sight,
With cheeks where the bright rose has shadowed its hue,
And the smiles that beam out from the eye's tender blue.
A slave to your charms, through the long day am I,
But when night draws its star-studded veil o'er the sky,
I break from your thralldom, and fly in my dreams
Far away from the land where your fair beauty beams,
To the land where like water flows forth the red wine,
The land of the olive, the land of the vine,
Where the bold mountain stoops o'er the soft smiling
plain,
To the land of my fathers, my own native Spain.

And swift as the wind my gay dreams bear me on
Over mountain and valley, o'er hillock and stone,
Over churches and convents all hoary and old,
With their stones thick encrusted with centuries' mould.
Like lightning I speed, nor take rest in my flight
Till the home of my childhood breaks full on my sight,

By the Douro that rushes to meet the blue main
Through the loveliest valleys that smile in old Spain.

And the scene that my heart ever paints to me there
Is an avenue bordered with foliage rare;
Where the air is perfumed with the orange and lime,
And the sky wears the blue of our warm southern clime.
Beneath its cool shade wander maidens as bright
As the Hours that rove in the gardens of light;
For the brightest and fairest of Beauty's train
Are the maidens that smile in my own sunny Spain.

And I watch for the one whom I parted with there
With her soft dark eyes and her raven hair,
And the black veil shading with graceful fold
A cheek that is fashioned in beauty's mould,
With a springing step and a graceful form,
And a soul that beams out unfettered and warm.
Ah! when but in dreams shall I welcome again
The fair girl I left in my own sunny Spain!

THE GOVERNESS.

A SKETCH.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," "THE DECAYED FAMILY," ETC.

"Who is singing?" asked Miss Brooks, as the sound of a clear and musical voice hushed for an instant the busy hum of numerous voices at a large party at Mr. Gorham's.

"Miss St. Clair, the daughter of the late Judge St. Clair," answered Mr. Gorham, "my daughter's governess," with a degree of superadded dignity, occasioned by the pleasant recollection that Judge St. Clair's daughter was "his daughter's governess."

"Ah! the governess!" passed from lip to lip, and the voice seemed to lose its melody and the music its charm, for the buzz of conversation was renewed only to gain force and confidence from the sound of the piano. This was before fashion combined with good taste to render silence during music a point of good breeding. A few true lovers of melody crowded close to the performer to catch the tones of that exquisite voice, fully appreciating its power and its pathos although it was *paid* for.

"Exquisite," said Mrs. Hamilton, as she ceased. "If it is not imposing on your good nature, Miss St. Clair, to ask for more after so brilliant and difficult a piece, might I petition for one simple English song, 'Oh! no, they shall not see me weep.'"

She raised her dark sad eyes to the speaker with an expression of pain, as she said, faintly—

"Oh, no—not that—anything else, and I shall be happy to oblige you."

Mrs. Hamilton felt that she had unintentionally given pain, and as she gazed upon that face now lighted by a glow of emotion, the eyes so expressive of sensibility, rendering her for the moment almost beautiful, she saw with no common interest that she was unhappy.

The colour faded from her cheek, and the next moment found her pale, sallow and abstracted, without beauty to attract or fashion to command attention. She rose from her seat and continued to stand by the piano, feeling the awkward embarrassment of her situation—for she was a stranger and "the governess."

"How melancholy that poor girl looks," observed the kind hearted Mrs. Hamilton to Miss Brooks. "She seems to know no one. Let me introduce you."

"Oh, excuse me," answered the young lady; "I always feel so awkwardly with those kind of people. Indeed, I think it exceedingly bad taste in the Gorhams to bring her forward in this way."

"I cannot see that," replied Mrs. Hamilton.

"She is of one of the best families in the country."

"I know all that," rejoined Miss Brooks, hastily, "but one always feels at a loss with persons in her situation; and then its such a bore."

"She is so very lady-like and accomplished," persisted Mrs. Hamilton.

"Oh, of course," answered Miss Brooks, as if that was no more than was to be expected from "a person in her situation."

Mrs. Hamilton contended the point no longer, but wound her way to the piano and gently engaged Miss St. Clair in conversation. The graceful sweetness of her manners would have touched a heart less grateful and more used to kindness than that of our poor heroine; and her politeness was rewarded with an emotion that told how rare such acts of courtesy were to "those kind of people."

"Miss St. Clair, my daughter is going to sing; you will be so good as to accompany her," said, or rather desired, Mr. Gorham, as Miss Gorham, a red-haired ugly girl, approached the piano. She sang as badly as young ladies generally do, but being my host's daughter, she was listened to with attention, if not pleasure, and her father and herself were complimented on a performance that was certainly in no danger of being considered "professional."

The party passed off as those usually do, when the hosts hope to win fashion by the splendour of their entertainments, rather than the elegance of their manners—that is to say, the conversation was noisy, the music poor, and the supper superb.

Mr. Gorham was that anomaly not so rare as one would think—a man of talents with the weaknesses of a fool. With an intellect that commanded respect, and an eloquence that often held hushed in silence crowded assemblies, he yet sighed for fashion. A poor boy scrambling into education, a young lawyer struggling for existence, a man fighting for fashions ever one and the same, he had fairly gone through the world *head foremost*, and achieved fortune and reputation. Proudly might he have rested there, could he have been content to let the fickle goddess fashion slight or court him as she would. But no—the man was a parvenu every inch of him, and pined for the notice of those whom he had seen rolling in carriages, when he, a boy, trudged it a-foot; for although in his career through life he had surmounted difficulties and conquered fortune, fashion still baffled and eluded his grasp, as it is well known she is a coquette often capriciously flying those who most seek her favours.

Had he had a pretty wife or a graceful daughter, the matter would have been soon settled. But Mrs. Gorham, who had married in the days of his obscurity, now a plain, middle aged, motherly woman, was little calculated to aid him in attaining his present object; and his daughter, endowed with the coarseness of her father's mind, without its acuteness, was as plain in person as ungraceful in manner.

Not only did Mr. Gorham possess the weaknesses, but most unfortunately the temper of a fool. Pertinacious, meddling, teasing, all pervading in his household, he is only to be described by the one word—hateful.

Judge St. Clair had died some months before the period when our story opens, leaving his family nothing but a reputation for talents, worth and integrity, of which they might well be proud, but which alone was a poor provision for the increasing wants of a growing family. Anna, our governess, was his eldest child; and many were the long and anxious conversations held between her mother and herself as to the means of educating and providing for the younger children, which ended always in a depression of spirits bordering on despair. After one of these melancholy consultations, Anna, with a full heart, took a resolution which she did not communicate to her mother until she had put it in execution. She felt that she was the only member of the family whose age had enabled her to profit to any great degree by the advantages bestowed upon her with a liberal hand by her father, and she resolved to exert those talents which he had so delighted to cultivate for the benefit of her younger brothers and sisters. She wrote therefore to a friend in New York, (they were living on a small farm belonging to her mother on Long Island,) to request her aid in procuring her a situation as a governess. It was not done without a bitterness of heart the prosperous can never understand; for the St. Clairs were a proud family, and keenly alive to all the mortifications of their changed position. She spared her mother the pain of giving her consent to a scheme she could only weep over in silent acquiescence, blessing her daughter's disinterestedness when she found it settled.

The following answer was received from her New York friend in the course of a few weeks:—

"I have received, dear Anne, two applications in answer to the advertisement you desired me to put in the papers—one from the Clavers, a family well known for their kind hearted refinement and well bred manners; but I regret to say that their means will permit them to give you but three hundred dollars. The other is from Mr. Gorham, who offers you eight hundred, five of which, if I mistake not, is for your *name*, the remaining three hundred for your acquirements, as he said, with an odd sort of complacency, 'a daughter of Judge St. Clair—that *sounds* well.' With the Clavers you will have every comfort and happiness that the

situation admits of—with Mr. Gorham, the salary, I fear, will be your only compensation; but, knowing your object, I cannot advise you as to your choice.

"Yours truly, E. L."

We need not say that, circumstanced as poor Anna was, she did not hesitate to accept Mr. Gorham's offer. The separation from her family, rendered bitter by its circumstances, was resolved upon in the noblest spirit of self sacrifice; and scarcely giving herself time to dwell upon its reality, she left her home at once for New York, to commence a life, the trials of which are heavy and grievous for a young heart and proud spirit. Young, sensitive, proud and poor! Happy are they who are unconscious of the anguish contained in those two last words.

She was received by Mrs. Gorham with a motherly kindness, which her trembling spirit needed; by the young lady, with haughty indifference, and by Mr. Gorham, with a pompous patronage, which told her as plainly as the insolent carelessness of the daughter, that she was neither to consider herself, nor be considered by others, as an equal. When Mr. Gorham paid eight hundred a year for the privilege of looking upon her as an inferior, he had no idea of the extravagance of not enjoying that privilege to the full extent of his capacity, and one would absolutely have supposed that impertinence was one of the accomplishments he meant through her means to instil into his children. Not but that they were told in long and frequent harangues, (which generally took place at dinner,) that they were to treat Miss St. Clair with respect and obey her implicitly, which precepts were beautifully followed up by example, Miss St. Clair being always the last helped at table, the only person to whom the wine was not passed, or towards whom other of the ordinary civilities practised among civilized beings, omitted. "Miss St. Clair will do this," and "Miss St. Clair will go there," was announced with as little courtesy or reference to Miss St. Clair's feelings or wishes, as if Miss St. Clair had been an automaton; nor did the poor girl ever venture upon the smallest act of independence that did not elicit a degree of indignation and astonishment from Mr. Gorham, that confounded and overwhelmed her. Her nominal duties were slight, but the real obligations unceasing. She had expected to devote many hours of the day to instruction, and entered upon her office with an eager wish and conscientious intention of fulfilling its duties. But to be called upon not only to instruct her young pupils during school hours, but to amuse them in the intervals, to walk with them, to ride with them, sit with them—nay, even sleep with them—was more than she had been prepared to expect. But she was soon made to feel that she was bought and paid for, and that not a minute of her time nor a second of her thoughts were to be her own. And had the constant calls upon her time and attention ceased with the re-

quirements of the children, she might have found "some drop of patience in her soul," but Mrs. Gorham, though naturally a kind hearted woman, was scarce less exacting in her simple-minded selfishness than the rest of the family. Like most persons of her age, she was a devourer of newspapers, which she read slowly to comprehend yet more slowly. Complaining one evening that her eyes were weak, Anna kindly offered to read to her, whereupon Mr. Gorham looked up from his writing, and said, "Certainly, my dear, let Miss St. Clair always read to you," and the bright idea was at once acted upon.

Slowly and distinctly, and often compelled to go back several passages which were not to be comprehended on the first hearing, was poor Miss St. Clair compelled to read hour after hour the dull details of half a dozen daily papers; and when hoarse and exhausted, she rose as the family broke up to retire, Mrs. Gorham kindly said, "I am afraid, Miss St. Clair, you are tired," she never dreamt of the propriety of not calling upon her another time for such a length of continued exertion.

Painfully wore on the sad and weary weeks and months that formed the first year of poor Anna's residence at Mr. Gorham's. The monotony of her daily trials was only diversified and heightened by an introduction into gayer scenes, where she was surrounded by strangers, who, careless and thoughtless in their own happiness, had little time or attention to bestow upon our slighted governess, beyond a passing look of surprise at meeting her in scenes where they deemed she had no place.

That those whose business it is to instruct, to teach the ignorant some of those graces and acquirements that adorn society and refine social life, should be looked upon with a feeling so very nearly approaching contempt, that it can scarce merit a gentler name, is a fact no less true than strange; and in proportion as the ignorance is profound is the scorn deep. To be a "teacher" is avowedly to be an inferior. In our commercial world, we generally value what we pay for, saving and excepting always, knowledge—but then the equality of buyer and seller vanish. The barterer of cottons and cloths looks with contempt upon him or her whose stock in trade is the "gift of tongues," the melody of music, or the painter's palette.

Alas! for those whose reversed fortunes may bring them with cultivated intellects and refined feelings to that most painful of estates, an *equivocal position*.

Unmitigated pain, however, falls to the lot perhaps of no human being, and there were moments when poor Anna's eyes beamed with happiness and her heart throbbed with joy that was scarce suspected by those who could not most probably have comprehended its sources had they been aware of the fact, and these were when she received letters from home—letters whose deep affection and warm gratitude told her her sacrifices were

not made in vain; that her young brothers were reaping the benefits of the advantages her generosity bestowed upon them, and were rapidly advancing in paths which, steadily pursued, would finally enable them to attain independence and revive the fallen fortunes of the family. And then her dear mother and feeble sister were surrounded with some of the necessities, not to say comforts of life, "all, all owing to their dearest Anna." At such moments as these, the cares and trials of her situation seemed light indeed, and she received a fresh impetus of cheerfulness that sustained her for days together, almost insensible to what at other moments stung her to the quick. "Could she have kept her spirit to that flight, she would have been happy." But though we may despise the weapon, the wound inflicted is no less deep; and reason with herself as she would, she could not cure herself of feeling.

One evening, at one of those assemblies Mr. Gorham was fond of giving, when he could display his wealth and thereby, as he hoped, gain distinction in the gay world, Anna saw him advance with an emprossement and respect that only marked his manner when addressing some one of decided fashion, to receive a gentleman whose face she did not see. In a moment, she saw the stranger introduced to Miss Gorham, whose reception of him was not less distinguished than her father's; and had our heroine not been assured from his general air and manner that he was one of "the wealthy courted darlings of the nations," she would have been persuaded of the fact from the attention he received from those whose only criterion was the stamp of society.

As her eyes happened again to wander in the direction where the stranger stood, he turned his head and caught her glance, when, with a look of quick recognition and decided pleasure, he advanced, exclaiming—

"Miss St. Clair, is it possible?" and most cordial were the greetings that took place between them.

The surprise amounting almost to indignation of Mr. Gorham and his daughter, would perhaps be best expressed in the simple language of one of the children, who exclaimed—

"Lor! he knows our school madam."

Frank Leslie had intimately known the St. Clairs in the palmy days of their prosperity, but having been abroad some years, and not kept up with the progress of events at home, he had quite lost sight of the St. Clairs, and in fact almost forgotten them, when he so unexpectedly met our heroine. Rapid and earnest were the inquiries he made after her family. The recurrence to former friends and times brought the quick colour to her cheeks, and lit up her eyes with alternate smiles and tears, and the conversation bid fair to be as long as it was interesting. But her emotion was checked and his animation arrested by Mr. Gorham's approaching with a demand for music, in a manner that caused Mr. Leslie to regard him with more surprise than pleasure. He quickly forgave

or rather forgot him, however, in the rich melody that presently floated in the air; and as a passionate lover of music he listened with delight to the exquisite voice and brilliant execution of Anna St. Clair. He was soon compelled, by an engagement to a larger and more brilliant party, to make his bow to Mrs. Gorham, which he did with the less regret as he felt that he could scarcely devote more of his attentions to Anna if he remained. Quickly transferred to another crowd, and dancing and flirting with the belles of the evening, he often found his attention wandering and his mind dwelling upon a pair of dark eyes that beamed with true sensibility, and a sweet voice whose every tone was feeling, in strong contrast to the gay and careless beauties who received his attentions with more animation but less emotion than that he had just excited.

"Mr. Leslie called upon me this morning, Papa," said Miss Gorham to her father the day after the party; and on the visit being repeated a few days after, it was again triumphantly announced by the young lady to her father without a suspicion that the gentleman's visits could be prompted from a desire to see any one but herself.

Mr. Gorham was scarcely less gratified than his daughter at the decided inclination Mr. Leslie manifested to visit frequently at his house, and the pressing and urgent invitations he received to dinner and supper, were always accepted with marked pleasure.

'Tis true, Mr. Gorham often noticed that he conversed more with Miss St. Clair than was at all necessary, and indeed he had once or twice been upon the point of intimating to him that Miss St. Clair was not in the habit of receiving such attentions, as he concluded of course that it was only out of compliment to his family that their "governess" should be included in any civilities extended to them; and Miss Gorham was frequently provoked that Leslie should ask so often for music and appeal to Anna rather than herself.

For our heroine herself, life seemed suddenly endued with fresh powers of enjoyment. The sun shone more brightly, the air was more elastic, and music had charms it had never known before. Where were the slights and the mortifications she had once felt so keenly? They might be there perhaps as usual, but she had ceased to notice them. With a mind dwelling on other things, and a heart occupied by new emotions, there seemed an influence around and about her that warded off like a charm the poisoned arrows of impertinence.

The second year of her residence at Mr. Gorham's was concluded at this time, when she mentioned her wish to pay a visit home before renewing a second term. As it happened to suit with his convenience, meaning to take his family to the sea side, Mr. Gorham graciously gave his consent, feeling thereby that he was doing a great kindness,

which, "when he could do so without inconvenience," as he kindly informed Miss St. Clair, "he was always happy to do."

At the expiration of a few weeks, when the family returned to the city, they found two letters from Miss St. Clair—one to Mr. Gorham, simply but politely declining to renew her engagement in his family; another more cordial to Mrs. Gorham, announcing her intended marriage with Mr. Leslie, who had followed her to the country, where, with the joyful consent of her mother, he had addressed and won the happy daughter.

The astonishment this announcement created was great, not only in Mr. Gorham's family, where it was received even with indignation, but by the wide circle of Mr. Leslie's acquaintance. Miss St. Clair, it was admitted on every side, was Mr. Leslie's equal in birth, manners and education. But few have the generosity to see with pleasure those elevated to high places whom circumstances have depressed to unusual poverty; and Miss Gorham was even known to reply to some one, urging the equality in all respects but that of fortune of the bride elect—

"Yes—but then it is *such* a match for her," which in fact seemed the chief if not only objection in the public mind, as well as in that of Miss Gorham, to the engagement. Many a beauty wondered that the fashionable, agreeable Leslie, "who might have got her or any body he pleased for the asking, choosing that dark, plain, little governess, that nobody knew."

Although beauties seem by common consent to be considered alone as entitled to make brilliant marriages, do the facts sustain the sentiment?

Leslie had seen society in all its aspects. Beauties had smiled and wits flashed, and accomplishments been displayed for him; but the true sensibility and deep feeling of Anna St. Clair had done what neither wit nor beauty had effected—it captivated his imagination and secured his heart. And when, the following winter, Mrs. Leslie took her place in society at the head of an elegant establishment, the bright and happy wife of one who knew how to value and appreciate her, and was met in those gay circles she had once so dreaded, introducing a younger sister under very different auspices, many saw a charm in her animated and expressive countenance, now irradiated by happiness, that led them to pronounce her, if not absolutely handsome, yet "pretty enough!"

Need we say that the Gorhams were among her earliest and most flattering visitors, or that the intimacy that was so eagerly sought and the attentions that were so profusely bestowed, were gently but decidedly refused; for Mr. Leslie could not forgive, nor even sweet, gentle Mrs. Leslie, quite forget, charitable as she was disposed to be in her proud and perfect happiness, the slights and insults offered to "the governess."

THE LOVED, THE LOST.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT, AUTHOR OF "AIRS OF PALESTINE."

WELCOME this hour, that closes in the day!
The cool, calm hour of evening, when the pulse
Of the great city, that hath, all day, throbb'd,
With feverish force, subsides, and I sit down,
In the charmed circle that domestic love,
And faith, and truth have drawn around me here,
As a defence against the threatening waves,
That break around one's bark, exposed, without,
To the rough blasts of passion, and the storms,
That sweep, with such destruction, o'er the face
Of the great ocean of this world's affairs.

Here find I peace—that is not found abroad;
But, oh, how lonely is it to my soul!
'Tis peace, but solitude, that here I find,
For, she—my loved one and my lost—my child,
Who used, as "came still evening on," to sit,
And, like the nightingale, to fill the air
With notes of sweetest music, and make home,
To me, the emblem, that one's home, on earth,
Should be, and may be, of our home in heaven,
Is here no longer. All those tuneful wires,
That rung responsive to her skilful touch,
And in accord with her soft, silvery voice,
Are wrapped in silence deep—as are the strings
Of an Æolian harp, when the fresh wind,
That, sweeping o'er them, waked them into life,
Lies dead upon them. My dear buried child—
For years my only one!—I hear thee not,
Nor see thy face or form;—nor feel the kiss,
Impressed by thy warm lips upon my brow,
As it hath used to be, when thou hast seen
The cloud of care not wholly driven from it
By the sweet airs thou'st made to play around me.

I see, indeed, thy portrait, on the wall:
But, with the fading day, its features fade,
As did thine own in death:—and, near it, hangs
The semblance of thine infant brother's face,
Done, after Death had laid his hand upon it,
And left it cold and white as Parian marble.
But now the darkness gathers over both,
And veils from me, alike, the infant bud,
And the full blooming rose;—and all is still.

Oh, how does memory bring thee back, my child,
And show thee, running o'er some new bought leaves
Of music, with a low and quiet hum,
Like that we hear, when, ere the dew goes off,
The humming-bird, with green and golden neck,
And viewless wings, hangs, in the morning air,
Before a honeysuckle's clustered flowers,
And thrusts his bill into their long, deep cups,
To catch the out flowing sweets,—then darts away.

And memory, too, who, in this solemn hour,
Will bring thee back to me, by graver cares,
By serious studies, and religious thoughts,

Shows thee engaged: for, my lamented child,
Thou didst not live as lives the humming bird,
Dressed in the colours of the eastern bow,
Inhaling perfumes, sipping morning dew,
Moving in sunshine, and regaled on flowers.
Duty was thine,—domestic cares and toils,
Stern trials of thy spiritual strength,
And thy submission to the will of HIM,
Who called so soon away thine only brother,
So long desired, and withheld so long.
Thou saw'st his little arms so often raised
To meet thy loved embrace, fall cold and dead:
Thou saw'st him dressed and coffined for his burial;
And, o'er thy spirit's ear, that moment, stole
The dread prophetic words—"Thou followest soon!"
And when that prophecy must be fulfilled,
When, through *thy* veins, the fires of fever ran,
And told thy father that thine hour had come,
How calmly didst thou, from his lips, receive
The tidings—"the death-angel waiteth thee!"
How calmly didst thou disengage the cord
That bound thy heart to hope, and the sweet light,
To life and loved ones round thee! How address
To those thou soon must leave, thy parting words
Of love and serious counsel; and commit
Thy spirit to thy God; and, in the faith,
That, walking through the valley of Death's shadow,
Feareth no evil—lift thine eyes, and say,
"Thy will, O God, and not my own, be done!"
Help me, O God, with my whole heart, to say,
"Thy will be done!" Yet, O my God, how dark,
How desolate my house, my hopes, my heart!
"Yet, am I not alone, for thou art with me."
And the poor mother of my buried ones
Is left me still, to share in all my griefs,
And, sharing, to assuage them. Her low sigh,
Restrained, but not suppressed, even now, I hear:
For, through the darkness like a spirit gliding,
Unheard, and knowing not that I am here,
She hath come in; and, sitting, as alone,
She weeps, as Rachel for her children wept.
Father, I will not, may not, add that she
Will not be comforted! We both resign
Our children and ourselves—our all, to thee!
Help us to do and bear thy holy will!
Life still thou givest us, and means, and heart.
Life, heart and means do we devote to thee.
Not that thou needest any thing from us—
Thou, who hast given us all things that we have:—
But, round us others of thy children dwell,
Who need what we abound in—raiment, food,
Their fire-sides and their freedom:—those who pine
Uncomforted, in hovels, chains and prisons.
Not for ourselves, then, Father, would we live:
The poor are with us; and Thy Son hath taught
That we, in serving them, are serving thee.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"WHAT happiness! what a fortune! what a lucky procés!—the notaries, the advocates, all paid, and a thousand crowns left!—my dear Eugene," continued Madame Desandré, moving her little treasure to the side of the table at which her son had seated himself, and affectionately throwing her arm over his shoulder, "how I have longed for such an occasion to prove my estimation of your dutiful, your noble course of conduct towards a widowed and helpless mother! Accept it as her offering of gratitude;—it is yours, every *sous*, my beloved son!"

Firm and stout of heart as he was, a tear stood in the eye of the fine young man she addressed, at this mark of his mother's appreciation. The next moment, however, he replied in his wonted clear and cheerful tones, while he stooped to kiss her hand, "No, no, my dear mother! I, too, have waited anxiously for this acquisition with the hope of its bettering my prospects, but not that it should be in the way your kindness would propose. How long would the thousand crowns last you, for yourself alone? You could live on three hundred a-year, could you not?"

"My dear boy, I have never had so much since we two were left destitute upon the world. Many a year I would have been glad of the half of it for us both. But why do you ask? Nothing is mine alone while you are spared to me."

"Your using it solely might be the means of making a rich man of me, mother."

Madame Desandré looked curiously in his face, as if to divine his meaning, and Eugene, with a manner much less assured than he designed it to be, proceeded; "Now that you are so well provided for, could you not spare me for a while to push my own fortunes?"

"What would you do, my son?" asked Madame Desandré, turning quite pale with apprehension.

"You must be aware, dear mother," returned Eugene, "that in Paris there is but a hopeless future to a young man like me. You have always strongly opposed my adopting the life of a soldier, the most suitable one, perhaps, to the impoverished descendant of a good family, and to a soldier's son, and you have been equally averse to my hiring my services to a merchant or banker. In both you were right, and, to confess the truth, my own inclinations led to neither course, for the one choice would have separated me from you almost constantly, perhaps entirely, and the other would have bound me to a routine of tiresome drudgery, and a subordinate station, probably all my days, so there has been nothing left me but to struggle along as I might, and but a poor pittance could I gain with all

my exertions! A napoleon now and then, for English or Spanish lessons, a few crowns for instructions in drawing or penmanship, a few francs for a paragraph for some journal, or for a vignette or caricature for some print-shop; this has been the amount of our dependance."

"Yet we have been quite happy on it, Eugene," said the anxious mother.

"So we have *seemed*, mother; I, because I was thankful to be able to supply you with even that little, and you, because you tried heroically to support your reverses of fortune, and, with your usual tenderness, to repay me by cheerfulness for my efforts. In submitting to our lot when it appeared unchangeable, we did well, but now an opportunity by which our condition may be improved has offered itself, and it would argue a want of manly energy in me to let it escape. You have now in your hands a means of comfortable subsistence, for some time, without your being obliged to trust patiently for your daily bread to my paltry and half-rewarded avocations, and whilst you are enjoying it, I might discover a way to secure you a competence equal, if not far greater, for your declining years."

"But you hinted, Eugene, that we must be separated, we who have been together every day since your birth."

"That is the evil, mother, which must accompany the good, and though it would be hard to bear, let us try to make the sacrifice. And it will not be for so very long a time; in two or three years we will be reunited, under, I hope, far happier circumstances. Do not look so grave, and I will lay my whole plan before you. An old sea-trader, for whom I have, for years past, done various commissions of copying and translating, is about preparing for a voyage of adventure round at least half the globe. He has proposed that I should accompany him, not only for an opportunity to see the world, but with a view to advancing my fortunes. He will give me my passage for assisting in his book-keeping, and a handsome premium besides, should his commerce prove successful. Here I can do nothing, but elsewhere I may cease to be a mere cipher. I know languages enough to be understood in any place in the range of civilization. I am a good accountant, a good penman, a good draftsman, and a tolerable civil engineer; I can paint, dance, fiddle and sing; I am, in short, not only an accomplished, but a practical young man, so why should I fail? I can surely fill my purse somewhere, even should it be by inventing new puppet-shows in Hindostan, by introducing a new 'Academy of Compliments'

into China, or by flourishing as a dancing-master in America."

"My dear son!"

"Do not fear, mother. I shall do nothing to disgrace myself or you. Should I fail to succeed, I will return, and we can live on as we have done heretofore, with the satisfaction of reflecting that we have made an effort to do better. In the mean time I know that you will resign yourself to my absence, trusting that it will be for my ultimate benefit. Don't get any older, dear mother; you are still young, if rosy cheeks, white teeth and raven hair are signs of youth; and after three years you may become dictatress of *ton* in some realm of which you have never heard. You will have to give me a hundred of those crowns, however; it will suffice to equip me for a beginning, and there may be a little left for a trial of luck. Sometimes but a small venture is required for a great result. You remember my first English story, which I was so proud to construe to you when a boy, 'Whittington and his Cat?' Who knows but that I may yet rival the renowned Whittington?"

It is unnecessary to repeat the remonstrances of Madame Desandr , in which there was no argument. The affectionate reasonings of her son prevailed, and preparations for his voyage were commenced.

A few days before the vessel was to leave the Seine, Madame Desandr  heard Eugene take something from a porter on the stairs, and when he entered the *salon* she discovered it to be a large cactus, newly set in a beautiful porcelain vase.

"I have brought you a parting present, mother," said he, placing it on the table beside her. "I wished to leave one which would keep me daily in your remembrance, and I could think of nothing better than a plant, which would be likely to live, and yet would require constant care. I selected this one, because it reminded me of yourself. It is the cereus which brings forth its beautiful blossoms in the night, just as you displayed your brightest virtues in the gloom of adversity."

"My dear boy, how you delight to flatter your mother; but I am glad you have made the choice. It will be company for me, like a living thing, when you are gone, and I could hardly do without something to watch and nurse. And what a charming vase!—it is the purest of S vres ware, with such a lovely little picture."

"Yes, I could have had others more classical, with Dianas, Calypsos and Ariadnes, but I thought you would like the simple, natural sentiment of this best. It is inscribed 'The Only Son!'"

"You were right! I have little taste for fine classical themes, but I well understand the expression of that fond looking French mother and her child."

"How short a time it seems to be since I was just such a little curly-headed fellow as that," said Eugene.

"And, indeed, it is not unlike what you were in childhood. Your eyes were then rather blue than

hazel, and your hair was brown rather than black, and no one would have expected you to become so tall," and the mother cast her eyes admiringly over the handsome face and figure of her son, "but how much you will have changed before you return to me!"

"I shall perhaps have become swarthy and athletic and weather-beaten, but it troubles my vanity to think of it, so let us talk about my returning a magnifico or a nabob. I can already imagine you drest in diamonds and cashmere, and commanding state chambers, instead of hiding yourself in these three or four paltry hired rooms; so be of good cheer, mother."

CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed, and Madame Desandr  was still alone, though, during the earlier period of separation, a letter from the young adventurer had occasionally arrived to support her patience. The first, dated from the Cape of Good Hope, he had written in the same buoyancy of spirit which had preceded his departure. To a description of his new life he added, "I warn you not to expect any remarkable turn in my favour, though I will be humble enough to acknowledge that I am not quite free from disappointment myself. Did I show you a magnificent Dresden *meerchaum* which I purchased at the same *dep t* with your flower-vase? Well, I put it in my sea-chest as an adventure, deciding that in some land of treasure it would bring me barrels of gold dust, like those of my hero Whittington, at the very least. After my arrival here, I produced it for the admiration of one of the richest Dutch boors of the colony, and how think you my expectations ended? In an offer of a box of buffalo horns, or some dozens of dried sheepskins. Any thing for a speculation, should have been my motto, but unluckily my old notions of taste interfered, and when the plump young *vraus* of the household brought forward a package of ostrich feathers, the thought struck me how graceful they would look waving over my mother's bonnet, and I accepted them instead."

From Batavia he wrote, "I think my dear mother may be satisfied that my prospects are on the mend. Though my music and dancing and other accomplishments have availed me nothing, the prevailing notions about such matters, being, in this quarter of the world, rather peculiar, yet I have turned my drawing to some account. I accepted the proposal of a Portuguese merchant, a few days ago, to paint the portrait of his tawny wife, and as neither was very fastidious, and my choicer colours were not needed, I found the commission profitable enough, receiving some handfuls of Spanish dollars, besides a bushel or two of nutmegs to add to my stock in trade of ostrich feathers. When I write again I shall be on my way to Brazil."

No other letter came, and, after waiting several

months, Madame Desandr  began to despair. Little of a reader, and having never been out of Paris, she had ideas of circumnavigation as vague as those of the world in general before the time of Captain Cook. Visions of shipwrecks, pirates and cannibals haunted her by night and day, and she had no amusement to dispel them. She had been long too poor to have friends, her tastes were domestic, and Eugene had constituted her whole world of pleasure. Even the walks she had been accustomed to take regularly for air and exercise, were neglected, because she had no longer his arm to lean upon, and she became listless, debilitated, and at length almost bedridden. There was but one object in which she seemed to take an interest, and that, for her son's sake, was his parting present, the cereus.

One day the poor invalid had left her bed to place her beloved plant in the warm sunshine of a little balcony, some distance from her apartments, when her pallid face and feeble step attracted the notice of a fellow lodger, a lovely girl of seventeen or eighteen, who was ascending the stairs from the street. "Allow me, madame," said the young stranger, with the ready impulse of a kind heart, "to carry your vase for you. It must be heavy, and you look much indisposed."

Her assistance was needed more than she had supposed. She had scarcely received the vase before Madame Desandr  grew still paler, and stretching out her hands convulsively, sunk insensible to the floor. The calls of the young lady, whose name was Jaqueline Tourville, brought the *portiere* up to the passage, and between them she was borne to her rooms, and laid on a sofa.

Mademoiselle Tourville hastily tore the painted wrapper from a fresh bottle of perfumed water, which, with other little parcels, she had been carrying, and bathed the face of the sufferer. "Has the poor lady no family, no companions?" she asked, "I have never seen any one but herself enter these rooms."

"She has a maid, but that not constantly, and the girl has now been out for several hours. She passes a lonely life, poor Madame Desandr ! Of her own family there is but a son, and he has been at sea for two years. An excellent son he was, and it is his absence that is shortening her days. She is the oldest lodger in the h tel, and as I have known her long, I sometimes step in to see if I can do her any little service. But here is Matilde returning, and madame has nearly revived. She will be very thankful to you, mademoiselle, when she knows of your kindness."

Jaqueline Tourville was a charming specimen of the naturally gifted and carefully educated French girl,—graceful, artless, modest and affectionate, and she was very beautiful withal. She was an only child, and, like Madame Desandr , her mother was a widow. They had not long occupied their present lodgings, and were busied in preparations for a voyage to America, to join a half brother of Madame Tourville, who was settled on a planta-

tion in Louisiana, and on whom they were dependant for maintenance. He had promised to send for them when his place, which had been bequeathed to him a few years before by a friend, should have been set in order for their reception, and they had lately received intimation that he was awaiting them.

One of the first things which recurred to the mind of Jaqueline the next morning as a duty, was to inquire after Madame Desandr . Accordingly she called in the ante-room, and learned from the attendant that a physician had been summoned, who seemed to regard the case as serious. For several days the kind-hearted girl repeated her visits, and at length was admitted into the chamber of the invalid, who was anxious to return her acknowledgments. Like all who perform good actions from proper motives, Jaqueline shunned to be praised for them, and, to change the subject, she remarked the freshness and beauty of the flourishing cactus, which stood, in its elegant vase, by the bedside, for Madame Desandr  had kept it hourly in her sight. Her admiration elicited its history, which was almost as sorrowfully heard as told, and the tears of the bereaved mother and the young stranger at once formed a bond of friendship between them.

A week or two went round, and Madame Tourville remarked to her daughter, "Your work proceeds slowly, I think, Jaqueline, since you have taken our neighbour under your charge."

"I always take my work with me, dear mamma."

"Yes, but you do very little at it. I should be the last to prohibit your discharging any offices of charity, and under ordinary circumstances should take pleasure in aiding you in this, but now it is really necessary that we should deny ourselves the gratification of devoting much time to them. The packet will sail next week, and we have yet much to prepare."

"Then, mamma, I must be content to have fewer ruffles on my nightcaps and *robes de chambre*," returned her daughter, smiling, "but, seriously, there is nothing, in leaving Paris, which will pain me so much as parting with this poor Madame Desandr ,—friendless, suffering, and so near death, for the physician thinks she can last but a few days; and then she seems to consider my visits such a comfort! Imagine yourself in her place, mamma." Jaqueline was a scrupulous observer of the golden rule, and she fancied that her argument would at once silence her mother's objections.

"I commend your humanity, my love," said Madame Tourville, who was a woman of excellent principles, though the every-day friction of the world had robbed her of much ardour of feeling, and, after a pause, she continued, "I should be extremely sorry if we could not be ready for the next vessel, since we have unavoidably missed the one in which your uncle said he would expect us. You know the peculiarities of his temper, and we

are under too many obligations to him to risk trying his patience by appearing indifferent to his convenience. He may even now be at that northern port, to meet us, and we must exert ourselves to the utmost to keep the appointed time as nearly as possible. Then it requires much preparation to be properly supplied for a long sea voyage, and I am, besides, very anxious that your wardrobe should be as complete as our limited means will allow for your entrance upon our new life."

As Madame Tourville spoke, her eye rested upon the beautiful countenance, none the less attractive for its cast of brown, the rich black tresses, and the elegantly turned figure of her daughter, and unconsciously she fell into a day dream, in which she hoped, with anxious prudence, and pictured with a mother's pride, a brilliant destiny for her in a world which to herself was a Dorado of prosperity, as much as to Jaqueline it was a realm of poetry and romance.

Whilst each was busy with her own thoughts, a hasty message summoned Jaqueline to the chamber of Madame Desandr , who was strikingly and alarmingly changed. She held out her emaciated hand to her young friend, and addressed her in a broken voice:—"My fears are over, dear Jaqueline; you will not have to leave me alone, for this, I know, is my last day on earth. Promise that you will stay by me until you have closed my eyes, and that you will see my poor body laid in the grave."

The weeping and awe-struck girl promised compliance, and the sufferer proceeded, "thank you, my sweet child, thank you. I have sent for a notary, who will look after my effects when I am gone, and provide for me a decent and Christian burial. I have, by the goodness of Providence, plenty for that, and there will be a little left, which I confide to you. Take it, and have a stone placed over my dust, that when my poor boy comes to seek his mother, he may find where she rests. For you I have only one token of gratitude and affection, but that is the most precious thing now in my sight. It is my vase; for my sake cherish the plant I have so much loved, and may it long remain green to keep me in your memory."

Before the night had worn through, her presentiment was fulfilled. Her last whisper, as she convulsively grasped the hands of Jaqueline, was, "Eugene—Eugene—bless you, my own dear son!" and, in the happy illusion, she died with a smile on her lips.

No request of the dying woman was left unheeded, and after Jaqueline had seen her interred, she went, attended by the notary, who was an old friend of the deceased, to order a memorial stone for her grave.

"Would you desire, mademoiselle, to have any emblematical device on it?" asked the artisan.

Jaqueline reflected for a moment, and taking out her pencil, she sketched, on a scrap of paper, an expanded blossom of the night-flowering cereus. "It is a memento," she thought, "of her end, with love blooming beneath the shadows of death."

Madame Tourville was now notified that the American vessel in which she had secured passages for herself and daughter would sail in three or four days, and her diligence at her labours was redoubled. "You had better take leave of your cactus without further delay, my dear," said she, "it only interferes with your work."

"Take leave of it, mamma!" exclaimed Jaqueline, "what mean you?"

"You surely would not let it remain here, for the benefit or neglect of future lodgers," replied Madame Tourville composedly, "some of your young friends would be delighted with it as a parting souvenir, though I think you could best dispose of it by placing it in the hands of some floriculturist. You may then rely upon its being taken care of. The vase will make it valuable as a show plant, and the cuttings will afford a return for looking after it."

Jaqueline burst into tears. "Do you think, mamma, I could part with it!" said she, "that I could cast away the affectionate gift, and disobey the last request of the dying? Should I once do so, my conscience would not let me hope to prosper. No, dear mother, it shall go with me, even if I divide my last glass of water to support its verdure!"

Madame Tourville was too prudent to attempt to repress the amiable sensibility of her daughter, so she said no more. They commenced their voyage, and the same hour in which their vessel sailed from Havre, a packet was telegraphed, whose arrival, had it taken place sooner, would have had an important influence on their movements. It brought a letter from the brother of Madame Tourville, containing a draft on his banker, and requesting her to remain in Paris until farther advices from him, as he could not conveniently be in the northern states for some months to come.

The cereus accompanied them, of course, and to Jaqueline was a source of pleasure more than she had anticipated. She had little to amuse her, for her mother was sick during nearly the whole voyage, and on board there were few passengers, none of them ladies. Whilst moving it about on deck, for the benefit of the morning sun, and sitting beside it to shelter it from being stirred too roughly by the winds, she spent her happiest moments at sea, and, from constantly tending it, she grew to feel for it almost a human interest.

CHAPTER III.

At length the port was reached, and Madame Tourville and her daughter, though they were disappointed in their hope of finding their relation among the crowd gathered at the landing, entered a carriage without any serious misgiving, and drove to a hotel recommended by the captain of the vessel. They lost no time in inquiring for the commercial house to whom their letters had still

been directed to be forwarded to the south, and they learned that their establishment was closed. One of the partners had absconded a few weeks before with a large amount of money, and the other, under plea of following him, had made a hasty departure to the west. They also received a hint that suspicions were strong of its being a case of fraudulent bankruptcy. This second disappointment seemed to be of more consequence, yet they hoped that the announcement of the arrival of the vessel, with their names on the list of passengers, would be sufficient to lead to a reunion.

They waited a week, and Madame Tourville grew alarmed. Her brother did not appear, and she advertised their arrival, but without success. Another week passed, and another, and, with much anxiety, she calculated their remaining funds. In her desire to provide her daughter with a handsome outfit, she had gone farther than her restricted circumstances warranted, and now, after the expenses of their voyage were paid, with those of boarding at a fashionable hotel, she had not quite a hundred dollars left. She communicated her anxiety to Jaqueline, saying, "We must try, my dear, to go to your uncle, since some unforeseen accident must have prevented him from coming for us."

"To Louisiana, mamma, on less than a hundred dollars!" exclaimed Jaqueline, unfolding a pocket map of the United States, and as they scanned the vast distance which lay between them and New Orleans, the point to which they would have had to direct themselves, they regarded each other in silent dismay.

"At all events," said the mother at last, "we must no longer remain where we are. Our little store is diminishing too rapidly to allow us to keep up our present expenses a day longer than is necessary. We must look out for cheaper lodgings until we receive intelligence of your uncle, whom we know not what may have befallen, and in the mean time, we must write to him of our situation."

"But how shall a letter reach him; dear mother? I do not remember that he ever named the place of his residence to us. Trusting altogether to receiving our letters through his agent here, he never said more than that it was something better than a hundred miles from New Orleans," and their difficulties seemed in no wise abated.

To find a new abode was their next consideration, and in this, too, they met with unexpected chagrin. They could meet with no spacious edifice, as in Paris, capable of holding a little community, and bestowing upon each division of it the dignity of an externally respectable establishment, as well as the advantages of privacy, at comparatively moderate cost. They must either take boarding, or set up an exclusive dwelling. What are called genteel lodgings their limited means denied them, and they were too refined and fastidious not to avoid the associations to which cheaper ones might have introduced them. They adopted, therefore, the other alternative; and rented, by the month, a very small house in a secluded part of the suburbs. To them

it appeared unspeakably mean and cheerless, but they consoled themselves with the hope of soon vacating it. They were obliged to pay a month's rent in advance, and after that had been done, and a little necessary furniture purchased, their narrow purse had shrunk to dimensions still more alarmingly small.

"A month ago, how little we thought to be reduced to this!" said Madame Tourville, looking despondingly around her new habitation; "though never rich, we were always before living in the midst of objects of elegance. Now we have not one to rest our eyes upon."

"You forget my beautiful vase, dear mamma," replied Jaqueline cheerfully, as she dusted its gilding, and placed it in the window, "we will have something to gratify our taste as long as we preserve it, and I am sure that the fresh green of my cereus will be more delightful to my eyes than ever, while there is so much that is gloomy about us."

Their arrival had taken place in autumn, and soon the approach of winter depressed them still more. Madame Tourville, in particular, was affected by the darkened skies and chilling winds which warned them of the change of climate they had encountered. She was, also, in a month or two, in despair about her brother, of whom, notwithstanding that she had entrusted the business of inquiring and advertising to an intelligence office, no tidings had been received. On Jaqueline devolved the double task of supporting her mother's spirits, and performing the duties of their house-keeping, both in doors and out. She fortunately spoke English well, having studied it as an accomplishment, while her mother knew little more than the few words she had acquired on shipboard, yet though she had no difficulty on this score, she was subjected to many annoyances, which, in her delicacy and want of experience she at first regarded as real troubles. She was stared at in wood-yards, jostled in market houses, and followed and shouted at by the rude boys of her obscure street, who were attracted by the peculiarity of her dress, some months in advance of the prevailing fashions. But she tried to bear these things patiently, and in time succeeded. She might even, in the elasticity of her youthful feelings, have been cheerful amidst her many privations, but one sad reality was constantly presenting itself to her—their means of subsistence were daily diminishing, and something must be done to renew them for the future.

Yet what could they do? Two delicate women, in a strange land, unused to either bodily or mental labour, without a single friend to give them a helping hand, or even to speak a word in their behalf? Teaching, as is usual, was the first thing thought of, but a few minutes reflection showed them how infeasible would be such an undertaking. Madame Tourville had long neglected the accomplishments of her youth, and, besides, her ignorance of English was an impediment not to be immediately overcome. As to Jaqueline, though she sung sweetly, and played with taste upon the guitar, yet

she was not sufficiently mistress of music to impart a knowledge of it to others, and though she painted prettily in water colours, it was merely as "a young lady," not as an artist. And they could found but little more hope on needle-work. They both sewed neatly, but it was without the skill and expedition acquired by practice from necessity. The minor articles of their wardrobe were all upon which they were accustomed to employ themselves, and though indeed they might have been able to do something at plain sewing, they knew not where to obtain it. There was not a face in the whole city familiar to them, except those of the neighbours around them, persons of the lower ranks, who, contrasting the elegant appearance of the unfortunate ladies with their evident poverty, were inclined to regard them with suspicion rather than favour.

Spring began to open upon them, and still their deliberations had been fruitless. They had now merely an amount sufficient to pay a month's rent, and to furnish them with the barest necessities, and they felt that a decided effort must indeed be ventured. The only one that seemed practicable was the sale of part of their wardrobe, which, though they possessed no jewelry of any considerable value, comprised many articles of dress both rich and handsome. This measure had been proposed by Jaqueline several months ago, on first witnessing her mother's despair of their being discovered by her uncle. She trusted that they might thus be enabled to raise a sum, sufficient with what they had still retained, to go to New Orleans, where their chances would be much more favourable, but Madame Tourville still cherished her brilliant visions for her daughter, and combated her suggestions with the hope that Providence would otherwise assist them. Now, however, she saw that, abandoning all idea of the journey, they must make the sacrifice for the supply of their daily wants. After a consultation as to what would prove the most saleable, Jaqueline set off with a couple of embroidered pelerines, that had never been worn, to a fancy store, which she had remarked and recollected from the circumstance of there being a French name on the sign. The owner of the shop really was a Frenchwoman, and to her, with a natural hope for sympathy and fair dealing, Jaqueline offered her muslins.

"You observe, madame," she remarked, "that they are of the very finest work, and though I brought them from Paris for my own use, they have never left the box in which they were purchased."

"Certainly, certainly, mademoiselle," replied Madame D., "but you must have had them some time, and the fashions in such things change so soon! Still, as you appear anxious to dispose of them, I will give you a fair offer. Of course you cannot ask as much as the Paris wholesale price, which would be about five dollars apiece."

"I would not be willing to part with them for less," said Jaqueline timidly. "I do not know what may have been the first cost, but I paid double that sum for them."

"Indeed! that was exorbitant, but we dealers understand such things better. I do not think that, calculating the advance of the fashions, I could offer you so much as five dollars, yet"—seeming to reflect a moment, "yet as a countrywoman, I suppose I must deal with you liberally, so we agree upon ten dollars for both."

"Ten dollars will pay a month's rent," thought Jaqueline, and she assented. The idea never struck the poor girl that if she had gone to a dealer less *au fait* to Paris wholesale prices, and merely acquainted with the rates of the American market, she would have fared much better. Whilst she was receiving her money a lady entered.

"What charming French-worked capes!" she exclaimed, "they are of the new style I have just heard of; pray what do you ask for them, Madame D.?"

"We have just received them, and the prices are not yet marked," replied the shopkeeper, not daring to name the value she intended to set on them before her unsuspecting dupe.

"Well, I shall examine them again in a few hours. I suppose you will not part with them sooner;" and the same day the fair customer took one of them at double the price Jaqueline had received for both.

"But I did not come to look at pelerines, Madame D.," said the lady, "I wish to know if you can undertake to have a set of chair seats worked for me."

"Ah, madame, we have so much work already on hands; however, if you offer liberal terms, I think I might engage some one who could do it for you."

Jaqueline paused, and leaned eagerly forward on the counter to listen.

"You know I am always willing to pay for my work, provided I can have it well done," said the lady, "I am particularly anxious about this, and shall allow abundance of time to have it properly executed, as my present set can last very well until the next season. I intend to have the new ones large, so that they will require a good deal of work. Have you any new patterns and worsteds?"

"Some just arrived; the most admirable patterns; see, madame."

"Charming! delightful! just the very things! I wish every chair to be different, so I shall have to select a number. The whole canvass is to be grounded in cream-colour, and on one thread. What lovely swans and doves and gazelles! I'll take all these; the flowers may be done like the ground,—on one thread, remember; and the animals must be tufted in rug stitch. I leave you to find all the materials, Madame D. Of course you will be as reasonable as possible; it is a large commission."

"Certainly, certainly, madame; but just yet I cannot decide upon terms. Against to-morrow I shall be ready, if I can find a hand to undertake it."

The customer withdrew, and Jaqueline, almost gasping for breath in her avidity to obtain employment, said hurriedly, "I entreat you, madame,

allow me to engage in it. I understand that kind of work very well."

The shopkeeper was pleased with the proposition, knowing that out of the poor girl's evident honesty and simplicity she might speculate readily, but dissembling her satisfaction, she asked hesitatingly, "How long will it take you to do one, mademoiselle?"

"A week. I am sure I can do one in a week," replied Jaqueline, and she thought to herself that with exertion she might do five in a month.

"But as you are a stranger, mademoiselle—of course I mean no offence—there is some risk. However, if you will leave in pledge the value of the materials, I will give you a trial. You cannot expect me to determine your wages till I have seen your work. When one piece is finished we can settle that."

Jaqueline agreed at once, and taking from her ten dollars the sum the woman demanded, she departed with a lightened heart to commence her work. Could her fingers have kept pace with her hopes and wishes, the labour would have been speedy indeed, but she soon found that the task was not so light as she had anticipated. She had much canvas to cover, a difficult pattern, with a momentarily recurring change of hues and shades, and she knew that the most careful exactness would be required. As the week closed, however, she completed the piece, and she could scarcely restrain her steps to a decorous measure while hastening with it to Madame D.'s.

The shopkeeper eyed it for a moment with real satisfaction, as, indeed, she could not have done otherwise, for a more beautiful specimen of work of the kind could not have been exhibited. "Very well done, mademoiselle, very creditable to you," she observed, "I shall not hesitate to entrust you with some of the others if we can agree as to your pay, though I do not think you can object to such as I offer; supposing I say two dollars apiece?"

Jaqueline knew little about the rates of manual labour, but she felt that it was not enough for what she had done, and hesitatingly she remarked so.

"I cannot give you more, mademoiselle," replied the woman, noticing her indecision, and Jaqueline, rather than lose a chance of employment, accepted the terms. "I may earn ten dollars a month," she said mentally, "and that is much to us now; it will keep a roof over our heads."

Hour after hour the industrious girl plied her needle, till her eyes grew weak, and her fingers incessantly ached, and when a month had passed, instead of the five pieces she had fondly anticipated, she had just completed the fourth. Her spirits sunk as she rolled it up, for to her the two dollars were still increasing in value. She was now called more frequently from her work than she had been at first, by domestic avocations, for the effects of a succession of severe colds, under which she had suffered during the winter, together with anxiety of mind, rendered her mother unfit to be of any assistance.

The next month, it was probable, her needle-work would advance still more slowly—so thought Jaqueline; they could not then afford their present rent, and her mother must be subjected to still greater privations, which would aggravate her present ill health, and perhaps occasion her death. With this terrible thought preying upon her mind, she hastened to her little chamber, and for a long time wept bitterly. But happily she knew whither to turn for consolation. She addressed herself to her Heavenly Father, begging that the more serious evils she dreaded might be averted, and that, under any dispensation, she might see her duty, and fulfil it. She felt herself strengthened and ready to look upon her situation with calmer feelings. In such a state a very slight cause may afford us comfort. When she returned to the little parlour, she involuntarily approached the cereus, which was standing on the window sill, bathed in a soft spring sunshine; she leaned over it to admire the transparent green of its branches, and among them found what had before escaped her notice, a young, healthy flower-bud. She welcomed it as an emblem of hope, and whilst promising herself the pleasure of seeing it expand under her care, she found a temporary relief from her excitement about the future.

CHAPTER IV.

Do our readers think we have forgotten our old friend Eugene Desandré? We have not, by any means, but to have followed him through his many adventures would have been to pass from one mishap, not to say actual misfortune, to another, until we should have been wearied. He was detained off Manilla by fever, and, with the whole ship's company, had a narrow escape of life; he was in equal danger from an attack of Malay pirates; he was robbed of his ostrich feathers and his Spanish dollars, the fruits of the earlier part of his voyage, at Canton, and after various wanderings in South America, the end of two years found him, with health, temper and energy unimpaired, a candidate for fortune in New Orleans.

During all these wanderings he had had few opportunities of forwarding intelligence to his mother, and, indeed, it was so seldom he could have communicated any thing which would not have given her pain, that he sometimes forbore to avail himself of them when they offered. Several times, however, subsequent to leaving the Indian Ocean, he had written, but his letters were confided to other conveyances than well arranged post routes and packet ships, and, as we have seen, they never reached their destination. He could not, of course, be aware of this, and when a fear of it suggested itself, he took comfort from his determination that, at the end of the specified time, he would resume his place as the protector of his beloved parent, and from the hope that it would be under more favourable auspices.

Adverse as circumstances had generally proven towards him, Eugene was one who never found any difficulty in attracting friends. So, when he made his debut at New Orleans, he had means at command sufficient, at least, to allow him to appear in the habiliments of a gentleman. He had the advantages too of a warm and valuable recommendation. The captain of the vessel in which he had arrived, introduced him to a mercantile house of the highest respectability, and bespoke for him such interest and assistance as were due to a stranger of worth and ability. The wheel had reached the lucky turn at last.

The new acquaintances of Eugene promised to seek a situation for him, and, one morning, he called at their counting-house to ascertain his prospects. At the same time with himself, a gentleman entered, who was addressed as Monsieur Arnauld. He was an elderly man, of an abrupt and querulous manner, yet evidently, from the cordial and respectful reception of the merchants, a person of some consequence. "I have turned off my manager," said he, "and have come all the way hither, to you, my friends, to ask your assistance in getting a new one."

"What has happened?" inquired one of the partners, "I thought you were suited with one both trusty and capable."

"Oh, yes, yes, he did well enough to look after the crops, and keep the negroes in order, but in my bachelor establishment I want a man whom I can regard and treat as a companion. Now, this fellow was a clown, a ruffian, ill-bred, vulgar and ignorant. He disgusted me with his tobacco, enraged me with his bullying politics, and sickened me by drinking whiskey when he should have taken claret, besides perpetually annoying me by calling me a '*Frenchman*.'"

The merchant laughed. "You must make some allowance for his mother tongue," said he, "it has not naturalized the more elegant title of *François*."

"True, true—refinement must be difficult to a man unfortunate enough to be born to such a language, but you can furnish me with a substitute?—one of our own countrymen,—I want no more natives."

"I think I can suit you well," replied the merchant, and approaching Eugene he advised him strongly to become an applicant for the situation. "You will have a fine salary, a pleasant home, and can make a warm and true friend of our countryman, notwithstanding his oddities," and our hero stepped forward, without hesitation, and was proposed.

Monsieur Arnauld scanned him sharply from head to foot, and seemed satisfied with the scrutiny. "I was determined to have a gentleman," said he, "but you look almost too much of one for the business; however, if you are willing to engage in it, that is your concern, not mine. You look honest also—if you are not, your face is too good for you, but time must decide that, and I need not trust you very far at first. Altogether I like your

appearance, my young friend. Have you had any experience in managing a plantation?"

Eugene, with difficulty restraining a smile at his singular address, replied that, having just arrived, he had not yet held any employment in the country.

"That is unlucky, but if my friend here will go security for your industry and integrity, I shall take the trouble to train you, at least give you a trial."

The merchants pledged themselves for the character of the young stranger, and Monsieur Arnauld seemed to rely upon their word.

"Then if you choose, Monsieur Desandré," said he, "consider yourself engaged. To be sure it will interfere with some important arrangements of mine to get you into the way of looking after affairs about which you understand nothing, but I must submit to the necessity. Try to learn my mode of doing business as soon as possible, and I shall not grudge sacrificing a few months to you. I hope you will eventually suit me; if you do not exactly, you cannot be much worse than a rapacious savage of a Yankee. It will not take me long to find out whether I can trust you." And he requested Eugene to prepare himself for the journey to his plantation.

The estate was a fine one, delightfully located, and Monsieur Arnauld, in spite of some eccentricity, was liberal, considerate and indulgent towards his new assistant. With literary tastes and acquisitions, with musical talent, and many personal accomplishments, Eugene was, indeed, the very person to amuse the old gentleman in his retirement; while, added to these, his graceful and polished manners, his cheerfulness and amiable temper, won daily upon his admiration and esteem. Our young adventurer, as soon as he felt secure in his position, addressed to his mother a glowing account of his present prosperity, and his hopes for the future, begging her to decide upon making her home in the New World. He little dreamed that the eyes which would have rested with tears of joy upon every line of his affectionate missive, were now closed in death.

Eugene advanced rapidly in a knowledge of his new duties, which fell upon him unreservedly sooner than could have been anticipated. Monsieur Arnauld, who had not been long enough in America to be inured to the dangers of the climate, was violently seized with fever. Though he partially recovered from one attack, it left him so debilitated that he was unable to resume any charge of his affairs, and, at the end of a few months, was followed by another, from which there was no hope of his restoration. During this time Eugene managed his concerns with untiring fidelity, and nursed him with the watchful kindness of a woman.

"Your care has been in vain, dear Eugene," said the invalid, a few hours before he died, "but you will find it not unrewarded. I have left our friends in New Orleans the executors of my will, in which your services are remembered, and I wish you to be my agent in other things—to take a copy of it to France, and seek out my family there. I

shall leave letters for them, and for your guidance."

The next week saw our young friend in eager preparation to return to his native land, the legatee, by the will, of ten thousand dollars.

CHAPTER V.

Madame Tourville's health and spirits began to mend under the influence of a more genial season, and Jaqueline was enabled still to devote much of her time to her needle-work. She was, one afternoon, sitting at the window of their little parlour, with her cereus beside her, the first day on which the fresh air had been permitted to enter freely, when, on raising her eyes from the canvass, she observed a stranger looking attentively in. He was a pleasant faced elderly gentleman, with gray hair and gold-rimmed spectacles, and he seemed to be waiting to attract her attention in order to address her.

"That is a very beautiful and flourishing cactus, miss," he remarked, "will you allow me the privilege of examining it more closely?"

Jaqueline assented gracefully, and opened the door to admit him.

"Is it of your own culture?" he inquired, after looking at it carefully.

"I brought it with me from Paris, sir, and have nursed it through the winter."

"You have been very successful. I noticed from the street that it had a flower-bud far advanced, and I wish much to possess a plant in that state. Would it be too great a liberty to ask if you have any objection to parting with it? I am willing to offer you a very liberal price, quadruple its intrinsic value, with equally favourable terms for the vase. It is for a particular occasion I desire it, and I will not hesitate about the cost."

Madame Tourville looked anxiously at her daughter. She had now determined to sell every article that could possibly be dispensed with, and disposed of, in the hope of raising a sum to take them to New Orleans, in some way, however humble, and the present proposition seemed to her nothing less than a God-send. But Jaqueline avoided her mother's eye, and replied firmly and seriously, "I cannot part with it, sir, though your offer is a temptation. It was the gift of a dying friend."

The gentleman had noticed the expression of Madame Tourville's face, but he seemed to respect the feelings of her daughter, and looking round the room as if to find a new subject of remark, he pointed to some little flower-drawings which hung on the walls. Jaqueline had executed them for her uncle, as specimens of her skill, previous to her voyage. "Those little paintings are admirably done, miss," said he, "they are your own work, I presume."

He was answered in the affirmative.

"They are very correct both in drawing and

colouring; the latter, in particular, is strikingly natural. I should think myself fortunate if I could obtain the services of three or four young ladies, equally skilful, to colour prints for me."

"For what purpose, sir?" asked Jaqueline earnestly.

"For a botanical and horticultural work of which I am the proprietor. I have a number of hands employed, and though none of them produce work equal to yours, they each earn several dollars a week."

Jaqueline's face flushed with the excitement of hope. "Perhaps, sir," she said solicitously, "you would have sufficient employment for me also. I should be glad to engage in work of the kind."

"You shall be welcome to it," and, after a pause, he added, "you must be fond of flowers, miss, and, if so, I pity you for being shut up in this dismal street, where there is not a green thing but the plant in this window to relieve your eyes. Do you ever walk past the — Street greenhouse and gardens?"

"Never, sir."

"You would find much there to delight you. I am the master of that establishment, and I so much love my shrubs and flowers, that it vexes and grieves me to have people about it who can neither enjoy nor perceive their beauties. In particular I have grown out of patience with a female assistant, whom I have long employed to show my flowers to my lady customers, and to answer their questions, and I am determined to discharge her whenever I can find a person to supply her place. The only pleasure she seems to derive from her office is receiving the ten or twelve dollars she earns a month by the service. Can you tell me, my dear young lady, of any person, fond like yourself of flowers, who would be willing to enter into it?"

Jaqueline's countenance encouraged him to go on, and he continued, "if you, yourself, for instance, would accept of it, it might be both a healthful and gratifying employment for you. There are but a few hours in the day in which you would be actively engaged, and during the remainder you might sit and colour engravings at your leisure. That you could do as well among my birds and flowers as here."

"My mother—if I could leave her," said Jaqueline.

"Why not do it, my love?" interrupted Madame Tourville, "I now do not require your constant presence; but I leave it to your judgment and inclination."

"Then, sir, I might try it for a time."

"Very well, miss, very well. I shall call to-morrow to learn when I may expect you, and to complete our arrangements. My name is Eckford." The old gentleman withdrew, not a little pleased with his success, for he had perceived at a glance that Jaqueline, with her beauty, modesty, and apparent taste, would be a valuable attendant in his elegant establishment.

"My dear, dear mamma," exclaimed Jaqueline,

when he was gone, throwing her arms round her mother's neck, while tears of joy and thankfulness stood on her cheeks. "I may soon earn enough to take us to uncle Henri, and that not discreditably. To my dear cereus, under Providence, we owe it all! What a blessing that I did not leave the gift of poor Madame Desandr  behind me!"

To Jaqueline her new employment was delightful in comparison with the tedious and sedentary labour to which, for weeks past, she had been subjected. The walks about the establishment were an agreeable recreation, and she was subjected to no unpleasant exposure; her intercourse was chiefly with her own sex, and Mr. Eckford's customers numbered the elite of the city. Her employer was a man of upright principles and benevolent feelings, and treated her with such consideration that he soon won her confidence. She related to him her story, and he promised to use his best endeavours to restore her to her uncle. As a means of effecting this, he immediately wrote to the south to make inquiries.

"I must let you into a little plan of mine, my dear Miss Tourville," said Mr. Eckford, one day: "I have for some time had it in my head to afford a novel entertainment to my customers, and at the same time to make a small speculation for myself. The season for theatres, concerts and other fashionable amusements, is over; and my project is to get up a horticultural exhibition of my own. By turning my green-houses into saloons, decorating them with flowers, lamps and chandeliers, supplying refreshments, such as ices, fruits and cream, from my country place, and having bouquets in abundance, for the beaux and belles to present to each other, I shall be able to make it quite a festival. I shall at least clear my own expenses, and by showing my superabundant stock to the best advantage, perhaps have an opportunity to dispose of it to a better profit than if I sent it to an auction-room. And I can, if you choose, also give you a little lift. I should like to have a *cereus grandifolia* to exhibit. None of mine show any sign of flowering, and it was a desire to have one for the occasion which led me, on our first interview, to make an offer for yours. Supposing I put off the f te until the night it will be ready to bloom? I can discover that without fail, and to see it burst would be a matter of curiosity to many. We would place it in a separate apartment, with a few other choice things, announce its being there, and demand a small extra fee for a sight of it, and all thus obtained should be your own. What think you of it?"

Expressing her approbation of his project, Jaqueline gratefully thanked him for his considerate kindness towards herself, and all was arranged accordingly. The festival, on its advertisement, was looked for with immediate favour, and succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectation. The rooms were thronged with the fairest and gayest of the city. The genius and taste of Mr. Eckford were applauded in terms unmeasured. His flowers were the loveliest, his lamps the most brilliant, his fruits

and ices the most delicious, his music the most exquisite; in short it was a triumph.

Jaqueline, in one of her beautiful Paris dresses, which, of course, she had never before worn, was there, under the protection of her mother, and though her good employer had protested against her appearing as any thing other than one of the company, she stationed herself in a little arbour, to assist in the light and graceful task of making bouquets. A pavilion had been fitted up for the display of her cactus, which expanded its blossom to perfection, to the delight of many spectators, and there were few persons present who did not avail themselves of the opportunity of examining it.

The eyes of our young heroine wandered momentarily to the curtains through which the crowd was passing, and had she not been too much absorbed in thinking of the little fortune flowing upon her to notice what was occurring around, she must have observed that she was an object of general attention. Her beauty, her gracefulness, and the tasteful elegance of her dress, attracted a degree of admiration greater than her modesty would have allowed her to enjoy, and she had more calls for flowers than she could answer. But the notice of one individual she could not have failed to perceive. He was a young man of handsome person and gentlemanlike air, who could readily have been distinguished as a countryman of her own. He moved about quite alone, communicating with no one, and when she perceived the expression of his countenance, on his first addressing her, she felt an innocent satisfaction in having excited an interest in a person who evidently, like herself, was a stranger in the assemblage, had the same feelings, and spoke the same language. But his demands for *bouquets* became frequent enough to have given rise to remark, and at length his approach always brought a blush to her face. She retired with her mother before the exhibition closed, and as she was departing she saw the stranger enter the pavilion of her cereus.

All impatience to ascertain the amount of her gains of the night before, which she intended to lay up for her southward journey, with the little hoard she was earning by colouring prints, Jaqueline swallowed her frugal breakfast at sunrise, and hastened to the green-house. The place was in confusion from clearing away the arrangements of the festival, and fearing that her cactus might be injured by some careless hand, she brought it forward with its withered blossom, and placed it in one of the front windows. As she did so, the young stranger, of whom she had involuntarily thought more than once since their meeting, presented himself before her. But instead of his expression of admiration and his air of gallantry, his countenance was anxious, and his manner excited. He addressed her hurriedly, inquiring if he could see the owner of the establishment?

She gravely replied that Mr. Eckford could hardly leave his dwelling for an hour or two.

"I sought him last night to make an inquiry

which interests me deeply, but he was so much engaged that I went away disappointed. You, probably, may be able to give me the information I desire—how he came into possession of the cereus on the window?"

"It is my property, sir, not Mr. Eckford's."

"And you, allow me to ask?"

"I brought it from Paris, where I received it as a memorial of a dying friend."

"The name of that friend?"

"Madame Desandr ." Jaqueline was terrified at the effect produced by her answer. The stranger turned ashy pale, and clasping his hands ejaculated, "My mother! Oh, my mother!" The next instant he had fallen as if lifeless before her. It was Eugene.

The screams of the affrighted girl collected the numerous attendants busied about the premises, and he was placed upon a settee. His first movement on recovering was to grasp the arm of Jaqueline. "Did you indeed say that she was dead?" he demanded, "did I hear you aright?" Her sorrowful countenance gave him no grounds for hope, and he added, looking round, "I must know all, but not here."

Jaqueline understood his feelings. "Oblige me by calling a carriage," said she to one of the men, "I will accompany this gentleman to my mother's," and in a few minutes they were there.

Jaqueline entered into a relation of all that she knew about his mother, and the bereaved son listened with the speechless intentness of despair. He made her repeat the expressions of fondness which she had heard accompanying his name, and, unmindful of observation, allowed the scalding tears to roll down his cheeks as if he had been a child. Madame Tourville sat by, and, without interrupting the touching narrative of her daughter, showed her sympathy by an occasional sob. At length, rising to go, he lifted the hand of Jaqueline to his lips. "Excuse me, mademoiselle," said he, "it is the hand which smoothed the dying pillow of my beloved mother. You have earned such gratitude as I shall not feel again through life. Let me ask your name."

"Jaqueline Tourville."

The look of anguish changed for a moment to one of astonishment. "Can it be possible?" he exclaimed, "yet it seems supposing what is too strange for reality. Was your name, madame, Clarinde Arnauld, and was Henri Arnauld your brother?"

"My brother?—yes. Can you tell me aught of him? It was he I come hither to seek."

"Then my errand is done. I have melancholy tidings to exchange for yours. This letter," taking one from his pocket book, "will prepare you to hear of an event to be deplored, but which could not be averted."

The letter was the last mental effort of Monsieur Arnauld, and its tone proved that he retained his singularity of character to his death. Presuming that his sister was still in Paris, he wrote—"I have before given you my reasons for wishing you to

remain where you are,—that on account of the affairs of my plantation I was unable to go to the north to receive you; after that, this illness, which is about to terminate my life, took hold of me. However, I suppose you do not regret the detention, as I ordered money enough to be furnished to you to supply you with abundant amusement, and that, they tell me, is pretty much all that you women care about. The bearer of this will give you a copy of my will. You will find that I have divided my possessions principally between you and Jaqueline, giving her, as she is likely to live the longer, the larger share. If she retain the plantation, you are to have one-third of its proceeds; if she sell it, your portion is to be one-third of the amount it may bring. This, my dear sister, you ought to consider a very liberal provision, as you will have no one but yourself to maintain out of it, for, of course, you have good sense enough to know that you are too old to marry again with propriety. But I would rather you would not part with the place, and, as I am now proving my affection for you both, you ought to let my wishes have some weight. It will produce a much larger income than any investment you could make of its value in Paris. But to make it profitable it will be necessary that you should come over and live on it yourselves. You must then have a proper person to manage it, and the most proper would be a son-in-law. Jaqueline ought to have a husband, and she could not find a better one, nor a more suitable, than the young man to whom I shall entrust the delivery of this letter. If Eugene Desandr  should take a fancy to her, which, I think, he can hardly resist, as Jaqueline is altogether a very charming young person, let him have her, by all means."

CHAPTER VI.

After a lapse of three or four years, Mr. Eckford, who was a naturalist in general, passed, on a professional tour, through the southern states. By special as well as standing invitation, he stopped to make a visit at one of the most pleasant estates in Louisiana. It was, as our readers will have anticipated, the home of which Eugene and Jaqueline, now Madame Desandr , were the master and mistress. He found them living in a style which combined the elegance and luxury of European refinement, with all that constitutes comfort in the climate to which they were now naturalized. Eugene assiduously did the honours of the domain by showing him the mode of cultivation, and explaining the system of management by which he was rapidly adding to his fortune, and Jaqueline led him through the beautiful grounds and gardens by which the mansion was environed.

"Jaqueline need not blush at your compliments on her arrangements, my good sir," said Madame Tourville, "since it was from your instructions and observations that she derived the taste and knowledge to conceive and direct them."

One object, which, seen from the house, had a particularly fine effect, was a marble column standing amidst a group of orange and magnolia trees. To Mr. Eckford's inquiries Jaqueline answered, "It is the tomb of poor Madame Desandr , Eugene's mother. We had the monument executed, and her remains disinterred, to bring them with us, on our first visit to Paris after our marriage. You may observe that instead of the common funeral urn, the column is surmounted by a vase with foliage. Do you recognize it?"

"I do, indeed. It represents the cereus, which was the means of my introduction to you, and, if I mistake not, of your discovery by Monsieur Desandr ."

"True. Eugene borrowed the idea from the device of a simple slab, which I designed for the grave of his mother immediately after her decease. My dear cereus! I have enshrined it as the chiefest of my *penates*," pointing to a rich scagliola table on which it was standing. "In our distress it often afforded me comfort and hope, and seemed to draw good fortune to us by a magnetic power. And even now, I sometimes turn to it as to a monitor. When I am depressed, which, thanks to Providence, I have seldom reason to be, it reminds me how quickly evil may be followed by good; and when I am elated with prosperity, it warns me by my past experience, that a day may change the fairest prospects, and teaches me to be humble."

THE DEAR GIRL OF THE FREE.

A NATIONAL MELODY.

BY WM WALLACE, AUTHOR OF "PERDITI."

How bright are those eyes where the summer-time beams
Like a glory hung over the blue—
Where the calm, sunny waves of the whispering streams
Are as bright and unchangeable too;
While the low silver music of Italy rings
From the depths of her rose-blushing bowers,
And the spirits of love, on their tremulous wings,
Are awaked from an Eden of flowers.

Oh! brilliant the glance of the Castilian maid,
Who has looked through the jessamine leaves,
As if for the coming of one half afraid—
At whose absence she mournfully grieves.
Not for these! Not for these, shall we eagerly roam
O'er the coraline halls of the sea,
But exclaim, as we kneel by our altars at home,
"Give us the dear Girl of the Free!"

She is born where the breezes are sent from their deep—
Playing over the cradle of love,
And at night time, to watch 'round her innocent sleep,
The gold stars ever sparkle above:
Oh! her music's the song of the green forest-lyres,
And well may their harmonies roll,
For they find a strain sweeter than wilderness choirs
In the melody breathed from her soul.

See the splendour that plays o'er her exquisite form,
See the glory that burns in her eye,
As exulting she marks the star flag, like a storm,
By her lover unfurl'd to the sky!
Then shout, while that banner displays ev'ry fold
Over mountain and valley and lea—
Aye, shout, comrades, all for the bride of the bold—
"Give us the dear Girl of the Free!"

"GO, FORGET ME!"

BY GEORGE WATERMAN, JR.

Oh can I e'er forget thee, Mary,
Or ever cease to love?
Can memories fondly cherished, Mary,
Inconstant ever prove?

Ah no! Thy smiles give life, Mary,
More genial than the sun;
And when a cloud o'ercasts thy brow
Its shadow falls on mine.

And when thy heart grows sad, Mary,
I feel life's power decay;

And like Mimosa's tender leaves,
My spirits droop away.

But when again thou'rt joyous, Mary,
I feel the quickening glow;
And happier thoughts flow through my soul
Than earth can e'er bestow.

If, then, thou art my being, Mary,
How can my heart remove?
How can I e'er forget thee, Mary?
Or ever cease to love?

A TALE OF THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

DURING the fall of the year 1827, while residing near Charlottesville in Virginia, I casually made the acquaintance of a Mr. Augustus Bedloe. This young gentleman was remarkable in every respect, and excited in me a profound interest and curiosity. I found it impossible to comprehend him either in his mental, his moral, or his physical relations. Of his family I could obtain no satisfactory account. Where he came from I never ascertained. Even about his age—although I call him a young gentleman—there was something which perplexed me in no little degree. He certainly *seemed* young—and he made a frequent point of speaking about his youth—but there were moments when I should have had little trouble in imagining him a hundred years of age. But in no regard was he more peculiar than in his personal appearance. He was singularly tall and thin. He stooped much. His limbs were exceedingly long and emaciated. His forehead was broad and low. His hair resembled the web of the spider in its tenuity and levity. His complexion was absolutely bloodless. His mouth was large and flexible, and his teeth were more wildly uneven, although sound, than I had ever before seen teeth in a human head. The expression of his smile, however, was by no means unpleasing, as might be supposed; but it had no variation whatever. It was one of profound melancholy—of a phaseless and unceasing gloom. His eyes were abnormally large, and round like those of a cat. The pupils, too, upon any accession or diminution of light, underwent contraction or dilatation, just such as is observed in the feline tribe. In moments of excitement the orbs grew bright to a degree almost inconceivable; seeming to emit luminous rays, not of a reflected but of an intrinsic lustre, as does a candle or the sun; yet their ordinary condition was so totally vapid, filmy and dull, as to convey the idea of the eyes of a vulture, or even of a long-interred corpse.

These peculiarities of person appeared to cause him much annoyance, and he was continually alluding to them in a sort of half explanatory half apologetic strain, which, when I first heard it, impressed me very painfully. I soon, however, grew accustomed to it, when my uneasiness wore off. It seemed to be his design rather to insinuate than directly to assert, that, physically, he had not always been what he was—that a long series of neuralgic attacks had reduced him, from a condition of more than usual personal beauty, to that which I saw. For many years past he had been attended by a physician, named Templeton—an old gentleman, perhaps seventy years of age—whom he had first encountered at Saratoga, and from whose atten-

tions, while there, he either received, or fancied that he received, great benefit. The result was that Bedloe, who was wealthy, had made an arrangement with Doctor Templeton, by which the latter, in consideration of a liberal annual allowance, had consented to devote his time and medical experience exclusively to the care of the invalid.

Doctor Templeton had been a traveller in his younger days, and, at Paris, had become a convert, in great measure, to the doctrines of Mesmer. It was altogether by means of magnetic remedies that he had succeeded in alleviating the acute pains of his patient; and this success had very naturally inspired the latter with a certain degree of confidence in the opinions from which the remedies had been educated. The Doctor, however, like all enthusiasts, had struggled hard to make a thorough convert of his pupil, and finally so far gained his point as to induce the sufferer to submit to numerous experiments. By the frequent repetition of these, a result had arisen which of late days has become so common as to attract little or no attention, but which, at the period of which I write, had very rarely been known in America. I mean to say that between Doctor Templeton and Bedloe there had grown up, little by little, a very distinct and strongly marked *rapport*, or magnetic relation. I am not prepared to assert, however, that this *rapport* extended beyond the limits of the simple sleep-producing power; but this power itself had attained great intensity. At the first attempt to induce the magnetic somnolency, the mesmerist entirely failed. In the fifth or sixth he succeeded very partially, and after long continued effort. Only at the twelfth was the triumph complete. After this, the will of the patient succumbed rapidly to that of the physician, so that, when I first became acquainted with the two, sleep was brought about, almost instantaneously, by the mere volition of the operator, even when the invalid was unaware of his presence. It is only now, in the year 1843, when similar miracles are witnessed daily by thousands, that I dare venture to record this apparent impossibility as a matter of serious fact.

The temperament of Bedloe was, in the highest degree, sensitive, excitable, enthusiastic. His imagination was singularly vigorous and creative; and no doubt it derived additional force from the habitual use of morphine, which he swallowed in great quantity, and without which he would have found it impossible to exist. It was his practice to take a very large dose of it immediately after breakfast, each morning—or rather immediately after a cup of strong coffee, for he ate nothing in the forenoon—

and then to set forth alone, or attended only by a dog, upon a long ramble among the chain of wild and dreary hills that lie westward and southward of Charlottesville, and are there dignified by the title of the Ragged Mountains.

Upon a dim, warm, misty day, towards the close of November, and during the strange *interregnum* of the seasons which in America is termed the Indian Summer, Mr. Bedloe departed, as usual, for the hills. The day passed, and still he did not return.

About eight o'clock at night, having become seriously alarmed at his protracted absence, we were about setting out in search of him, when he unexpectedly made his appearance, in health no worse than usual, and in rather more than ordinary spirits. The account which he gave of his expedition, and of the events which had detained him, was a singular one indeed.

"You will remember," said he, "that it was about nine in the morning when I left Charlottesville. I bent my steps immediately to the mountains, and, about ten, entered a gorge which was entirely new to me. I followed the windings of this pass with much interest. The scenery which presented itself on all sides, although scarcely entitled to be called grand, had about it an indescribable, and to me a delicious aspect of dreary desolation. The solitude seemed absolutely virgin. I could not help believing that the green sods and the gray rocks upon which I trod, had been trodden never before by the foot of a human being. So entirely secluded, and in fact inaccessible, except through a series of accidents, is the entrance of the ravine, that it is by no means impossible, that I was indeed the first adventurer—the very first and sole adventurer who had ever penetrated its weird recesses.

"The thick and peculiar mist, or smoke, which distinguishes the Indian Summer, and which now hung heavily over all objects, served, no doubt, to deepen the vague impressions which these objects created. So dense was this pleasant fog, that I could at no time see more than a dozen yards of the path before me. This path was excessively sinuous, and as the sun could not be seen, I soon lost all idea of the direction in which I journeyed. In the meantime the morphine had its customary effect—that of enduing all the external world with an intensity of interest. In the quivering of a leaf—in the hue of a blade of grass—in the shape of a trefoil—in the humming of a bee—in the gleaming of a dew-drop—in the breathing of the wind—in the faint odours that came from the forest—there came a whole universe of suggestion—a gay and motley train of rhapsodical and immethodical thought.

"Busied in this I walked on for several hours, during which the mist deepened around me to so great an extent, that at length I was reduced to an absolute groping of the way. And now an indescribable uneasiness possessed me—a species of nervous hesitation and tremor. I feared to tread, lest I should be precipitated into some abyss. I remembered, too, strange stories told about these Ragged

Hills, and of the uncouth and fierce races of men who tenanted their groves and caverns. A thousand vague fancies oppressed and disconcerted me—fancies the more distressing because vague. Very suddenly my attention was arrested by the loud beating of a drum.

"My amazement was, of course, extreme. A drum in these hills was a thing unknown. I could not have been more surprised at the sound of the trumpet of the Archangel. But a new and still more astounding source of interest and perplexity arose. There came a wild rattling or jingling sound, as if of a bunch of large keys—and upon the instant a dusky-visaged and half-naked man rushed past me with a shriek. He came so close to my person that I felt his hot breath upon my face. He bore in one hand an instrument composed of an assemblage of steel rings, and shook them vigorously as he ran. Scarcely had he disappeared in the mist, before, panting after him with open mouth and glaring eyes, there darted a huge beast. I could not be mistaken in its character. It was a hyena.

"The sight of this monster rather relieved than heightened my terrors—for I now made sure that I dreamed, and endeavoured to arouse myself to waking consciousness. I stepped boldly and briskly forward. I rubbed my eyes. I called aloud. I pinched my limbs. A small spring of water presented itself to my view, and here, stooping, I bathed my hands and my head and neck. This seemed to dissipate the equivocal sensations which had hitherto annoyed me. I arose a new man, and proceeded steadily and complacently on my unknown way.

"At length, quite overcome with exertion and with a certain oppressive closeness of the atmosphere, I seated myself beneath a tree. Presently there came a feeble gleam of sunshine, and the shadow of the leaves of the tree fell faintly but definitely upon the grass. At this shadow I gazed wonderingly for many minutes. Its character stupefied me with astonishment. The tree was a palm.

"I now arose hurriedly, and in a state of fearful agitation—for the fancy that I dreamed would serve me no longer. I saw—I felt that I had perfect command of my senses—and these senses now brought to my soul a world of novel and singular sensation. The heat became, all at once, intolerable. A strange odor loaded the breeze. A low continuous murmur, like that arising from a full but gently-flowing river, came to my ears, intermingled with the peculiar hum of multitudinous human voices.

"While I listened in an extremity of astonishment which I need not attempt to describe, a strong and brief gust of wind bore off the incumbent fog as if by the wand of an enchanter.

"I found myself at the foot of a high mountain, and looking down into a vast plain, through which wound a majestic river. On the margin of this river stood an Eastern-looking city, such as we read of in the Arabian Tales, but of a character

even more singular than any there described. From my position, which was far above the level of the town, I could perceive its every nook and corner, as if delineated upon a map. The streets seemed innumerable, and crossed each other irregularly in all directions, but were rather long winding alleys than streets, and absolutely swarmed with inhabitants. The houses were wildly picturesque. On every hand was a wilderness of balconies, of verandahs, of minarets, of shrines, and fantastically carved oriels. Bazaars abounded; and in these were displayed rich wares in infinite variety and profusion—silks, muslins, the most dazzling cutlery, the most magnificent jewels and gems. Besides these things were seen, on all sides, banners and palanquins, litters with stately dames close veiled, elephants gorgeously caparisoned, idols grotesquely hewn, drums, banners, and gongs, spears, silver and gilden maces. And amid the crowd, and the clamour, and the general intricacy and confusion—amid the million of black and yellow men, turbaned and robed, and of flowing beard, there roamed a countless multitude of holy filleted bulls, and clambered, chattering and shrieking about the cornices of the mosques, and clinging to the oriels and minarets, vast legions of the filthy but sacred ape. From the swarming streets to the banks of the river, there descended innumerable flights of steps leading to bathing-places, while the river itself seemed to force a passage with difficulty through the vast fleets of deeply-burthened ships that far and wide encumbered its surface. Beyond the limits of the city arose, in frequent majestic groups, the palm and the cocoa, with other gigantic and weird trees of vast age, and here and there might be seen a field of rice, the thatched hut of a peasant, a tank, a stray temple, a gipsy camp, or a solitary graceful maiden taking her way, with a pitcher upon her head, to the banks of the magnificent river.

"You will say that now, of course, I dreamed; but not so. What I saw—what I heard—what I felt—what I thought—had about it nothing of the unmistakeable idiosyncrasy of the dream. All was rigorously self-consistent. At first, doubting that I was really awake, I entered into a series of tests which soon convinced me that I really was. Now, when one dreams, and, in the dream, suspects that he dreams, the suspicion *never fails to confirm itself*, and the sleeper is almost immediately aroused. Thus Novalis errs not in saying that "we are near waking when we dream that we dream." Had the vision occurred to me as I describe it, without my suspecting it as a dream, then a dream it might absolutely have been, but, occurring as it did, and suspected and tested as it was, I am forced to class it among other phenomena."

"In this I am not sure that you are wrong," observed Doctor Templeton, "but proceed. You arose and descended into the city."

"I arose," continued Bedloe, regarding the Doctor with an air of profound astonishment, "I

arose, as you say, and descended into the city. On my way I fell in with an immense populace, crowding, through every avenue, in the same direction, and exhibiting in every action the wildest excitements. Very suddenly, and by some inconceivable impulse I became intensely imbued with personal interest in what was going on. I seemed to feel that I had an important part to play, without exactly understanding what it was. Against the crowd which environed me, however, I experienced a deep sentiment of animosity. I shrunk from amid them, and, swiftly, by a circuitous path, reached and entered the city. Here all was the wildest tumult and contention. A small party of men, clad in garments half Indian half European, and officered by gentlemen in a uniform partly British, were engaged, at great odds, with the swarming rabble of the alleys. I joined the weaker party, arming myself with the weapons of a fallen officer, and fighting I knew not whom with the nervous ferocity of despair. We were soon overpowered by numbers, and driven to seek refuge in a species of kiosk. Here we barricaded ourselves, and, for the present, were secure. From a loop-hole near the summit of the kiosk, I perceived a vast crowd, in furious agitation, surrounding and assaulting a gay palace that overhung the river. Presently, from an upper window of this palace, there descended an effeminate-looking person, by means of a string made of the turbans of his attendants. A boat was at hand, in which he escaped to the opposite bank of the river.

And now a new and altogether objectless impulse took possession of my soul. I spoke a few hurried but energetic words to my companions, and, having succeeded in gaining over a few of them to my purpose, made a frantic sally from the kiosk. We rushed amid the crowd that surrounded it. They retreated, at first, before us. They rallied, fought madly, and retreated again. In the mean time we were borne far from the kiosk, and became bewildered and entangled among the narrow streets of tall overhanging houses, into the recesses of which the sun had never been able to shine. The rabble pressed impetuously upon us, harassing us with their spears, and overwhelming us with flights of arrows. These latter were very remarkable, and resembled in some respects the writhing creese of the Malay. They were made to imitate the body of a creeping serpent, and were long and black, with a poisoned barb. One of them struck me upon the right temple. I reeled and fell. An instantaneous and deadly sickness seized me. I struggled—I gasped—I died."

"You will hardly persist *now*," said I, smiling, "that the whole of your adventure was not a dream. You are not prepared to maintain that you are dead?"

When I said these words, I of course expected some lively sally from Bedloe in reply, but, to my astonishment, he hesitated, trembled, became fearfully pallid, and remained silent. I looked towards Templeton. He sat erect and rigid in his chair—

his teeth chattered, and his eyes were starting from their sockets. "Proceed!" he at length said hoarsely to Bedloe.

"For many minutes," continued the latter, "my sole sentiment—my sole feeling—was that of darkness and nonentity, with the consciousness of death. At length there seemed to pass a violent and sudden shock through my soul, as if of electricity. With it came the sense of elasticity and of light. This latter I felt—not saw. In an instant I seemed to rise from the ground. But I had no bodily, no visible, audible, or palpable presence. The crowd had departed. The tumult had ceased. The city was in comparative repose. Beneath me lay my corpse, with the arrow in the temple, the whole head greatly swollen and disfigured. But all these things I felt—not saw. I took interest in nothing. Even the corpse seemed a matter in which I had no concern. Volition I had none, but I appeared to be impelled into motion, and flitted buoyantly out of the city, retracing the circuitous path by which I had entered it. When I had attained that point of the ravine in the mountains, at which I had encountered the hyena, I again experienced a shock as of a galvanic battery; the sense of weight, of substance and of volition returned. I became my original self, and bent my steps eagerly homewards—but the past had not lost the vividness of the real—and not now, even for an instant, can I compel my understanding to regard it as a dream."

"Nor was it," said Templeton, with an air of deep solemnity, "yet it would be difficult to say how otherwise it should be termed. Let us suppose only that the soul of the man of to-day is upon the verge of some stupendous psychal discoveries. Let us content ourselves with this supposition. For the rest, I have some explanation to make. Here is a water-colour drawing which I should have shown you before, but which an unaccountable sentiment of horror has hitherto prevented me from showing."

We looked at the picture which he presented. I saw nothing in it of an extraordinary character, but its effect upon Bedloe was prodigious. He nearly fainted as he gazed. And yet it was but a miniature portrait—a miraculously accurate one, to be sure—of his own very remarkable features. At least this was my thought as I regarded it.

"You will perceive," said Templeton, "the date of this picture—it is here, scarcely visible, in this corner—1780. In this year was the portrait taken. It is the likeness of a dead friend—a Mr. Oldeb—to whom I became much attached at Calcutta, during the administration of Warren Hastings. I was then only twenty years old. When I first saw you, Mr. Bedloe, at Saratoga, it was the miraculous similarity which existed between yourself and the painting, which induced me to accost you, to seek your friendship, and to bring about those arrangements which resulted in my becoming your constant companion. In accomplishing this point, I was urged partly, and perhaps principally, by a regretful memory of the deceased, but also, in

part, by an uneasy and not altogether horrorless curiosity respecting yourself.

"In your detail of the vision which presented itself to you amid the hills, you have described, with the minutest accuracy, the Indian city of Benares, upon the Holy River. The riots, the combats, the massacre, were the actual events of the insurrection of Cheyte Sing, which took place in 1780, when Hastings was put in imminent peril of his life. The man escaping by the string of turbans, was Cheyte Sing himself. The party in the kiosks were sepoy and British officers, headed by Hastings. Of this party I was one, and did all I could to prevent the rash and fatal sally of the officer who fell, in the crowded alleys, by the poisoned arrow of a Bengalee. That officer was my dearest friend. It was Oldeb. You will perceive by these manuscripts," (here the speaker produced a note-book in which several pages appeared to have been freshly written) "that at the very period in which you fancied these things amid the hills, I was engaged in detailing them upon paper here at home."

In about a week after this conversation, the following paragraphs appeared in a Charlottesville paper.

"We have the painful duty of announcing the death of Mr. AUGUSTUS BEDLO, a gentleman whose amiable manners and many virtues have long endeared him to the citizens of Charlottesville.

"Mr. B., for some years past, has been subject to neuralgia, which has often threatened to terminate fatally, but this can be regarded only as the mediate cause of his decease. The proximate cause was one of especial singularity. In an excursion to the Ragged Mountains, a few days since, a slight cold and fever was contracted, attended with great determination of blood to the head. To relieve this, Dr. Templeton resorted to topical bleeding. Leeches were applied to the temples. In a fearfully brief period the patient died, when it appeared that, in the jar containing the leeches, had been introduced, by accident, one of the venomous vermicular sangsues which are now and then found in the neighbouring ponds. This creature fastened itself upon a small artery in the right temple. Its close resemblance to the medicinal leech caused the mistake to be overlooked until too late.

"N. B. The poisonous sangsue of Charlottesville may always be distinguished from the medicinal leech by its blackness, and especially by its writhing or vermicular motions, which very nearly resemble those of a snake."

I was speaking with the editor of the paper in question, upon the topic of this remarkable accident, when it occurred to me to ask how it happened that the name of the deceased had been given as Bedloe.

"I presume," said I, "you have authority for this spelling, but I have always supposed the name to be written with an *e* at the end."

"Authority?—no," he replied. "It is a mere

typographical error. The name is Bedloe with an *e*, all the world over, and I never knew it to be spelt otherwise in my life."

"Then," said I mutteringly, as I turned upon

my heel, "then indeed has it come to pass that one truth is far stranger than any fiction—for Bedlo, without the *e*, what is it but Oldeb conversed? And this man tells me it is a typographical error."

WANTED, A WIFE.

This lively *jeu d'esprit*, published in our February number, has made, we find, quite a sensation in the marrying world. We give here two of the answers sent us, which are all we have room for. If C. W. D. wishes for the residue, they shall be forwarded to his address whenever required.—EDITORS.

RESPONSE TO C. W. D.'S ADVERTISEMENT.

"A very nice man" is a prize worth securing,
And the offer you make is found quite alluring;
So modest, so tender, so gentle, so kind!
Your wit is so brilliant, your love is so blind!
Your artist-like powers are easily seen;
But of all the bright colours you patronize green.
This emerald tint is a compound of self,
And needs no gilt edging you seek for in pelf.
Since you seek not perfection, though justly your due,
And of many bright attributes ask but a few,
My vanity whispers I *may* draw the prize,
And Hope bears me upwards—almost to the skies!
The description you give seems intended for me,
Or differs, at least, in a trifling degree:
My "taste for belles lettres" is shown in my rhymes,
And my "temper" is lively and pleasant—at times!
In "music" I'm rich, having gained it by rote,
And never as yet have expended a *note*
In "love" I am skilled, and my lap-dog's caress
Is a puppy's endearment which *you* may possess.
All ground that is classic in raptures I scan,
And wish to see Italy—as soon as I can.
In "dancing" and "morals" I trip it along,
"Quite free from all sin"—if a *waltz* is not wrong!
Your offer I take, and will say in a trice,
For a husband like *you* I will give a fair price.

CONCORD, Feb. 2d, 1844.

JULIA.

TO C. W. D.,

IN ANSWER TO HIS ADVERTISEMENT,

WANTED, A WIFE.

If C. W. D., who seeks for a wife,
Is sober, and honest—not given to strife—
Has a gentleman's bearing, and is not too old,
And with a true heart has a small share of *gold*—
Has studied "*Agogos*," and would not forget
The *hints* that are given in his "*etiquette*"—
If his manners match his wit, which is great,
And he has not a lame limb, or very bald pate,
A wife he may find who is lively and gay,
Who would be to him as the sun to his *Day*.
The Tiber, the Nile, and the broad Zuyder Zee,
With the Tay, and the Shannon, she'd much like to see;
She has a taste for *belles lettres*, thinks music divine,
And has for a long time courted 'the Nine.'
She is likewise pure minded, and as free from all sin,
As he who seeks for "*a good share of 'TIN';*"
And has for some time—though her friends didn't know
it—
Wished to become the wife of a *poet*.
If you think that she'll do, Mr. C. W. D.,
Pop a line in the Post addressed G. S. P. B.

Boston, Feb. 6th, 1844.

SELF-RENUNCIATION.

A SONNET.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "SINLESS CHILD."

SHAKE thou thy spirit free. First learn to feel
That love doth bring its own exceeding good.
Cry not the "Give;"—that selfishness of mood
Will bind thee down with bands of tempered steel.
Renounce thyself; from every loophole spurn
The dustiness of care. Fresh as thy youth,
Childlike as in thy primal years, oh! learn

The meekness and the majesty of truth.
Thus unto thee shall light arise. Thy trust,
Thy worthy lodgment of a holy guest,
Shall bring a blessing to thee, and the dust
Of earthly care no more shall on thee rest.
Thy love, pure and eternal, thus shall be—
Perchance to bloom on earth—most sure in heaven for thee.

IL S'AMUSE; OR, THE GENTLEMAN FLIRT.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

"False are our words, and fickle is our mind,
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.
The foolish heart thou gav'st again receive,
The only boon departing love can give."—PRIOR.

A MALE flirt is almost as unnatural a production as a female warrior, and yet both anomalies have from time to time appeared in this strange world of ours. Flirtation seems as much a female privilege as fighting that of the lords of creation, and when by any fatality either intrudes upon the province of the other, as sad a havoc is made of human happiness by their arts as there sometimes is of human life by our valiant arms. The followers of Thalestris have, however, disappeared among the scourges of the earth; and, except on great emergencies, when we can still show that the ancient spirit is not *quite* dead within us, the gentlemen have all the fighting to themselves. But though we have resigned our usurped empire, we are far from having recovered that of which we have been so unjustly deprived; and the male flirt still stalks a destroying angel in our midst. Among those whose stars have risen, culminated, and sunk into the contempt they merited, I recall with some interest the adventures of one, which happened to fall under my own immediate observation.

I had been residing abroad for some years, when, at Paris, I became acquainted with a handsome and accomplished young gentleman, whose appearance and manners could not fail to prepossess me in his favour, independently of the circumstance of his being a native of the same town with myself—that strong attraction in a foreign land. He was the son of a wealthy resident of Philadelphia, and was one of the many who had appeared on the glittering stage of fashionable society during my absence, affording a specimen that the race of beaux at least had not deteriorated in that line. I had, however, no opportunity of judging of more than his exterior, for our acquaintance was a transient one, and, to our mutual regret, soon interrupted; but after a short time, again renewed in my beloved home, where I found Mr. George Kingston occupying the prominent place in the beau monde to which his many advantages so fully entitled him. He called on me soon after my arrival. We discussed Paris, Italy, Germany together, and my favourable impressions were confirmed by the intelligence of his observations and the grace and finish of his manner.

The first time I saw him in company, he was most assiduously attentive to a very beautiful girl,

a belle from another city, then on a visit to an aged relative, who, being unable to accompany her into the scenes of gayety in which she was anxious her youthful guest should mingle, consigned her to the care of any chaperon she could procure. I did not know Miss Danvers, but her appearance interested me, and, whenever we met, the attentions of George Kingston seemed to be more and more exclusively devoted to this lovely object. To me, there is an indefinable charm in witnessing the happiness of that golden period, a first love, (for so this seemed from the youth and ardour of the parties,) and I delighted in quietly observing the pair, who often appeared so absorbed in each other, as not to be conscious of any presence but their own. One evening I was thus engaged when interrupted by a lounging exquisite, whom I knew to be intimate with Mr. Kingston, and who, after taking a seat beside me, abruptly inquired the subject of my meditations. Thinking it a good opportunity to be enlightened as to the progress of this wooing, I replied that my thoughts were with the couple on the sofa opposite us, and said that it seemed quite a serious affair.

"Not in the least serious, on my honour," replied Mr. Clifford; "only a little harmless flirtation."

"A harmless flirtation," I repeated. "I doubt whether there are many such, unless both parties happen to be equally destitute of that common appendage of humanity—a heart."

"My own opinion is," said Mr. Clifford, "that hearts have no concern whatever in such cases; nor heads either, for that matter—the only organs required being the eyes and the tongue; these, dexterously used, are all that is necessary."

"And will you pretend to tell me, that no heart speaks in the beautiful eyes that are now turned so bewitchingly on your friend's face, and now so modestly sink beneath his gaze, while their dark lashes seem as though they would fain shadow her blushing cheek? He can have none if he does not feel their power. Woman as I am, I could love that fair girl, just from the beauty of soul that beams in every feature. Do not, do not tell me that such an one is to be trifled with by merely heartless attentions."

"Look at the circumstances of the parties," he

replied, "and you will soon see how the affair must terminate. Miss Danvers, though handsome and accomplished, is but 'a penniless lass with a lang pedigree;' and George Kingston, the son of a rich man who wants all his money for his own expenditure, brought up in idle and extravagant habits, he is as penniless as herself. The lady must find some 'Laird of Cockpen,' who wants a wife to keep his 'braw house' for him, and George must either wed an heiress or remain a bachelor till the end of the chapter."

"And yet there have been instances of the blind god overturning more elevated plans of life than those you have sketched; and, to all appearance, he will do so in this case. Once inspired with a genuine affection, Mr. Kingston may shake off his idle habits and adopt those more likely to lead to independence. Judging from the lady's looks, she would hardly refuse to share it, however small."

"George Kingston and a small independence! The idea is a good one," said Mr. Clifford, laughing. "Why, he would not marry Venus herself unless she had a good round sum in each pocket. Indeed, he has no wish to marry at all."

"Venus in pockets—shade of Homer defend us! But if such are his views, why does he waste his time on this portionless girl, lovely as she is?"

"Because he admires her and wants her to admire him. She is a great belle, and if he can distance other competitors, so much the greater triumph."

"He cannot be so unprincipled," I exclaimed.

"Really, I see no harm in the case. We frequent society for amusement, and how can we amuse ourselves better than by making love to these fair young damsels *pour passer le temps*. George is an excellent fellow, one of the best hearts in the world; but if the lady will fall in love with him in downright earnest, why he cannot help it, you know."

So spoke the frivolous man of the world, who, seeing from my looks that a serious rejoinder was to be expected, quitted me to bestow his civilities elsewhere. I now regarded the beautiful girl before me, into whose willing ear Mr. Kingston was pouring eloquence by no means unacceptable, with a deep and painful interest, occasioned by the insight into her lover's character that had just been given me, though when I looked at his open, pleasant face, I found it hard to admit that he was indeed the vain trifler Mr. Clifford had described him.

Ellen Danvers seemed one of those fair creations to whom the cup of life had been presented in a happy hour. Joy and gladness sparkled in every feature of her speaking countenance; but it was a chastened and refined joyousness, without the least approach towards levity: and when you looked at the expression of her clear blue eye, you could see that, gay and laughing as was her exterior, a depth of untold tenderness dwelt within. This depth had evidently now been moved by the entrance of the master passion; and my spirit sank within me

when I thought that the rich treasures of her young and trusting heart might all be yielded up to one unworthy of the gift.

Later in the evening, I was introduced to the young stranger, and my prepossessions in her favour were so far increased by our short conversation, that on the following morning I sought the house of her relative in hopes of again seeing her.

The servant at the door hesitated about admitting me. "Mrs. Hammond was indisposed," he said, "and confined to her chamber." As he spoke, a strain of melody reached me from within, and I quickly rejoined, "But Miss Danvers is at home," and entered the door. I paused on approaching the drawing-room; for I recognized an Italian air of which I was particularly fond, and would not interrupt the singer. A long sojourn in the land of poetry and song had rendered my taste in music a critical one; yet I was both surprised and delighted with the execution of the unseen musician. The liquid *lingua Toscana* was uttered with a pure and correct accent, and the "notes of linked sweetness long drawn out," evidently came from one imbued with the true soul of harmony. The moment they ceased, I advanced into the room, expecting to find Ellen alone; but I was mistaken. She was striking the last chords of the symphony, and her countenance still glowed with the excitement of her song, while beside her, and gazing on her with true lover-like devotion, was George Kingston. A shade of displeasure crossed his handsome face at the interruption of his delightful tête-à-tête, but he recovered himself while Ellen blushing received me, and the compliments I bestowed upon her performance, to which I confessed myself a listener.

I found Ellen's conversation refined and interesting, untouched by the slightest shade of affectation either in sentiment or manner. In fact, she was almost too free from it; for the varied expression of her features, and the eloquent blood that mantled so richly in her glowing cheek, spoke the feeling of the moment rather too plainly for the cold requirements of conventional usage. My visit was extended beyond the fashionable length, much to the annoyance of Mr. Kingston, whose abstracted manner while I remained was in marked contrast to his usual easy good-breeding.

From this time, I saw Ellen frequently, though rarely unaccompanied by the gentleman who was her constant attendant; and his unremitted devotion, which exhibited all the characteristics of a sincere attachment, prevented my giving further heed to Mr. Clifford's heartless suggestions, or to those of some others, who joined with him in saying the affair was a mere flirtation.

Time passed on. Ellen's bright and bird-like existence, so formed of melody and love, was undimmed by a single cloud. Pleasure spread her varied allurements without, and within was a fountain of perennial joy, which reflected its own gladness on all surrounding it. Even the aged Mrs. Hammond felt the influence, and seemed to recall the feelings of her own youth amid the gay circle

which Ellen attracted to her usually solitary home. The old lady's eye would brighten, when dwelling on her graceful form, while she did the honours of the house to her young guests; and, as it would glance from her to the distinguished looking youth by her side, it was plain she thought that nature had formed them for each other.

"Do you not think Mr. Kingston wonderfully like his grandfather, Colonel ——?" she said to me one evening.

"My dear Mrs. Hammond, he died long before I was born, and I have never seen his picture, so that I cannot judge of the likeness."

"Ah, I had forgotten it was your grandmother who was so intimate with him." (Like many old ladies, Mrs. Hammond frequently identified several generations.) "He was a splendid man—one of Washington's aids for many years; and I remember it was often thought your grandmother and he would make a match. It ended in nothing, however. Some said he jilted her, others that all the time she flirted with him she was privately engaged to your grandfather, whom she married very soon after. What was the truth I never knew; but he was certainly a most fascinating person, and made sad havoc among female hearts."

So then, thought I, both Mr. Kingston and myself have an hereditary claim to being flirts; but as I knew nothing of my grandmother's love secrets, I could not enlighten the old lady as to the culpable party in this case. It was, however, evident that Mr. Kingston's likeness to the handsome hero of the revolution had established him in her good graces, and she had no misgivings that the likeness had extended in one respect to the character as well as to the person.

But the period fixed for the termination of Ellen's visit now approached, and a shadow flitted over the brightness of her face when she told me that her mother's cousin, Mr. Montague, would be in town next day, and after remaining a week was to escort her home. I expressed my regret that we were to lose her so soon, and at the same time my pleasure at the prospect of seeing Mr. Montague, with whom I had been intimate abroad.

"You will find him as reserved and silent as ever," said Ellen, "but quite as good and quite as ugly."

"Nay, Ellen," I replied, "he is only silent when among strangers; and as to his want of beauty, I never thought of it after I became well acquainted with him."

"Nor do I," said Ellen, "except when I contrast him with those who are really handsome."

"With Mr. Kingston, for instance," I added, laughing. "Yes, there is certainly a difference. Mr. Montague is perhaps ten years his senior. He is a man of learning—Mr. Kingston a man of fashion. Both shine in their respective orbits, which will probably never interfere with each other. I can therefore admire both."

Ellen looked down, and then changed the subject by speaking—rather sadly, I thought—of her

anxiety to see her mother and sister, (her father had long been dead,) to whom she was tenderly attached, and from whom she had now been absent four months. The promised escort arrived on the following day, and I found him, as Ellen said, but little changed. There was the same quiet exterior, but the same inward enthusiasm, which only displayed itself to his friends and to those who could sympathize with it. In a ball-room, he was a cypher—with a chosen few, the centre of the circle. He had joined our party when in Rome, and the charm his genius and cultivation had thrown around every spot we had visited together, had so identified him with my classical associations, that when I saw his stately figure across a group of most pertinacious waltzers at a large ball, it seemed to me entirely out of place. Ellen was waltzing as usual with Mr. Kingston, and Mr. Montague's eye was following her through all the evolutions of the mazy dance. When it ended, and her partner stood supporting her and bending his proud Antinous head so gently towards her, an expression of unwonted sadness settled on her cousin's face. He soon after joined me, and began to converse in his usually interesting manner; but I could see that ever and anon his attention was distracted by a glance at her sweet beaming countenance, as she moved among the dancers. At length I spoke of Mr. Kingston and his devotion to Ellen, of his many attractions, and the happiness I hoped there was in store for her.

He evidently listened with breathless interest, but only replied, "You think him, then, worthy of her. Heaven grant it may be so," and abruptly left me.

In a few days, Ellen returned home. There was sadness on her brow when she bade me adieu; but it was a sadness mingled with hope that spoke of a happy reunion. To my surprise, Mr. Kingston did not follow her; for with most of her friends, I had supposed them engaged, and that such would be the announcement as soon as Ellen had rejoined her family. But there are mysteries in all love affairs, and this did not occasion me any serious uneasiness, until I saw the gentleman bestowing his attentions on another lady, who had appeared among us soon after Ellen's departure. This seemed strange, and Mr. Clifford's prognostic again occurred to me.

The approach of summer now dispersed the fashionable world, and after a short tour through our own beautiful state, I found myself located in a sequestered farm-house, in one of our most richly cultivated rural districts. Wander where we may, there is still a charm in home that outlasts all others; and this sweet valley, where as a school girl I had occasionally passed my vacations, was endeared to me by a thousand delightful remembrances. Among them was one of a remarkably beautiful child, who, though several years younger than myself, had at such times been my favourite companion; and when I looked upon the familiar face of the surrounding scenery, her image rose

upon my mind, from whence the exciting life I had led since we were separated, had almost entirely banished it.

On one occasion, however, she had been most vividly recalled. It was in the gallery of the Barbarini Palace, when standing before Guido's celebrated picture of Beatrice Cenci, that, after wondering at its beauty, the sad yet tender expression of the rich hazel eye, struck suddenly one of the hidden chords of memory connected with my childhood. It seemed as if those eyes had somewhere beamed upon me, and that the exquisite moulding of the whole face was not unfamiliar. I had seen copies of the painting, but they had never thus affected me; and while I dwelt upon it, the face of Lucy Meadows came before me as the one whose peculiar and touching expression that of the unhappy Beatrice so strikingly recalled. Though a miller's daughter in a distant land, Lucy certainly resembled the high-born and unfortunate Italian; and after musing awhile upon the singularity of the likeness, she was again forgotten.

Many were the happy hours that we had spent together, either rambling through the woods or on the bank of the pretty lake whose waters turned her father's mill, when it was my favourite amusement to deck the little beauty with flowers and feign she was an enchanted princess, while I would recount the wonders of fairy land and unfold to her the legends with which my memory was stored. An old quarry on the other side of the lake, which stretched before the house where I then was, had been our chosen haunt, and as I again looked upon it, I fancied I could almost see her starry eyes turned upon me, full of the gushing tenderness called forth by some moving narrative. "Tell me of Lucy Meadows," I said, turning to my hostess. "Has she grown up as beautiful as she promised, and as full of sensibility?"

"She is, indeed, as beautiful a creature as one could see on a summer's day," replied Mrs. Long, a plain farmer's wife; "or rather she was so—for she has sadly faded of late."

"How—is she ill then?" I asked.

"Sick at heart and in body too."

"An unhappy marriage, I suppose. She was, indeed, formed of too delicate materials for earthly happiness. Poor, poor Lucy."

"She is not married," said Mrs. Long, "but it is not less a bad man's fault that she is dying; and so fair spoken and handsome as he was. Who would have thought it?"

"Oh, Mrs. Long," said I, greatly agitated, "do not tell me she is unworthy. I cannot, will not believe it."

"Unworthy!—she!—there's not a better, purer creature upon earth. But I will tell you all about it."

Not to recapitulate the long-winded narrative of my worthy hostess, Lucy's story was briefly this. She had fully realized the promise of her early beauty and grown to womanhood, the pride of her parents' hearts and the admiration of the surround-

ing swains. Her own natural refinement and the imaginative tendency of her mind, fostered as it had been by her early association with my unworthy self, had, however, sadly unfitted her to be the companion of the unlettered youth of that simple neighbourhood. Her acquirements were merely such as the country school where all were educated could bestow; but in our childish intercourse many a well-worn volume had found its way from my possession into hers, and their perusal had opened to her the portals of an inner world, in which it seemed she dearly loved to dwell. She was active in the performance of all the duties of her station, but when they were done, instead of gossiping with the neighbouring lads and lasses, she would isolate herself in some sweet nook and read for hours, while they would wonder at her choice. This taste was too encouraged by her parents, who, proud of her "learning," as they called it, added to her slender library such books as she desired. So passed her early youth in quiet happiness, and she had numbered eighteen summers untouched by any sorrow.

At this time—it was two years before I heard the tale—a shooting party of several gentlemen were loitering in the neighbourhood, when one of them, in an evil hour for her, saw and admired the rare beauty of the miller's daughter. The easy hospitality of the region gave him a ready welcome to her father's house, and while his pleasant, winning manners, made his society acceptable to all its inmates, he soon learned the readiest access to the ear and heart of the gentle Lucy. After a short sojourn, his companions departed, while he remained, feigning his excuse in a wish to explore the beauties of the surrounding scenery. He had told his name and lineage—the latter was dear to every lover of his country, and the worthy miller, who, in the depths of his own heart, thought his Lucy would dignify a crown, saw no danger in her intimate association with one of his wealth and name. My reader will perhaps anticipate this, as I did, when listening to the story, I faltered out—"George Kingston!"

Yes, it was he who had lingered weeks and months on this spot, and by the arts he so well could use, had won the heart of the innocent and unsuspecting Lucy. That he was above her, save in all that woman loves to reverence, she had never dreamed; for the true spirit of equality and of our republican institutions, banished as it often is by frivolous distinctions from our large cities, ever finds its home among our country population; and the farmer who owns his broad acres, the tenant who tills them, the miller who grinds their produce, and the humble dependent who shares it, all feel that they are brothers and know of no superiors.

Mr. Meadows saw that George Kingston loved his child—he saw, too, that Lucy's calm and gentle spirit was stirred within her, like the lake by the summer's zephyr; but little did he or did any know the change his presence had wrought in her whole existence. Lucy had hitherto enjoyed little conge-

nial companionship; she had felt—and oh! how sad the feeling—that she was alone even among those whom she dearly loved. Her world was not their world; her most treasured thoughts found no echo in their bosoms, and even on outward nature she looked with other eyes. Now a being of a higher order had appeared, one who not only could sympathize in all her tastes, but elevate and refine them by his own. The influence of his personal beauty too, was not unfelt, nor of the generous sentiments that seemed to animate him. It was then no wonder that Lucy loved with all the enthusiasm of her nature, nor that when after these months of happiness had passed, and a father's express command had recalled George to his home, with only the hope of his speedy return to cheer her, that the charm of life seemed to have been broken.

For weeks—nay, months—she patiently awaited his promised coming; but autumn faded into winter, and with it faded the roses on Lucy's cheek, but still he came not. At length news reached her that he had left the country, and crushed her already blighted hopes. From that time she had gradually been drooping, like some fair flower culled for a moment's pleasure, and then left to wither and decay. The inward wound took the form of consumption, and it was now thought she had not many weeks to live. What had been the motive of the heartless man in this wanton destruction of another's peace, none could say. Whether he had meditated a deeper wrong, or whether it was in conformity with Mr. Clifford's theory of life, for *mere amusement*, still rests within his own bosom.

When I had listened to this recital, I soon retraced the well remembered path to Lucy's home, and after a short interview with her mother, who prepared her to receive me, I was admitted to her chamber. It was many years since we had parted, yet I should still have recognized her, not so much by her resemblance to the blooming girl I had left, but to the picture which had struck me so forcibly; for as she reclined a little elevated on her pillows, with a kerchief bound across her brow, her pale and suffering face, her round, full eye, and the expression of her still beautiful mouth, rendered the likeness fairly startling.

She seemed rejoiced to see me, spoke of the many hours we had spent together as some of the happiest of her childhood, and pointed out several little memorials of them that were still around her; and never shall I forget the heavenly expression with which she drew from beneath her pillow my parting gifts—a bible and a book of prayer—which she said were now her only treasures. Yes, dear Lucy, deeply had you imbibed the heavenly dews of God's Holy Word, and, untaught by man, with true childlike simplicity and faith, laid hold of the only strong refuge in the day of trouble. No earthly guide had led her towards the straight and narrow entrance, for her family were of the sect of Friends, and the country round was peopled with those of the same creed, who, trusting to the light

within, forbear to offer any outward illumination; and Lucy had thus been left, in her dark hour, to seek it for herself.

In our frequent interviews,—for from this time I was her constant visitor,—I was astonished at the depth and clearness of her views. Her vivid imagination seemed to become each day more spiritualized, and to realize so fully the promised glories of the unseen world, that while listening to her I have often trembled at the slight veil that separated me from the great company of the redeemed which my companion was so soon to join. She spoke of her short dream of earthly love so bright and brief, and said that she still clung to its remembrance as a foretaste of the holier affection that now filled the heart left desolate by its unworthy possessor. Towards him she felt no resentment, and once had wished to see him; her father had conveyed her wishes to him a few months before, but they had been unnoticed, and this last proof of his total indifference added another pang to the many he had already inflicted. One more earnest desire was too ungratified, and that she had till now refrained from expressing, in the fear of wounding her parents' prejudices—it was that she might be united to the church by baptism, and this wish was at length fulfilled. It was on the morning of her death, and the triumph that lighted her splendid eyes as the holy waters bathed her brow, had hardly faded from them, when they were closed in the still slumber that knows no waking—adding another victim to man's heartlessness and woman's broken trust.

Months passed away—I was again at home, and to my frequent inquiries about Ellen Danvers, I learned to my great satisfaction she was well—Mrs. Hammond assuring me that it had been all a mistake about young Kingston; and Mr. Clifford, after laughing at the interest I had taken in the affair, added, "Montague is now devoted to the lady; he is rich, and not particularly young or handsome. You will see that all will end exactly as I told you." The children of this world are proverbially wise in their generation, and, relieved to think that Ellen's gay and versatile nature had saved her from suffering, I trusted to this statement, which he said he had received from an unquestioned source.

A wedding in my family took me to ——— in the course of the winter, and before Ellen could hear of my arrival, I inquired my way to her mother's house, and was ushered into the parlour. The rooms were small and simply furnished, though as I looked around I could see evidences of former wealth, and of the taste that wealth can never purchase. Books in several languages were on the shelves, all well read and well selected; the piano was open, and beside it a pile of music; a few good pictures were on the walls, and on a marble table was a small but exquisite statue of Ariadne sleeping, which I remembered to have seen in the studio of a young sculptor in Rome.

This I knew had been purchased by Mr. Montague to encourage the starving genius who had produced it, and its presence there confirmed the report that had reached me of his engagement to Ellen. She soon appeared, and in the excitement of the meeting, I at first observed no change in her; but after her mother and sister had joined us, and, relieved from the necessity of entertaining her guest, the glow had faded from her features, I was struck with the unnatural expression that succeeded it. Her cheek was full and rounded as before, but her mouth, about which smiles and dimples were once perpetually playing, was now set into rigidity, while her eye, so darkly beautifully blue, seemed to have lost all its original brightness—quenched, I feared, by tears. Her very attitude spoke of desolation, and as she sat beside the sleeping Ariadne, and I thought of all the misery man's inconsistency had entailed upon my sex from the time of Theseus to the present day, I yielded my full assent to the poet's assertion, that

"Men were deceivers ever."

The affectionate manners of Mrs. Danvers made me feel at once at home, and when, with a kindness that would take no denial, she insisted upon my being her guest for the evening, (it was the only one at my disposal for some time,) promising me her cousin Mr. Montague's escort home, I readily consented to remain. I had hoped his entrance would dissipate Ellen's sadness, but it was not so; she still sat quiet and indifferent, and, except when obliged to do so, seldom spoke. He did not direct his attention particularly to her, though she was evidently his object; and, as his rich and well-stored mind added a charm peculiarly his own to the conversation, Ellen listened, and for the moment seemed her former self. In the course of the evening I asked her to sing, and as all joined in the request, she was obliged to comply. But, oh! how different the song from those of former days; where was the brilliant execution, the rich outpouring of the melody within? Gone, utterly. She sung a simple Scottish ballad, which more resembled a wail than a song, and I fairly wept as the sad strain floated upon the air—it told the tale of a broken heart, and I felt that it was true.

But my walk home with Mr. Montague encouraged me. Seeing the deep interest I felt in one so dear to him, he made no secret of his attachment, and, to my surprise, I found he was not without hopes of its ultimate success.

"Had her former lover," he said, "been worthy of her, or had her regard for him been founded on other than his personal attractions, I should indeed despair. Mr. Kingston is handsome and accomplished, and appeared to love her. She returned him an affection founded on the qualities he so eminently possesses, and not on those that constitute the real greatness of an immortal being. She now knows him to be unworthy, more so than perhaps you would believe, and that under his smooth and pleasing exterior, there is a cold, selfish and de-

graded heart. She does not pine for him; on the contrary, I know that if now he asked her hand, she would spurn him from her. She weeps over her broken faith and trust in human love—her peace so wounded and her heart so scathed; and if ever she loves again, it will be one as different from Mr. Kingston as the love she will then bestow is from the passion that so often usurps its name. Her mother and sister are truly judicious; and while they sympathize with her sufferings, they strive to lead her to higher aims in life than she has ever yet adopted."

I told Mr. Montague poor Lucy's story, which had by some means reached him, and did not conceal my apprehensions that Ellen's depressed and miserable state might poison the sources of her life also.

"Heaven forbid!" was his reply. "From your account I should judge their natures to be different. Your gentle Lucy must have been of a highly imaginative temperament, one calculated to cherish sorrow as a congenial guest. Ellen is not so; she is formed for happiness, and her effort is to chase away the dark destroyer's presence. Life has many charms for her, and though her feelings are keen, she possesses both energy of mind and pride of spirit. It is seldom she allows a stranger to witness her depression, and I ascribe her want of self-control this evening entirely to the associations your presence could not fail to recall. You will see her in society apparently gay. I need not tell you it is all assumed; but this very effort shows a strength that will at length be conqueror."

I hoped that he was right; and when I next saw Ellen, it was in a crowded saloon, where she was receiving the admiration her exquisite beauty could not fail to excite: but the forced smile that gave no brightness to her eye, the occasional compression of her brow and of the corners of her mouth, showed how painful was the mask she wore; and I could sometimes see her catch her breath with a sort of spasmodic effort, even while her low and silvery laugh was echoing on my ear.

Who loathes hypocrisy more than a confiding generous woman, yet who can struggle more desperately to deceive than that very woman when her confidence is blasted and her heart's best gift thrown back to her unvalued? Oh! how hateful did George Kingston appear as I looked upon her! His very beauty seemed deformity, and his other gifts the snares that lure to misery; and how my heart warmed towards his noble rival, so greatly his inferior in outward attractions, yet so truly good and worthy of the heart he coveted.

Mr. Montague was probably thirty-five. He had been highly educated, and was for many years an industrious plodding man of business. The unexpected bequest of a large fortune from a distant and eccentric relative, had suddenly raised him to affluence, and the first use of the liberty thus acquired, was to hasten to Europe, where he could indulge the tastes and pursue the studies he had been obliged to forego while earning his daily bread. In

person he was tall and dignified, though not in the least handsome; his complexion was dark, and his usual expression so grave, that when his face relaxed into a smile, the effect was that of sunshine upon a darkened landscape. After spending five years abroad, devoted most sedulously to self-improvement, he had on his return renewed his intimate association with his cousin Mrs. Danvers, and grave, sedate and studious as he was, had been captivated by the girlish grace and winning accomplishments of the lively Ellen. He knew, however, that the regard she felt for him was more that of a child for a father or a pupil towards a sage, than the tender affection he would have inspired; and he had so guarded his feelings that neither she nor her family had been aware of their nature until after her unfortunate visit to Mrs. Hammond. Then he saw she loved another, and the conviction was unutterably painful. But when after weeks and months that other seemed to have forgotten her, and Ellen's cheek and eye showed the suffering his inconstancy inflicted, then Mr. Montague's tender attentions could no longer be misunderstood by her mother and sister, though she still seemed unconscious of the feeling that actuated them.

It was an unspeakable satisfaction to Mrs. Danvers, indignant as she was at the heartless treatment of her child, to know that one she so highly valued would gladly take the wounded dove to his bosom, and cherish her with more than a parent's tenderness. Her own health was precarious, and she knew not how soon her two daughters might be left wholly unprotected; but still she would neither by word or look encourage Mr. Montague's addresses. She told him plainly that she saw Ellen's heart was seared, her feelings numbed by the chilling influence of disappointment; that her faith in man was gone, and she feared would never be revived. Mr. Montague thought differently; he said that he would not ask for Ellen's hand until he had won her heart, and that time and opportunity were all he desired. This much Mrs. Danvers herself communicated to me. She had heard through Mr. Montague of Lucy's melancholy story, and from her I learned that the same want of principle shown by Mr. Kingston in his love affairs had been more than once displayed in other matters. Lucy's fate, and Ellen's also, was therefore blessed compared with what it might have been had either become his wife. But many sad forebodings filled my heart on her account, and threw a shade of melancholy over the whole of my visit to —.

* * * * *

Three years afterward, I was again there. My home was with dearly cherished friends, and I was surrounded by all that wealth and fashion had to boast. It was towards evening. A gentleman and lady were with me in the splendid drawing-room, and before me was the sleeping Ariadne, whose beauty and grace I could now admire without

thinking of her sorrows, for the very air around me was filled with gladness. Yes, time and assiduity had worked their usual wonders, and the once desolate Ellen Danvers was now the happy bride of Edward Montague. I had stood beside her when she pronounced the vow that united them, and never had Ellen's beauty struck me more. It had been subdued and chastened by the trial she had undergone, and with the elevation of her character through the hard teachings of experience, a higher charm had been added to her whole appearance. We were all gaily discussing a fête which had just been given on their marriage, when a letter was placed in Mr. Montague's hand, and its perusal seemed strangely to affect him. Ellen was alarmed, and insisted upon knowing the cause, when her husband, after regarding her with some anxiety, drew her towards him as he said,

"My Ellen, this letter brings sad tidings of one who once was dear to you. Your sorrows, and poor Lucy Meadows' early death, have both been terribly avenged, and the unhappy George Kingston now lies a mutilated being on the borders of the grave. It is a dark story of domestic peace violated and holy ties dissolved. You know the gay and foolish Mrs. S.; her husband, in a transport of jealousy, challenged Mr. Kingston; they met, and George was dangerously wounded. A limb has been amputated in the hope of saving his life, but the result is still doubtful. May he be spared to repent of his many misdeeds."

Deep sobs were Ellen's only reply, while I recalled many circumstances that proved Mr. S——'s jealousy but too well grounded; and Mr. Montague told us further particulars of the tale of darkness. When we had finished, Ellen raised her head from her husband's shoulder, and said—

"Oh, Edward! how can I be grateful enough to Heaven for saving me from that unprincipled and worthless man; how show my sense of all the blessings now bestowed on one so selfish in her sorrow and so long unworthy of your deep devoted love?"

Mr. Montague gazed fondly into the blue eyes that were so tenderly fixed upon his own, and, as he kissed her tearful cheek, replied—

"By adoring, as we both must do, my Ellen, the Providence that has overruled even our hardest trials for our good, and made them result in our purest joys. Had you never loved this worthless man, we might have been still divided. It was your sad experience of the counterfeit that taught you the value of the true affection, and gave me the place I so long laboured to gain in your heart. I grieve over Mr. Kingston's depravity and its punishment; but was more to be expected from a career commenced in falsehood than a termination in disgrace? If he recovers, he may learn to live for something better than mere amusement, or at least to choose such as interfere less with the happiness of others."

THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FOURTH.

AFTER finding a house to their satisfaction, the Manderfield family in a few days removed thither. It was in a very pleasant, though somewhat retired street, in the western section of the town. In front was a pretty little garden blooming with flowers and flowering shrubs; and behind was one considerably larger. Three doors below, commenced a row of smaller but neat and well-finished dwellings, built for the accommodation of genteel people whose income was not above mediocrity.

The furniture of the Manderfields, being all new, was taken to the house, and completely arranged previous to the removal of the family, who, like all persons that have lived even a few weeks in lodgings, were very happy to find themselves in a house of their own. In consideration of the civilities received from Mrs. Blagden, each of the children was enabled by their parents to make her a pretty little present, which she received with great gratitude, and many compliments; assuring them that "they had quite hoped her eyes with regard to American persons, whom she now would make bold to say were nearly hequal to Henglish."

Towards the close of the day that succeeded their arrival at their new abode, Mr. Manderfield and his children were all in the front garden, weeding, watering and tying up the flowers, and debating on various improvements in the little parterre. Their voices attracted the attention of a gentleman who chanced to be passing, and when he turned his head towards them, they all recognized the stranger of St. James's park. He stopped at the iron railing while the girls put their hands through, and greeted him with smiles, and the boys ran delightedly to open the gate. Mr. Manderfield, understanding who it was, and much struck with his prepossessing appearance, now came forward, and thanked him warmly for the kindness he had shown the children on meeting them in their walks; and earnestly requested that he would come into the house, and rest himself, and be introduced to Mrs. Manderfield. "I have but just commenced my evening ramble"—replied the stranger,—after duly making his acknowledgments for the invitation,—“My residence is only six doors below yours.”

“Then you are our neighbour”—exclaimed the children—“We are so glad.”

Mr. Manderfield also expressed his pleasure,—adding a hope of seeing him frequently and uncere- moniously at the house.

“And yet”—said the stranger—“you know not

who I am—and you do not consider the possibility of hereafter discovering some objections to the cultivation of an acquaintance on your part so kindly and frankly proffered.”

“Oh! no—no!” cried the children.

“We are willing to take you on trust”—said Mr. Manderfield, with a smile. “In *my* country we are not apt to think unfavourably of a stranger unless he has given us some cause.”

“I too am an American!”—said the stranger, after a pause, in which he seemed to be struggling with some deep emotion.

The children, electrified and delighted, now gathered round him—and Juliet in finding him an American was so glad, that she forgot the hope she had at first entertained of his turning out a nobleman. Mr. Manderfield, at the stranger's announcement of his country, took his hand and shook it fervently. The old gentleman seemed much affected, and brushed a tear from his eye with his left hand, while his right trembled in the cordial grasp of his countryman. He did not speak, but took out a card, and presented it to Mr. Manderfield, who found on it the name of Winslow Serlingham. Mr. Manderfield then gave his own name,—and entreated his new friend to come in and pass the evening. Mr. Serlingham hesitated, but finally complied—saying—“The offer is so tempting, I cannot withstand it.”

Mr. Manderfield then took the arm of his guest, whose other hand was secured by little Laura, as she ran at his side; the boys following with Juliet. They found Mrs. Manderfield in the drawing-room, and her husband in presenting the stranger, said—“Our friend and countryman Mr. Serlingham.” And then explained, that this was the gentleman to whose kindness the children were so much indebted.

To be brief, Serlingham soon found himself seated at the *very American* tea-table of Mrs. Manderfield—and the conversation turned on the orchards, and the indigenous fruit trees of America.

When the repast was over, and the children sent out to take their usual evening walk, (for it wanted yet an hour of sunset,) Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield and their guest drew chairs round a front window that opened into a balcony, and through which the soft air of early summer wafted from the garden below the fragrance of such mignonette as is only found in England, and the delicious perfume of such roses as are never seen under the burning sun of America.

“Mr. Manderfield”—said Serlingham—“your home is Philadelphia. Have you been in Boston?

May I ask if you sometimes go there? It is my native place."

"I visited Boston on business, about a year since"—replied Mr. Manderfield.

"Are you acquainted with Delmour Cleland, who served in the army during the whole war of the revolution, but is now again a merchant?"—inquired Serlingham.

"Yes—Colonel Cleland, as he is still called. I have had some business transactions with him. When last in Boston I dined at his house."

"Did you—did you, indeed?"—exclaimed Serlingham, eagerly. "And his wife—did you see his wife?"

"I had that pleasure."

"Oh! Amelia!—Amelia! And can you recollect how she looked? What did you suppose her age?"

"I supposed her probably about thirty-five. I remember her well. She appeared to me a still beautiful woman with a somewhat melancholy expression in her deep blue eyes. Her eyes I perfectly recollect."

"Ah!"—said the old man,—"she has but one cause of melancholy. And how was she drest? Excuse me—it is a trifling question—but I should be so glad—it would be such a gratification to be enabled to form an idea of her whole appearance—to imagine how she looked."

"I do recollect!"—said Mr. Manderfield—"that Mrs. Cleland wore a gray silk. I remarked it because of its black trimming: having always admired the chasteness and harmony of gray and black. I also remember that she had a remarkably becoming cap."

"No doubt of it!"—said Serlingham. "She never spoke of dress—she never seemed to study it. Yet her taste was exquisite."

He then added, after a pause—"Mr. Manderfield, the minuteness of my questions must have surprised you. But you will pardon them when I tell you, that Amelia the wife of Colonel Cleland, is my daughter—my only daughter."

"I am very glad to hear it!"—said Mr. Manderfield—"as I have fortunately been able to tell you that I have seen her."

"And now!"—continued the old man, trembling with eagerness—"forgive me again—but did you see Emma—my daughter's daughter—my grandchild. A beautiful little cherub three years old. The sweetest, the loveliest, the most affectionate. Oh! did you see *her*?"

"I saw no little girl of that age!"—replied Mr. Manderfield.

"Whither am I wandering?"—exclaimed Serlingham. "Certainly you did not. I am wild when I think of her. Emma cannot always be a child. She is now fourteen."

"I did see a charming young lady, apparently about that age, whom Colonel Cleland presented to me as his daughter!"—replied Mr. Manderfield.

"Charming; indeed, she must be!"—said Serlingham. "And now if you can recollect, inform

me, as nearly as possible, how *she* looked. Yet stay—do not tell me now. Some other time I will try and nerve myself to hear it. Let me a little longer allow myself the melancholy pleasure of imagining her as she looked when last I saw her. I cannot bear to displace the image that has so many years remained in such vivid colours on my mind. They proposed last year, to send me her portrait, painted as she now is. But I declined the offer;—for I knew that if it came, I should scarcely have courage to open the box that contained it, knowing that the first glance would dispel the beloved illusion, and that I could never again think of Emma exactly as I have thought of her so long."

The old man leaned back in his chair, and held his handkerchief to his eyes; and Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield clasped each other's hands in sympathy.

"And now!"—continued Serlingham—when he had become a little composed—"tell me if you heard her speak. But it is too much to hope you have the least recollection of any thing she said."

"I am sorry to reply that I have not!"—replied Mr. Manderfield. "I know she said but little. Yet I remember that she had a sweet voice, and that I was struck with her intelligent manner of listening to the conversation."

"That she is intelligent,—and highly so,—I have the happiness of knowing from her letters. The dear little thing!—she wrote me one with a lead pencil when she was only six years old,—describing to me her new doll, and telling the feats of her two kittens. What days of happiness are those on which I receive her letters,—I always open them first, before either her mother's or her father's. And how grateful I am to my daughter and her husband for having so sedulously cherished in this darling child the affection which from her earliest infancy she showed for her doating grandfather."

Serlingham then started from his chair, and traversed the room in silent perturbation. Afterwards, he resumed his seat, and endeavoured to converse on ordinary topics—but his manner was *distracted*, and in less than half an hour, he rose and took his leave, saying with an effort to smile—"I have behaved sadly to my kind friends, on this my first visit—but I will try to do better when we meet again. In truth, I ought not to trust myself to talk of these things. But nature will break out sometimes. And it is the first time I have had the melancholy happiness of seeing one who has seen Emma. Since the day I first met your children, I have walked in all directions and visited all places where I thought it most likely to meet them, and to feast my eyes with a sight of your sweet Laura, who notwithstanding some difference in age, has so singular a resemblance to my darling grandchild."

The old gentleman then departed, amid pressing entreaties from Mr. and Mrs. Manderfield to repeat his visits as often as he felt an inclination.

"Ah!"—said Mrs. Manderfield, after Serling-

ham had departed—"how much it is to be regretted that the interests of business so often interfere with domestic happiness. The poor old gentleman—if he could only arrange his affairs so as to live always in his own country!" And looking fondly at her husband, she repeated

"Can all the wealth of India's coast
Atone for years in absence lost."

On the following morning, immediately after breakfast, Serlingham came in to request an afternoon visit from the Manderfield family; being desirous, as he said, of showing them his little garden, and some other things. The invitation was cheerfully accepted; and, as soon as dinner was over, they all repaired to the dwelling of their neighbour; and found it fitted up with much taste and neatness. His servants were an elderly man and wife. He had a good library; on the walls of which spaces had been found for an old map of North America, a plan of the town of Boston before the revolution; and also engraved portraits of Sebastian Cabot, and John Winthrop. In his little front garden, which had attracted the attention of the Manderfield family before they knew who was the occupant of the house, were two shrubs of the American laurel, one clustered with its pink blossoms, so delicately pencilled and pointed; and there was a dog-wood covered with broad white flowers. In the centre stood a young tulip tree with its large honey-cups of red and yellow shading into light green. Each parlour window was shaded by luxuriant vines of the convolvulus major, the "morning glory" of America, and at that time a rarity in England, and cultivated with much care. These were planted in capacious pots, and trained like geraniums to clamber over large fan-spreading frames.

In the back garden was a pump of very cool clear water; near which, that it might benefit by the dampness of the ground, had been planted a magnolia, which though eight years old had not yet blossomed,—but the owner still hoped, each successive season, that perhaps it would. Near it, partaking also of the moist soil, were a few tall feathery sprigs with scarcely perceptible little green berries upon them. These were cranberry plants. Among other Americanisms were some stalks of Indian corn, looking, it is true, more like those of East Jersey than of Western Pennsylvania. But the pride of the garden was a flourishing bed of Boston squashes, whose numerous large yellow blossoms gave promise of a fine crop of that vegetable. By the bye, how much we want a word, one general, comprehensive, easily-said word to express at once, what are called vegetables by American townspeople, and *sass* by American country-folks; widgeables by many of the coloured population, and wabbles by a few. It is true they are vegetable substances, but so also are fruits, and grapes, and forest-trees. The English "garden-stuff," or "garden-truck" is still worse; so are green-grocers, the people in England that sell these trucks and stuffs. We Americans are partly

accused of coining words; but we rather like the accusation. It is another proof of our inventive genius. Besides, a new country that has so many new things, could not get along without new words. Will no one coin a word, sensible and yet simple, accessible to people of all classes, and implying exclusively such things as culinary vegetables, and garden-truck. He who does this, will deserve well of his country. We know of many other words that ought to be coined, but we will reserve them for some future digression.

Notwithstanding the shortness of the time that had elapsed since their leaving America, the Manderfields were all delighted to see in a foreign land these little specimens of the productions of their own country; the seeds and plants having been sent to Serlingham by his relatives in Boston. Every vessel that came from New England (it is true that at that period they were few and far between) bringing him proofs of affectionate remembrance; including, of course, letters and newspapers.

When the guests returned to the front parlour, they found a table set out with New Haven pickled oysters, Boston biscuits, Connecticut pippins, and several other nice articles purely American. The old gentleman did the honours of the repast in the most hospitable and courtly manner; and when it was over, he took his visitors again into the library, and showed them some curious books, and a portfolio of engravings from the best British artists. Also, two new pictorial works which especially interested Juliet; one of them a selection of views of noblemen's country-seats; and the other of landscapes comprising the most picturesque of those English castles and abbeys, whose ivied ruins seem always surrounded by an atmosphere of history and romance.

While Mr. Manderfield and the young people were engaged in looking over these things, Serlingham conducted Mrs. Manderfield into the other room, and opening a closet, took out a small blue morocco trunk which stood on one of the shelves, and unlocking it he said—"I will show you something that I value most highly. And I am sure you will neither smile nor think me foolish."

He took out a little girl's white muslin frock, the bosom and sleeves trimmed with fine lace, but grown very yellow from lying by. Near it lay a broad pink-ribbon, tied in a bow with long ends. There was also a pair of little red morocco shoes, with silver clasps engraved E. C.

The old gentleman took the dress in his hand, and said with a voice of deep emotion—"This is Emma's frock. And here is her sash. The empty ribbon is tied in the same manner as when it encircled her waist. And those are her shoes. But her dear little feet are not in them now. She wore these things on the day I left America; when for the last time I held her in my arms, and her dimpled white hands were clasped round my neck, and her soft bright curls rested on my cheek, and were wet with the tears that streamed from my eyes;

for,—I will not conceal it,—I wept as sadly as did the sweet loving child herself. Oh! what an effort it was to put her into her mother's arms, and turn away to see her no more. Twice I made that desperate effort; and still I turned back, and kissed her once again. When I wrote by the pilot, I implored Amelia to send me by the next ship, the dress worn by her lovely child on the melancholy day of our parting. This was done,—and these mementoes of my little granddaughter arrived in London but a fortnight after myself. A ringlet of her beautiful hair I had brought with me; and when I am dead, it shall be buried in my right hand. It is in that little silver box. I would show it to you. But I think, to-day, I cannot. Oh! Mrs. Manderfield! you know not how your charming little Laura reminds of my Emma; notwithstanding the slight difference in their ages. The likeness is most extraordinary. It is said (and I believe it) that whenever there is found between two persons who are unconnected as kindred, a striking resemblance in features, and expression, there is the same similarity in mind and heart."

"I have myself imbibed the same idea"—said Mrs. Manderfield—"and experience has always borne it out."

"This"—continued Serlingham—"I hope will excuse my presuming to make acquaintance with your children, when I saw them accidentally in the park; and also my desire to improve that acquaintance as often as I had the happiness of meeting them. And then, too, they were American children—bright; joyous; and natural. But let us return to them, in the library."

He then led the conversation to a cheerful subject, and shortly afterwards his guests took leave, and returned to their own house.

The intimacy between Serlingham and the Manderfields increased every day. He proved a most excellent neighbour, and being also a gentleman he had too much tact to be obtrusive or officious. He walked with the children, (whose eyes always brightened at the sight of him,) took them to see places and things worthy of note, related to them amusing and interesting anecdotes,—and in short, a day seemed to want its zest, if in the course of it they saw nothing of their good old friend. Of his beloved Emma he seemed at times almost afraid to trust himself to speak; but he often looked silently at her resemblance in Laura Manderfield, till he was obliged to turn away to conceal his emotion.

Having just received some American newspapers which he was desirous of showing to the old gentleman, Mr. Manderfield repaired to the dwelling of his neighbour, whom he found in the library. The arrival of a new minister from the United States to the Court of St. James was mentioned. The ambassador had already reached London, and had taken apartments, for the present, at one of the principal hotels. "We will go to-morrow and pay our respects to him"—said Mr. Manderfield. "At what hour shall I call for you?"

Serlingham changed colour, and said—"Excuse me—I never pay visits of ceremony. And I do not know this gentleman."

"But he is the representative of our nation"—urged Mr. Manderfield. "Surely you will not be deficient in the observances due to his office. Also, does not his high character for talent, integrity, and eloquence, render it desirable to know him as a man?"

"True—most true—yet still I cannot accompany you to visit him."

"Well then"—continued Mr. Manderfield—"Wednesday is the Fourth of July—you will see him at the American dinner. Shall I get your ticket with mine? I am going that way this morning."

Serlingham remained silent, and threw himself back in his chair. At last he said—"I cannot be introduced to the American minister. I cannot go to the Fourth of July festival. Now, or ever."

"Are you not really an American?"—inquired Mr. Manderfield in some surprise.

"Yes—I am—I am a native American; and so was my father, and so were both my grandfathers. But I cannot meet my countrymen on the anniversary of the day from whence they date their independence. It is a glorious day for them. I know, I feel that it is. But I am no fellow-citizen of theirs. And I dare not present myself to the representative of their glorious republic—for glorious I see that it will be. Mr. Manderfield, you look as if a light was dawning upon you. Have you never suspected it before? You guess rightly. It is so. It is ——" And covering his face with his hands the old man exclaimed—"I confess it, in shame, and agony—I am a refugee."

Mr. Manderfield looked at him silently, and in deep commiseration, while the unhappy Serlingham bent his forehead down to the table, and clasped his hands above it. In a few minutes he raised his head, and said, despairingly—"Yes—you see before you a refugee, a royalist—a pensioner of England—living on a stipend granted by that government from whose chains his brave countrymen broke loose. You now perceive the fatal gulf that divides me for ever from the land of my birth, and from all that on earth I hold dear. My daughter's husband Colonel Cleland, who fought long and gallantly for the cause his father-in-law endeavoured to betray! My Amelia—my only child—over whose life I have cast a shadow which can never be dispelled! And their darling, darling little girl—my Emma, whom I love beyond any thing on earth! I am sundered from them all—and by my own act. And no one mentions my name to them—my dishonoured name. No one asks them if I am living or dead. To spare their feelings, no one even alludes to me in their presence. But when my children are *not* present—then there is no restraint—then Winslow Serlingham is spoken of—as he deserves. Yes—you now know what has separated me from my loved ones; and that in this world I can meet them no more."

"Will they not come over to see you?"—inquired Mr. Manderfield.

"Gladly would they do so—and they have proposed it more than once. But tempting, as was the offer, I have rejected it. All the happiness of seeing them again would be embittered by knowing that every hour would bring us nearer to another parting. And that second parting, I could not live and endure. How could I continue to exist after they were all gone, leaving me to my loneliness and desolation. America must always be the home of my son-in-law and his family; and mine it can never be again. In this world I shall see them no more. Oh! that lovely child—she is always before me. Her infant beauty—her innocence—her sweetness—her affectionate little heart—the brightness and intelligence of her dawning mind. I recall continually all her winning little ways—the amusing things she said and did—I seem to recollect them every one. Sometimes I dream of her. I hope I shall to-night. But how sad is the waking from such dreams."

"Yet now"—said Mr. Manderfield—"now that all is amicably settled, the federal government firmly established, and prospering beyond the hopes even of its illustrious founders—now that no farther danger can be apprehended from those persons who from principle adhered to the cause of monarchy—surely some arrangement might be made which would enable you to return to America."

"And under what circumstances would I return?"—answered Serlingham. "Hear my confession. I was once opulent in condition, respectable in character. I numbered among my friends all the principal men of New England. My house was one of the best in Boston; a noble mansion surrounded by a shrubbery and shaded by beautiful trees, whose blossoms in the spring filled the air with fragrance. I had horses, carriages, and servants in livery. I lived well and hospitably. My first grief was caused by the loss of my wife, who died about ten years after our marriage, leaving no child but my Amelia. My daughter's looks resembled mine; but in her little Emma I traced an extraordinary likeness to my beloved wife. I never

married again. My daughter at the age of seventeen was united to the man of her choice, sanctioned by my warm approval. We all lived together in as much felicity as can fall to the lot of human beings, till the troubles between young America and her parent country assumed a threatening aspect on both sides. My son-in-law and myself began to differ widely in our political opinions. In my youth I had been sent to England for my education, and I graduated at Oxford; after which, I spent a year in London; the companion of young noblemen, and a frequent guest at the magnificent mansions of the British aristocracy. I imbibed a predilection for the time-worn institutions of England; for the system of privileged orders; hereditary successions; and for royalty as the capital of the lofty column which I believed had a right to look proudly down upon the whole universe. By means of some of my noble friends, I became acquainted with two of the king's sons, the Dukes of York and Clarence—and I was foolishly dazzled with the honour of being seen in social intercourse with princes. I came home, with regret: but my attention was soon engaged in an extensive and profitable business. I married one of the loveliest of women,—whose loss was all that embittered my happiness, previous to the outbreak of the revolution. From the beginning, I had opposed the appeal to arms, and the defiance of all authority emanating from the British government. I loved America (and deeply, intensely do I love her still), but I regarded her as a wayward and turbulent child, eager to catch at every pretext for throwing off the yoke of that country to whose hardy and enterprising colonists, she owed her existence. I predicted the wildest and most lawless anarchy, should the rebellion, as I called it, be crowned with success. Thank Heaven, I have lived to see that my prediction was not verified. I considered it the duty of every good citizen to throw what obstacles he could in the way of the rebels that they might the sooner be induced to abandon their enterprise and return to their allegiance. In a word I became a tory."

(To be continued.)

HELPS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

I KNOW nothing more calculated to make one regret that the West Roxbury appreciation of manual labour is not universal, than a visit to the abodes of the white poor in a Southern state. Here is indeed poverty unmitigated, hopeless; for it is inseparably associated with the idea of degradation. There is no resource for the daughters of toil, except that of earning a scanty subsistence by their needle; and even in this they have to encounter "opposi-

tion" from the pampered blacks, who can of course afford to work for a much lower compensation. Domestic service is out of the question; labour of that sort being regarded as degrading, because it is usually performed by slaves. This state of things places a gulf, if I may so speak, in regard to social intercourse between women of the higher and lower classes. Consequently it removes the latter from the sympathy of the former; for we cannot feel for

suffering we do not see. How much bitterness may be bound up in the heart of her who in the brief and infrequent interviews she may have with her superior, dares not speak her griefs; who repines day by day under a burthen she thinks ought not to be borne!

In various parts of our country we may find reason to be vexed or amused, as we belong to the weeping or laughing school of philosophy, at the want of recognition of distinctions in society. The western damsel who condescends to become a "help" till she can earn sufficient to procure a new outfit, or pay for a winter's schooling, illustrates her idea of independence by asserting her social equality with her employers; and would rather give up a good place than bate one jot of her imagined dignity. But though anxious to prove that she "is as good as any body else," provided this is admitted, she disdains no manner of labour. She spares not the toil of her hands, when once convinced that it detracts nothing from her respectability. Now she is at all this pains, not because she herself does not highly estimate the dignity of her vocation, but because she fears it may be undervalued in other eyes. The southern poor woman, on the contrary, regards her own position in the light in which she imagines it appears to those whom fortune has placed above her, but whose superiority she is not willing to admit. The necessity of manual labour she esteems the greatest evil that could befall her. With a discontented wish to imitate in appearance, at least, her more fortunate neighbours, she carefully hides the poverty which the western damsel would openly acknowledge. Enter the dwelling of one of these individuals; you will find it scantily furnished, but tended by a black servant, if the inmates can possibly keep one. The females will appear in a dress thin and comfortless enough, belike, but having some pretension to finery and fashion; such probably as but mocks the misery it strives to hide. Every attempt will be made to present the exterior of refinement and lady-like elegance, the forms of wealthy life will be scrupulously observed, and "the young ladies," if there are any daughters, will appear as delicate and unused to labour as if they had been brought up in the lap of indulgence. At this cold and hollow seeming, your sympathies are naturally chilled; your kindness is perhaps met with formality, and your visit shortened. It is harder to respect the feeling that causes this foolish affectation than the intrusive freedom of the other, but it really deserves pity, for it adds incalculably to the suffering of the poor. It is an undertaking worthy the efforts of female charity in the higher ranks of life, to remove it. This, by judicious exertion, can be done, and far more happiness will thereby be secured to the numerous poor than if they were lifted into affluence. The proud heart can be softened, but it must be by a continuance of good offices, by *convincing* these sad beings that there is nothing necessarily humiliating in their portion of the doom denounced on the whole human race.

An instance occurs to me as I write, which illustrates my remark concerning "the help" of the north and west. A friend who went from the city to settle in the western part of New York several years since, on going to housekeeping, engaged the services of a stout damsel living with her parents some ten miles distant. She arrived late at night, and was shown to her room. The next morning she rose early, prepared breakfast, summoned her employers, and seating herself, requested them to be seated. The gentleman of the house, somewhat startled, said that he and his wife had been accustomed to eat alone. "Very well," replied the cool "help," "then I will finish my breakfast first." The master and mistress waited for her to conclude her repast, then sat down as she desired them, hardly knowing whether to be angry or amused at so novel an occurrence. When breakfast was over, the girl came and requested that the carriage might be ordered to convey her home, as the place did not suit her. While the gentleman stood embarrassed at this unexpected demand, she ended by informing him she was ready to discharge her bill for night's lodging and breakfast.

Now there was ignorance, but I will venture to say, no intentional impertinence in all this. The girl had sturdy notions of equality between herself and her employers instilled into her, probably from earliest infancy, and was determined to resist every endeavour on their part to violate these first principles. It required more philosophy than she could be expected to have learned, to reconcile her to the appearance of subordination. And I warrant me she never dreamed of offering an insult in asking for her bill. The acting out of such independence is rather troublesome, but can we help admiring it in the abstract?

While upon the subject, I cannot forbear adding an instance that fell under my own observation, which shows in a way rather uncommon, the advantage of a proper estimate of these relations. Hester H. was a girl of too much sense, and I may add, too much pride, not to perceive that she was most respectable in her own place, and thus never made any attempt to elevate herself by intruding upon the rights of others. She performed her duties quietly, and with a calm consciousness of the important situation she occupied in the household, but declined the frequent invitations of the mistress of the mansion, an old lady who loved gossip with her tea, to take a seat at her table when she was alone. Hester did not imagine that this privilege could add to her dignity, and refused it because she felt more at home when presiding at the table in the kitchen. But she gave her sympathies freely to the joys and sorrows of her employers. She shed tears when the lady's best horse died, and grieved on her account when the fruit was killed by frost; she was pleased at whatever pleased the mistress, and was in no ways backward to express her satisfaction. Nay more, she laughed heartily sometimes at the jokes of the lady's nephew, who had just returned from the city, whither he went to purchase goods

for his fall stock. And by her good humoured smile when she opened the door for him after every body else had retired, (the young man was courting a fair neighbour,) she showed him she understood what he was about, and wished him success with all her heart. But she never went further than this quiet and matter-of-course way of identifying herself with the family. She never ventured to advise Mrs. —, unless her advice was previously asked, nor to banter Mr. L. about Miss Fanny, though some others of the domestics did so. Hester was decidedly "a treasure of a help."

One evening Mr. L. came home earlier than usual, evidently vexed and dispirited. He walked up stairs hastily, then came down again, paced the parlour several times, and finally seized his hat, and hurried out. For several days his ill humour continued, and Hester remarked that instead of going out in the evenings according to his wont, he sat down and read the papers, or seemed to read, for his eyes wandered unmeaningly over the page. Something certainly had happened, something which he could not, perhaps dared not, mention to his aunt; perhaps a misfortune in business, which might ultimately reduce him to poverty! The faithful domestic was concerned, and many were the acts of kindness that showed her silent sympathy. So ready, though inobtrusive, were her good offices, so unwearied, yet delicate, her attentions to both aunt and nephew under this impression, that the lady caught herself several times expatiating on the excellence of her maid, and declaring that her equal could not be found in the country.

All this doubtless had its effect. Mr. L.'s misfortune was not precisely in the way of "business." Miss Fanny had refused him for a handsomer suitor. He was disappointed, but pride forbade him to show that he suffered, and the hidden wound, as such wounds generally do, soon healed.

One morning, some little time after, Mr. L. descended into the kitchen to fetch some hotshaving water, and lingered, glancing uneasily at Hester, as though he had something on his mind.

"Hester," said he at length, suddenly, "would you like to be married?"

"La, sir, what a question! But, since you ask, I do expect to be married some time in my life, like other girls."

"Have you ever been engaged?"

"Oh! no, sir."

"What would you think of me for a husband?"

"Of you, sir?"

"Yes—of me—but I see you are startled. I give you till to-morrow for consideration. I have been disappointed, and now know of none who will suit me as well as yourself. Consider before you say whether you will marry me or not."

He then retreated, leaving the poor girl almost petrified. Many were the complaints of his aunt that morning of the breakfast; the salt had been put into the coffee, the fish burnt to a crisp; it was a thing unheard of for Hester to be so careless! That morning, after the work was quite finished, and the kitchen put in order, Hester presented herself in the lady's apartment, and timidly requested her to provide herself with another "help."

"Why, what is the matter, Hester? Are you not satisfied with me?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, but—but—I am going to be married."

"Married? I knew nothing of this! Married—to whom?"

"Mr. L., ma'am."

Mrs. —'s surprise and vexation knew no bounds, but Hester took it quietly, for she really saw no reason why she should not be the choice of Mr. L. According to her ideas, the conventional distinctions she had submitted to while in his aunt's house, placed no real barrier between them. And who shall say she was not right? None, certainly, who saw her afterwards as Mrs. L., fulfilling the duties of wife, mother and mistress of the household as quietly, and with as much dignified sobriety as she had the duties of her former station. None of those with whom she associated as an equal after her marriage, and who could not discover in her ignorance or want of breeding, her good sense having led her to supply, by patient study and by observation, the deficiencies of her early education.

There are few "helps" like Hester L., I must acknowledge; indeed I always think of her as a worthy impersonation of the true independence of our country. She would have shown this independence in adversity as well as in prosperity, and perhaps its exhibition would have been less difficult had it been her lot to sink into a lower sphere, instead of rising to a higher one.

But though her sort of independence is most rare, and very unlikely to meet the reward hers did, or to be tried by the same test, it may well be recommended to the imitation of her sisters, whether of the north or south.

LIFE.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH

LIFE, says the cynic, is a dusty road,
Thorn-paven, verdureless, and Death the goal,
Where, tired of its companionship, the soul
Throws off its worthless clay—a weary load—
And more we know not—though of its abode
Conjecture frames a thousand idle dreams,
All vague alike and vain—so Reason deems.

Life, says the Christian, is a gift bestowed
By the All-Good, who bids us use its hours
Wisely, as still they pass on rapid wing,
And each shall its peculiar blessing bring
In peace of mind and renovated powers.
Thus live, and Death shall shake his dart in vain,
Since his brief triumph is thine endless gain!

THE PRINCETON GRAND MARCH,

AS PERFORMED BY THE WASHINGTON GRAYS BRASS BAND:

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE

BY J. WIELAND,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY THEM TO

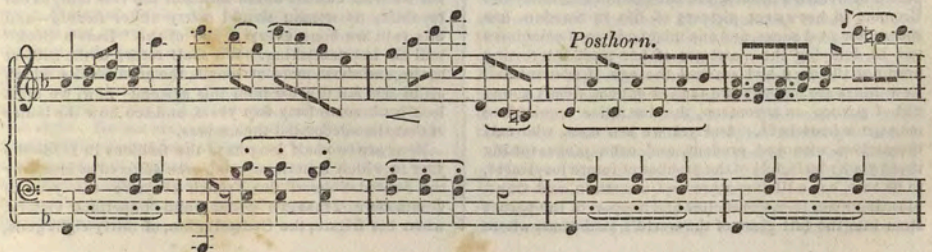
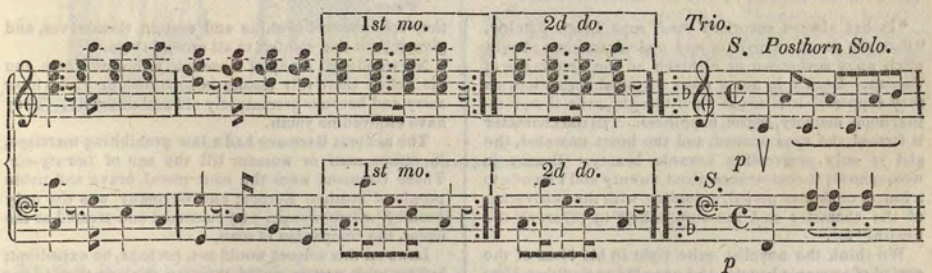
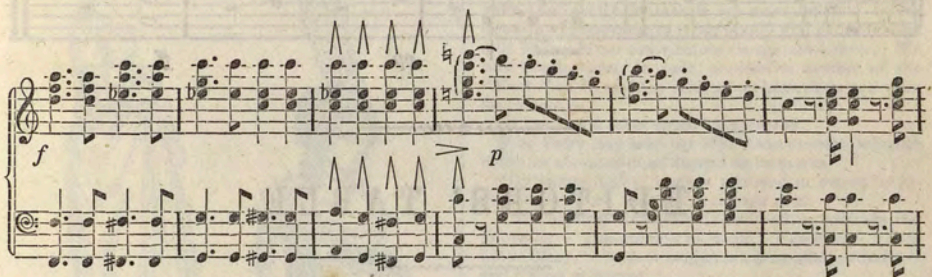
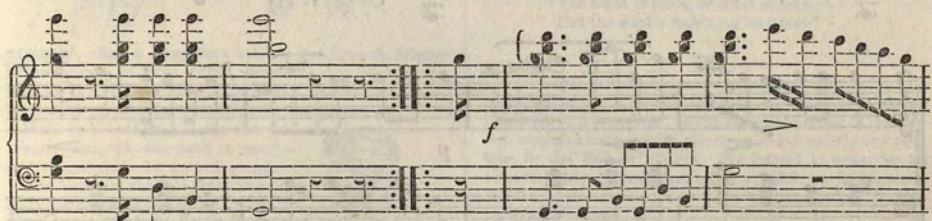
MRS. CATHARINE E. STOCKTON,

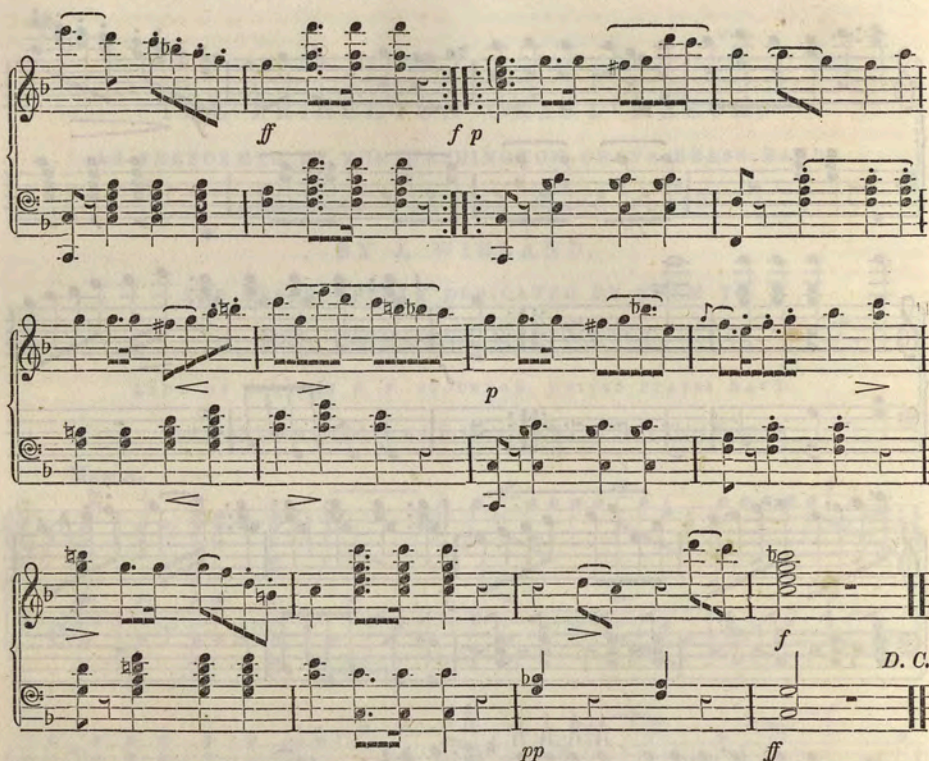
LADY OF CAPTAIN R. F. STOCKTON, UNITED STATES NAVY.

This march is now publishing at J. G. Osbourn's, No. 112 South Third Street.

MARCH.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a forte dynamic marking (f). The melody in the treble staff features a series of eighth-note runs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The second system continues the melody and includes a crescendo hairpin and a 'dol.' (dolce) marking. The third system features a piano (p) dynamic marking and continues the melodic and harmonic development. The fourth system concludes the piece with a final melodic flourish and a piano (p) dynamic marking. The score is enclosed in a decorative border.





EDITORS' TABLE.

"It has always surprised me," says Leigh Ritchie, "that the romance writers and melo-dramatists should pitch upon seventeen or eighteen as the heroic age of woman. Beauty is not a mere physical formation, as they suppose;—it is made up of thought, sensation, feeling, hope, memory, regret, happiness. Till the character is formed, the eyes opened, and the heart unsealed, the girl is only progressing towards beauty. Beauty is womanhood; it commences about twenty and extends to a longer or shorter period, according with the cultivation of the character and the care taken to preserve the health," &c.

We think the novelist quite right in his ideas of the period of woman's beauty, and are glad to find that Miss Bremer, in her sweet pictures of life in Sweden, has shown her good sense, and one might add good principles too, in delaying the marriages of her most interesting heroines till they had reached the age of womanhood. Few things are more absurd than to expect, from a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, the discretion requisite to manage a household. And yet we see men, who call themselves wise and prudent, and even *pious*, taking these young buds, full of the promise of future loveliness, to be sure, but still immature and uncertain, and transplanting them from the shelter and support of the parent stem into the full glare of the world's sunbeams, where

they are expected to shine and sustain themselves, and give delight and comfort to all around them.

No wonder so many of these early flowers droop and die before their full beauty is unfolded, or else wither away and become prematurely old and unlovely. They have enjoyed no youth.

The ancient Germans had a law prohibiting marriage, in either man or woman, till the age of *twenty-six*. These Germans were the most moral, brave and noble people of heathen Europe; and Germany was the only country where woman was esteemed and treated as the equal, the companion of man.

Laws on this subject would not, perhaps, be expedient; but we wish custom would sanction the rule that, in our republic, no woman should marry under *twenty*—and this rule we hope every reader of the "Lady's Book" will aid in establishing. We shall return to the subject again, and show, more at length, the good results which could not fail to arise from this system;—now, we must look back some forty-five years, and see how the ladies of that time decorated themselves.

Here are two half lengths of the fashions in 1798—the year in which American commerce suffered so much by the depredations of the French cruizers—the year of Commodore Truxton's gallant and important victory, when his frigate, the *Constellation*, of thirty-eight guns,



captured, after a desperate action, the French frigate L'Insurgente, of forty guns! May the men of America be always thus true, noble and brave, and the women—be worthy of their love and esteem and protection!

Here is a half-length for the following year, '99—the head covered—not ornamented—by a netting cap.

And here are the full dress and the walking costume of 1800—the beginning of a new century, which, thus far in its progress, has developed most astonishingly the resources of mechanical arts, and better applied them to human convenience, comfort and improvement, than has ever before, in the history of the world, been effected. And we think, among



other improvements, that the ladies have greatly and decidedly improved their fashions of dress. Look on these pictures, and then turn to our "Fashion Plate," and thank the Publisher of the "Lady's Book" for thus showing, by contrast, the beauty and becomingness of our present costume. But remember, my dear young lady, while studying, by a becoming dress, to render yourself more lovely, more attractive, that a higher aim must influence your conduct, if you would preserve the heart your charms may win—to make your mind and character worthy of esteem.

"For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case?"

Our Correspondents are so numerous, that we find it quite out of the question to reply, by letter, to all their inquiries and requests. So we have concluded to resume our communication with them, as was formerly our custom, in the Editors' Table. We intend to examine, as expeditiously as possible, *all* the MSS. on hand, some of which, we confess, have been waiting in our drawer two years or more.

We regret that this duty has been so long delayed; but the quantity of paper, pink, green and blue, (to say nothing of white, which is usually prose,) covered with rhyme if not with reason, which is continually pouring in upon us, has discouraged us, and made us procrastinate the attempt to go through with what seemed a never-ending task. But Troy was taken, and Bunker Hill Monument is finished!—these, however, were "man's work;"—still we remember that Scheherizade told a thousand and one stories, and Graciosa assorted the feathers of nine hundred and ninety-nine birds, (with the help of the fairies, which we shall straightway invoke,) and surely our task is not more difficult. So patience and perseverance is our motto—and patience must still be that of our contributors, though not forever. We now shall report, in each successive number of the "Book," on all articles sent, as we have room and time for the notice.

"I know that other skies," is accepted.

Miss Peery may send her MS. if she chooses; whether it can be accepted must depend on its merits.

"Christmas Night" was not received in season for insertion, and must wait till December next.

"The Mystery Resolved" is declined; so also are the following—"Communion of Souls," "Petition," "Sonnet to Mary,"—(a poor sonnet is a poor affair indeed!)—and "Song of Spring."

"Want of Principle" is well written, but on the whole we think it not best to publish it. The author can have it.

Several answers to "An Advertisement for a Wife" have been received, besides those published, but we had no room for them.

The "Lady's Book" has been sent to "Emily L——."

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Mr. R. G. Berford, 101 Chestnut St., has received "Harper's Pictorial Bible, No. 1," and Harper's edition of James's last novel, entitled "*Arabella Stuart*," one of the best historical novels extant. It combines all the separate charms of truth and fiction, history and romance. Mr. Berford also has the "*Lady Annabel*," a romance by an American author, full of interest, and written in a very rich style. He has also a supply of Miss Pickering's last novel, "*The Grumbler*." This story is exceedingly interesting and well written. We have enjoyed the perusal of it greatly; and cannot but regret that it is indeed the last work we can hope to see of its accomplished and lamented author.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have issued a second (complete) edition of the "*Furmer's Encyclopedia*," which we have so frequently taken occasion to commend to the favour of our country friends while it was coming out in numbers. No farm or plantation should be without this work. The hints it supplies in every department of agriculture and its collateral arts, are invaluable. The same firm publishes the illustrated edition of "*Tom Burke of Ours*."

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have just published "*Letters of Horace Walpole, earl of Orford, to Sir Horace Mann, His Britannic Majesty's Resident at the Court of Florence, from 1760 to 1785, now first published from the original MSS. (Concluding Series.)*" All the world

knows Horace Walpole's merit as a letter writer. He writes in a more charming style than any one else. Byron, Cowper, and Lady Mary Wortley Montague do not surpass him in style, and none of them approaches him in the historical value of their letters. Take the four volumes already published by Lea & Blanchard, and these additional letters, and you have no need of a court journal for the reign of George III, or George II, scarcely even for a newspaper; for he tells every thing. Literary, artistical and political gossip, the last election, the last battle, the last tea party, how much Charles Fox lost at cards, and how the Duchess of Kingston dressed at the Fete Champetre—it is all the same to him—every thing is fish that comes to his net. His incomparable style gives a charm to trifles which, in other hands, would be pronounced dull, stale and unprofitable. We are glad that the series is now complete.

"*White's Universal History*," edited by Professor Hart, of the High School, Philadelphia, has just been published by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard. This work is intended for schools and colleges, and for private students. The plan is similar to Muller's, carrying forward the history by centuries. At the beginning of each century is a synopsis, which will be found very serviceable for reference. The work having been brought out under the editorial care of Professor Hart, its general excellence and correctness may be taken for granted. For the purposes of the general reader and private student, we consider this the most comprehensive and useful compend of general history that we have ever seen. Professor Hart has supplied the American history, and a copious set of questions for examination of classes.

Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston have published "*A Whisper to a Newly Married Pair*." A pocket volume, full of excellent advice. Much of the preceptive part of the book will be found applicable long after the honey moon is over.

"*Miss Leslie's House Book*." All the world knows the excellence of Miss Leslie's Cookery Book; but we are under the impression that the transcendent merits of the "*House Book*" are not so generally appreciated. Our attention was called to it, the other day, by the accident of spilling ink, called *indelible*, on a costly pocket handkerchief. How to remove an indelible stain seemed a very difficult problem. "Perhaps," says a friend, "there is a receipt for the purpose in the *House Book*. It seems to have receipts for every thing in the world. Let us see if that will do the impossible for us." On turning to the book, sure enough, there we had it all laid down, chapter and verse, how to take out *indelible* ink. It was tried with success. The splendid handkerchief was saved; and Miss Leslie's reputation as a conjuror is firmly established. The *House Book* is, in point of fact, one of the most valuable possessions a housekeeper can have. The time and money and valuable property saved by using it constantly for reference, amounts in a twelvemonth to fifty times the cost of the volume.

Mr. R. G. Berford has sent us a copy of Neal's "*Charcoal Sketches*." We are happy to observe that this, the Tenth edition, is published in a cheap form with the embellishments, for we are anxious for all classes of people to enjoy the exquisite humour and excellent moral lessons of these admirable papers. To be "merry and wise" is not the gift of all writers who aspire to distinction in these latter days. It takes the pen of a thoughtful, observant, and truly philosophic writer, to convey truths of the deepest moment to mankind under the guise of broad, laughter-moving, irresistibly comic sketches, like those in this unpretending little volume—unpretending, like its accomplished author, who executes his admirable delineations without apparent effort; and "makes large eyes," in his astonishment at the applause they elicit from the best judges of composition in America and Europe.

Mr. Berford sends also "*The Omnibus*," a collection of some half a dozen of the most popular recent tales, done up in one cheap cahier; "*Hans of Iceland*," by Victor Hugo; and the "*Unloved One*," by our old favourite, Mrs. Hofland, one of the best writers in England.

We trust that our readers will not confound Mr. R. G. Berford, the worthy and enterprising publisher and periodical agent, with a fellow calling himself R. Berford, who has, in some remote parts of the land, assumed his name, and whom we have found it necessary to advertise on our cover in consequence of his impositions on the public.

Mr. Berford has also sent us Lover's delightful novel of "*Rory O'More*," Lea & Blanchard's edition. Also "*The Heretic*," translated from the Russian of Lajetchnikoff, an excellent tale, Harpers' edition.

Mr. Berford's repository and mart of cheap literature, No. 101 Chestnut St., is one of the most extensive and best supplied in the country. He receives every thing in the cheap pamphlet and periodical line at the earliest date, and transmits to order packages to any part of the country by mail or express.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have issued the fourth and fifth volumes of Miss Agnes Strickland's "*Queens of England*," one of the best historical productions of our time. It is beautifully printed on fine white paper.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Fig. 1.—A dress of rich lavender gros des Indes; the skirt full and corsage half high; sleeves are made perfectly plain, and over which is worn a splendid mantilla of white figured tulle, encircled with a broad volant of lace. Transparent white bonnet entirely covered on the exterior with a magnificent white lace; the crown prettily decorated on the right side with a demi garland of white roses.

Fig. 2.—Dress of striped Balzarine; skirt decorated with two broad volants put on nearly plain; corsage high, trimmed with folds from the shoulder to the point of the waist; straight and tight sleeves; finished with a ruffle at the top of the sleeve and with a cap and folds to match the waist. Straw bonnet trimmed with plain ribbon.

Fig. 3.—A morning dress of white cashmere; the front of the skirt trimmed with a facing of pink; tight and high corsage, finished with a square collar, full hanging sleeves, bordered and faced to match the skirt. Under dress of null muslin, trimmed round the bottom with two embroideries. Cap of light spotted lace, decorated with roses—this cap is considered the neatest of the season, and is universally admired.

Balzarines, plaid silks, a new style of lawn, with a lace stripe in it, and brocade lawns, are to be the prevailing spring wear. The balzarines are mostly stripes and plaids. There are a great variety of these articles to be found at our fashionable dry goods stores.

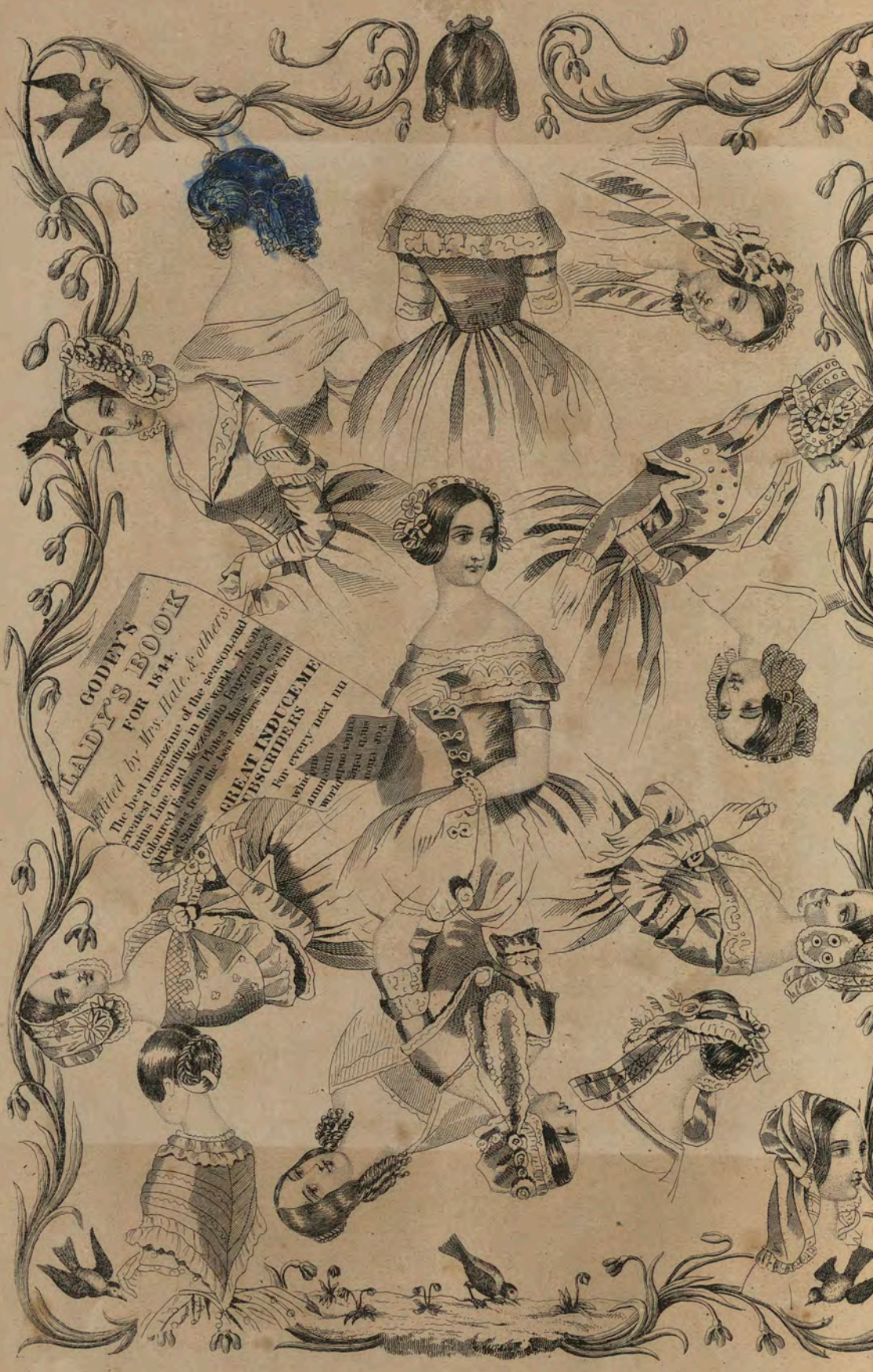
OUR PLATES AND FASHIONS.

Paul and Virginia, in our last number, we are pleased to find, gave great satisfaction to our fifty thousand readers. It is indeed a sweet and touching picture. That of Laurel Hill, beautiful as it is, gives but a faint idea of that resting place of the dead. Our friends from abroad should not neglect an opportunity of visiting it while sojourning in our city.

The Promenade in this number represents two Spanish females—but why attempt to describe what Alice Hervey's sweet poetry has already done. The Pastor's Visit, a tale of Canada, is from the burin of Dick, and is a domestic picture worth examining. The figures of the children are particularly well drawn, and the grouping shows the hand of a master.

"We believe no number of any magazine was ever before issued, whose contributions were all from ladies. And this ought to prove, more than pages of assertion, which of the periodicals claiming to be devoted to the ladies, is most especially so."

The above we cut from a contemporary. We insert it for the purpose of saying that our neighbour is wrong in his supposition. We have in three instances published monthly numbers filled only with contributions from lady writers, and were the first to do so.



LADY'S BOOK
FOR 1844.

Edited by Mrs. Hale, & others.
The best magazine of the season, and
contains the most valuable and
valuable information in the world. It con-
tains the latest fashions, music, and con-
tains the most valuable information in the
world.

GREAT INDUCEMENT
TO SUBSCRIBERS

For every text in
the book
sent to the
subscriber
without cost

For every
text in
the book
sent to the
subscriber
without cost



D. Macise, F.A.

A.L. Dick

MAY DAY MORNING.

Engraved for - Goddard's Ladies' Bitch

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

MAY, 1844.

A SONG FOR MAY-DAY MORNING.

BY ALICE HERVEY.

(See Plate.)

Borne on the April winds
I heard a joyous strain,
And as the light breeze rose and fell,
So with alternate sink and swell,
It floated o'er the plain.

And clearly might you hear
The burden of the lay,
As with sweet voices, ringing free,
There sang a band of sisters three,
"Come forth, come forth, sweet May.

"The insect on the wing,
The bird upon the spray,
The wild-flower bending o'er the rill,
The tree whose leaves are folded still,
Wait for thy step, sweet May."

And at their bidding, comes
A maiden young and fair;
Her cheeks are blushing like the rose,
And round her slender figure flows
Her soft and golden hair.

A garland of wild flowers
Is wreathed around her head,
Well pleased, I meet her sparkling glance,

And see her springing step advance
Over the verdant mead.

And as her fairy step
Touched lightly on the ground,
The primrose bloomed, the cowslip sprung,
And violets their odours flung
Upon the air around.

Then burst from every grove
A chorus sweet to hear,
From birds on every waving bough,
Singing their sweetest carols now
That Spring and May are here.

And then from every cot
Comes forth a joyous crowd,
Of boys and girls who seek for flowrets,
And welcome in the Spring's first hours
With songs and laughter loud.

And still the sisters three
Sang on in chorus gay,
"Come forth, young May, with flowrets bound,
Of all the months that circle round;
We crown thee Queen, O May."

SKETCHES OF PARIS.

BY A PARISIAN.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.



GRISSETTES AT THE THEATRE.

THE Paris grisettes are very fond of the theatre and of actors. They have also a tender consideration for authors, because they write plays; because they belong to what they call *the shop*; and every thing belonging to the shop ranks very high in their estimation. To them an actor is a god, an author a demi-god, a dancer a quarter of a god, and, in their eyes, the lamp-lighters, prompters, carpenters, dressers, etc., have also each their little portion of divinity.

Wherever a grisette beholds an actor in the street, in the Boulevard, her eyes brighten, her face becomes animated; she slackens her pace, and turns round time after time to look at him. If a friend is with her, she will give her a push in the side with her elbow, saying—

“Look! there is the gentleman who plays so well. We saw him at the *Gaité*, where we cried so much. He played an old man; and see how young he is really. It is astonishing how they can disguise themselves!”

“Perhaps it is not the same one,” replies the friend, in a very soft voice.

“Oh! but I am sure it is. Look how small his feet are; I remarked that before.”

In general, the grisettes admire the drama, and pieces particularly where there are strong emotions excited. At the *Ambigu*, the *Gaité*, the *Folies Dramatiques*, and at the circus, they are admitted into the pit, and they range from thence to the second gallery. Some go to the third gallery; but they are those who do not understand the story of the melo-drama, and who begin to crack nuts at the most interesting moment—hard working people with cravats round their throats. But grisettes who have some respect for themselves never enter this place. They leave it for boys, chestnut vendors, mothers of the actresses, and throwers of apple-peelings, which last class prefer an elevated post overlooking the whole house.

When a grisette goes to the theatre, she either goes without her dinner or else eats it in a great hurry. Her delight takes away her appetite, and besides she knows she will make up for it between the acts.

She gets there early. She wants to see every thing, and to get a good seat. If she goes into the second gallery, she wants a front place; if in the pit, she prefers to get close to the orchestra, because she can have a better view of the actors there, and because there is the little partition to lean on; and this is a matter of some importance upon going into a place at five o'clock with the intention of remaining till near midnight.

But the grisette seldom goes to the theatre alone. It is necessary to have a friend to communicate one's emotions to, and to whom one can talk about the piece, the actors, and the actresses; because if a grisette had to sit still for a whole evening without talking, she would find it very dull; so they go together in companies of four, five or six, and sometimes more.

“Come, let us sit here.”

“No, no, Dedelle, go farther down. We shall be better so.”

“No, not here; the light hurts my eyes. We had better be at the side.”

“What nonsense, Louise. We had much better be in front; the light will do us no harm. I tell you we are right as we are.”

They place themselves on a front seat in a side box; by degrees the gallery fills; places are taken behind them. It is the custom in the upper part of the house to have a sort of a balustrade of iron, by which those on the second and third benches of the side boxes may be enabled to stand up and see the performance without interfering with the occupants of the first bench. It is a singular sight—such a mass piled and heaped together; heads appearing

under other people's arms, and sometimes one feels oneself struck with apprehension lest the railing we have spoken of should by any accident give way, and all that number of people be precipitated head over heels into the pit.

But as there is no such railing in the second gallery, the people lean over each other, so that the grisettes are almost the whole time quarrelling with their neighbours.

"Sir, you are in my way; do not lean forwards so."

"But, mademoiselle, I cannot see."

"What's that to me."

"I did not pay for coming to sit and see nothing."

"Then you should have come sooner and got a front seat somewhere."

"Tell me, madame, have you done sitting on me? You will smother me, to say nothing of smashing my cap so."

"Such a fuss about your cap! It never cost more than fifteen sous."

"Virginie, just listen to Madame Rogotin. She says my cap only cost fifteen sous."

"She may talk so with her old grass green hat, with a feather in it out of an old fan; and the fur on her dress the tail of some cat."

"How insolent you are, mademoiselles. If you do not hush I will go and seek a *commissaire*."

"Well, go; and we will ask him if you have a right to lean on us in that manner."

"Georgina, there is an old gentleman behind me shedding tears on my head."

"He has no handkerchief."

"It is very disagreeable. I wish I could change my seat."

Those whom this perpetual chattering disturbs, call out, impatiently—

"Silence! Hush! You disturb every body, mademoiselles."

"What is the matter? Who said that? We disturb every body? Let the gentleman be silent himself. He is to complain of us and we are not to answer him, indeed!"

"I am hungry, Georgina; are not you?"

"I am very thirsty. I should like some coco to drink. Oh, if I only had some coco now!"

"I like punch better."

"So do I."

"I went walking with my cousin, the turner, the other day. He is letting his whiskers grow. They are light, very light; almost reddish, and that don't suit him at all. Well, so I advised him to black them with smoke black and varnish; for I know some young men who have tried that, and it is very becoming and does not come off at all."

"Is that all? When she begins about her cousin she never knows when to stop. Why, what is it to us if his whiskers are yellow or red? I was to have been married to a man whose whiskers were almost blue; but I was afraid. I said to myself, he will certainly stab me if I ever should dare to go into the least little dark closet."

"Mesdemoiselles, silence! We cannot hear a word."

"Listen to that! What does the old gentleman want to hear? They are dancing the *cachuca*."



"Mesdemoiselles, as I was saying, my cousin took me to a café, and gave me something to drink; something with sugar and wine. It was cold, but very nice, with pieces of citron in it."

"I know what it is; I have often tasted it. It is a German drink."

"Grog?"

"No, not that;—that is English. This is German."

"Bishop?"

"That is it. Do you understand German, Adrienne?"

"Yes, I know a few words—like *bishop* and *kraut*."

"Say, sha'n't we get some beer between the acts?"

"Yes, and some cakes and some custard. I have found out a confectioner who gives more for two sous than any of them. I will show you where she is."

And as soon as the first act is over, they step across the benches and go in quest of provisions. They return sometimes after the piece is begun again. They press forward, walking without hesitation over other people's feet, disturbing them or not, as it happens. They must regain their former places, which they accomplish at last, holding the last unfinished morsels of cake in a piece of paper. They sit down and continue to eat. If the piece becomes affecting, one of them says to another—

"Lend me your handkerchief; mine has scent upon it."

"Here it is."

"I only want it to shed a few tears in."

When the second act is over, the same scene takes place again.

Those who go into the pit behave better. Between the acts, they do not leave their seats, but remain with their eyes fixed upon the entrance into the orchestra, because actors and authors, newspaper editors, or some of the various characters connected with the theatre, will sometimes make their appearance at that time, never seating themselves for an instant, but looking about them, exchanging bows with acquaintances, and disappear-

ing as suddenly as birds of passage, whom it is necessary to shoot upon the wing, and the grisettes are always the first to pierce them.

When a grisette first beholds one of these persons, she says to her friend—

"Look! there is X. at the left of the orchestra. See, he is leaning over; he wears a brown overcoat."

"Yes, I see him, talking to a great dark man that I see here very often. Who is he, do you think?"

"An author, or a newspaper editor perhaps. He always has an eye-glass in his hand."

"Perhaps he is near-sighted. I knew a man who was so much so, that in the street he always mistook men for horses, and women for posts. One day he knocked down two old ladies, thinking he was jumping over a heap of stones!"

"There is X. looking at us."

"He is smiling."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes, he smiled at me."

"At you, indeed! At me!"

"Why at you rather than at me? Alphonsine thinks nobody ever looks at any one but at her. Don't you see every one has her own charms?"

"Indeed, my dear, I don't mean any thing disparaging; but it is not the first time X. has looked at me—he knows me very well."

"Well, it appears he has seen enough of you now, for he has gone away."

The conversation ceases, and they listen to the piece. Between the acts, a boy is seen to spread a carpet on the stage.

"Oh! we shall have a scene with a carpet. I like scenes with carpets. That is the reason I prefer the Gymnase theatre."

"I like scenes in the country better, and Spanish pieces. Oh! the Spanish pieces; men with fine hats and silk clothes. How much more interesting that is!"

The play continues; the grisettes are all ear, except when there is some one belonging to the shop in the orchestra.

MY STEED.

My steed, my steed, my gallant steed,

He proudly steps so light, so free;

As swift as eagle's flight his speed,

When lightly bounding o'er the lea,

With arching neck and flowing mane,

His hoofs scarce touch the grassy plain.

My noble steed, how bright his eye!

How startling is his thrilling neigh,

His head he tosses to the sky,

And like a deer he springs away.

And when his rider's voice he hears,

He points like feather'd darts his ears.

My steed, my steed, my prancing steed,

How gallantly he bears me on,

Bounding each fence that skirts the mead,

Onward we dash 'till the goal is won.

O'er hedge and bank away we spring,

Swift as an eagle on the wing.

CORA.

THE EARL OF FLANDERS.

BY AGNES SEYMOUR.

IN a lofty and richly decorated apartment in the mansion of the Duke of Brabant in Paris, stood two figures, the one a youthful knight, tall and finely formed, with lofty brow, slightly aquiline nose, a mouth like the bow of Cupid, over which curled a small moustache, and large eyes of the deep blue of the heavens at midnight, which were bent beaming with admiration and love on his companion, a fair young girl, whose beauty of form and face was well worthy of the devotion even of the knight who stood by her side. But the brilliancy of her fine hazel eyes was dimmed with tears, and the high white forehead bore the mark of care, as though he had pressed it with his iron finger. The knight was the young Earl of Flanders; the lady, Constance, daughter of the Duke of Brabant.

"Nay, cheer thee, Constance," said the earl. "What canst thou fear? Have not my subjects invited me to return to my native land; have they not promised to receive thee as their sovereign lady, and bestow on me far greater power than any of my ancestors have hitherto possessed? And surely thou canst not fear that I would be faithless to thee, and wed the daughter of Edward of England? Must I again swear to thee that while I live no other brow than thine shall bear the crown of Flanders? Nay, Constance, though I had never seen thee, never loved thee, the daughter of him whose murderous countrymen slew my father as he fought like a gallant and true knight for his friend and ally, Philip of France, on the fatal field of Cressy, shall never share my throne."

"I doubt not thy love for me or thy hatred for Edward," said the fair girl; "but I doubt the promises of the Flemings. Have they not already declared that they would rather see Isabella of England thy bride than Constance of Brabant? Have not the messengers of Edward taught them to look upon France with mistrust, and to look to England for support and protection against that nation for which thy gallant father died? Thou art their sovereign, but, alas! ere now sovereigns have been compelled to consult the wishes of their subjects."

"I would die ere I would relinquish thee, or marry the daughter of my father's murderer!" cried the earl, with flashing eye and contracted brow. "Rebellious traitors! let them beware if they dare to thwart me in the dearest wish of my heart. Constance," added he, in a softer tone, "sooner than wed another, cheerfully would I pour forth the last drop of blood that flowed in my veins; for without thee, the world would be to me a desert, a prison-house from which I would gladly be set free by death."

"Speak not thus, Lewis, I implore thee," cried the terrified girl. "Unworthy indeed would I be of thy love did I wish thee to sacrifice aught for me; but thy life—oh Heaven!" and she covered her face with her hands. "Listen to me," she continued, more calmly, after a moment's pause; "thou mayest, indeed, be forced to choose between thy throne, perhaps even thy life, and thy love for Constance of Brabant; and if so, I charge thee think not of me; let me not accuse myself of being the cause of thy misfortunes; embitter not my life with the agonizing thought that but for me thou wouldst be happy! Oh! Lewis, sacrifice naught for me—to know that thou art happy will be happiness enough for Constance!"

"Honour, Constance," said the earl, "is of more value than life or a throne. My word is pledged to thee, and no earthly power can compel me to break it. But let us not part thus," he added, soothingly; "believe me, thy fears are vain. And now, dearest, farewell; soon will I return to claim thee as my bride."

The young Earl of Flanders was about to return to his native land, which he had never seen since he left it in childhood to be educated with the royal family of France. The wealth and importance of his dominions had made his alliance desirable to Edward the Third of England, who was anxious that he should marry his daughter Isabella, and had by his artful representations, rendered the Flemings almost unanimous in favour of the marriage. But the young prince declared his intention never to ally himself to one whom he considered as the murderer of his father, while at the same time he announced his resolution of espousing Constance, daughter of the Duke of Brabant. Anxious to have the young earl in Flanders, and pleased with the promises made in his name by the Duke of Brabant, the principal noblemen and the councils of the most important towns consented to the union, and entreated him to return, informing him that if he did so, the royal rights and privileges should be extended to a greater degree than heretofore they ever had been.

The young sovereign was received with every demonstration of joy; magnificent presents were made him by the principal towns, and his progress through his dominions was one continued triumph. But this was not to last. The King of England, determined to prevent the marriage of the earl with Constance, sent the Earls of Arundel and Northampton and Lord Reginald Cobham into Flanders, who succeeded so well in their mission, that the fear and hatred of France that had been before ex-

cited, again broke forth; and a large deputation of nobles and of the principal citizens waited upon the earl, and represented to him that it was the earnest wish of the people that he should wed Isabella of England. He returned the same answer that he had done previously, adding that he should still refuse though she brought the moiety of Europe as her dower, and that his word was pledged to the daughter of the Duke of Brabant, and nothing should induce him to break it. They used every entreaty, but in vain. At last, a stern baron stepping forward, addressed him thus—

“Lewis of Flanders, thou hast been received by us with love and respect and joy; we have extended thy privileges in our delight at having thee amongst us; we had even given our consent to thy marriage with the object of thy boyish passion, until we were shown the dangers that awaited such a step, and the advantages we would possess as the friends and allies of England. We have reasoned with thee, entreated thee; but since thou wilt not be advised by us, thou canst not expect we will submit to thy folly. Had thy father been ruled by us, he had still lived and been the greatest prince of his times; but blinded by his love for France, he perished. Thou too, lovest France too well for the good of Flanders. If thou art allowed to go free, thou wilt ruin not only thyself but thy country; wherefore I arrest thee in the name of the citizens of Flanders, and a prisoner shalt thou remain until thou art married to Isabella of England.”

As he spoke, he advanced and laid his hand on the arm of the earl, who, enraged beyond the bounds of prudence, drew his sword and called loudly for his guard to seize the traitors. But the unhappy prince was overpowered, and the threat of the baron executed. The unfortunate earl was imprisoned, and so closely watched that escape was hopeless.

Painful as was his situation, debarred from all the enjoyments of his age and rank, a sovereign at the mercy of his subjects, the thought of Constance was the source of the most intense suffering. He pictured to himself her tears, her bitter agony; he saw her pale and despairing, and the strong man trembled like a child as the possibility of her mental suffering proving too severe for her delicate frame would present itself to his imagination.

“She will die,” he would exclaim; “they will be her murderers! But let them do their worst—never will I be faithless to thee, dearest Constance!”

But he was exposed to more serious evils than imprisonment. The Flemings were a bold and inflexible people; possessed of more liberty than any other nation at that period in Europe, they were jealous of their rights, and no consideration ever deterred them from asserting them. It was not improbable then, that enraged by his continued refusals, they might put their lord to death, or, depriving him of his rights, raise another to the sovereign power. These considerations, combined with the impossibility of escape, induced him to

feign an acquiescence, fondly hoping that he should then regain in some degree his liberty, and before the period appointed for the marriage, be enabled to escape into France.

King Edward was immediately informed of the consent of the prince, and a day appointed for their meeting at Bergues St. Vinox, between Newport and Gravelines, at the monastery of which town the betrothal was to take place. Never had so magnificent a sight been presented to the eyes of the inhabitants of Bagues. The earl came, escorted by the greater part of the nobility, and the leading men of the principal cities of Flanders, while the train of the King of England consisted of the most gallant knights of his army, and the high-born dames that accompanied the queen and princess yielded to none in grace and beauty. The sovereigns saluted each other with princely courtesy; and Edward taking the earl gently by the hand, withdrew from the immediate vicinity of the courtly throng, and assured him in the most solemn manner that he was ignorant of the presence of his father at the field of Cressy, until some time after the battle.

That night the Earl of Flanders was betrothed to the Princess Isabella. Mirth and happiness reigned the sovereigns of the night. Every eye sparkled with pleasure, and every lip was wreathed with smiles. The jest, the brilliant sallies of wit, the sparkling repartee, the most exquisite musicians that the age could produce, the courtly warriors of England and the proud Flemish nobles, the lovely English dames and the blue-eyed beauties of Flanders, robed in velvets and satins, and sparkling with gems, formed one of those brilliant scenes of festivity that relieved the darkness of the middle ages, like those meteors that flit athwart the midnight sky, starting by their brightness, and rendering the gloom still more deep when they have passed away.

But there were three hearts at least that beat not in unison with the scene. The earl, pale and flushed alternately, endeavoured in vain to feign a happiness he did not feel. He scarcely saw what was passing around him; one image alone was constantly before his eyes—his own fair Constance. The Princess Isabella, conscious of his deep love for the daughter of the Duke of Brabant, while she sympathized deeply with the unhappy young knight, shrank from the contemplation of her own fate as the bride of a man whose whole heart was devoted to another. But with woman's art of concealing her feelings, she showed few traces of what was passing within her heart, save that her delicately rounded cheek wore a deeper bloom than was its wont, and her large dark eye flashed with a feverish brilliance.

The third was a young and handsome knight who stood apart with his eyes fixed on the princess, as though the vast hall contained naught else worthy even of a passing glance. It was Reginald, Count and afterwards Duke of Guelderland. Gallant and intrepid, he was one of the few opposed

to the severe measures resorted to with respect to the earl, but absent in his own dominions, where he was engaged in quelling some disturbances which had arisen; during the dissensions between the unfortunate prince and his rebellious subjects, he had been unable to render him any assistance. Never before had he seen Isabella, but struck with the beauty and fascinating demeanor of the lovely Plantagenet, he felt that sympathy for the earl was no longer the only reason that would lead him to use his utmost endeavours to prevent his marriage with the English princess.

Nor was the deep admiration and devotion betrayed in every look and gesture, in every tone of his rich and melodious voice, unmarked by Isabella, but the slight embarrassment of manner, the deep crimson that mantled o'er her cheek when she met his eye, told not of anger or scorn; and as she contrasted his bearing with the cold courtesy of her betrothed husband, an involuntary sigh escaped her, and she felt still more acutely the painful destiny that awaited her.

A few days after the betrothal, as the royal party were enjoying a favourite amusement of both the English monarch and the earl, that of hawking, Count Reginald found himself by the side of Isabella, at some distance from the rest of the company. Too impetuous to resist so favourable an opportunity, he declared to the princess the devoted love with which she had inspired him, his determination to live and die her slave, and the utter misery of enduring an existence uncheered by her smiles. The princess listened with downcast eye, while the hot blood rushed o'er cheek and brow; and after a short pause, reminded him in a low voice that she was betrothed to another.

"I know it, lady, but too well," answered the count. "I only ask that Reginald of Guelderland claim a place in the memory, if not in the heart of Isabella; that his devotion, his adoration be at times the subject of a sorrowing thought; that his love and his misery raise a sigh of soft pity in her gentle breast; and that, should they meet again in happier times, a smile, such as angels wear when they welcome departed saints at the gates of paradise, bid him at least not despair."

And Isabella said not no!

The next day, King Edward departed to prosecute the siege of Calais, but not before the time of the marriage was decided upon, and the earl returned to Bruges.

The Lady Constance sat in her bower. In her hand was an open letter from the Earl of Flanders, that had been conveyed to her through the means of the Count of Guelderland. It contained an account of his situation, and concluded with professions of his unalterable love, and his fixed determination to wed none other than herself. "If I cannot escape ere the day appointed for the hated union, I will boldly declare my firm resolve, and perish if need be, sooner than break my plighted troth to thee."

Constance wept bitterly.

"No, never, never shalt thou die for me, dear Lewis," she exclaimed. "Bitter, agonizing as it will be to deprive myself of all hope of ever becoming thine, it shall be done sooner than expose thee to such fearful danger! Oh! Lewis, unworthy should I be of thy love, did I hesitate."

She pressed her hand on her burning brow; her tears no longer fell;—she scarcely seemed to breathe. It was as though, petrified by the agony of her despair, the but now fearfully agitated girl had been changed into a beautiful statue.

Suddenly she threw herself before a small image of the Madonna.

"Oh! holy virgin," supplicated she, "sustain me; give me strength. Ah! weak, selfish that I am," she added, springing to her feet; "I am undeserving of being his bride when I can think of my own suffering while his life is in danger. Thou shalt find, dear Lewis, that Constance too can be firm in her love for thee!"

* * * * *

Since his betrothal, the earl had been indulged in the sports of the field, and permitted to receive the visits of some of the nobles, and among others, the Count of Guelderland; for though his sentiments were suspected, he was by far too powerful, and would have proved too dangerous an enemy, to be offended by denying him access to the prince. Not less impatient of his imprisonment than the earl himself, many were the plans of escape he had devised; but so strictly was the prince guarded, he had been obliged to abandon them. One hope alone remained.

It was now within a week of the day on which the earl was to espouse the Princess Isabella. Wrought almost to frenzy, the royal prisoner was pacing his apartment in that rapid manner that indicates a mind ill at ease, when the count was announced. Seizing an opportunity when they were left for a moment alone, he gave him a letter, saying in a low voice, "From Constance of Brabant."

Shortly after the count retired, and the earl, free from observation, opened the precious missive. But scarcely had he glanced over it when the blood forsook his cheek, a deadly sickness came over him,—a black cloud seemed to rest on all around him. With a violent effort he recovered himself, and again read the fatal epistle—the death warrant to his happiness.

"I have been ill, very ill, or I would have written sooner to thee," it said. "I would have written to thee to implore thee, nay, command thee, if thou holdest the peace of mind of Constance as aught of value, to wed Isabella of England. She is young and lovely; mayest thou be happy with her. It is useless longer to resist thy destiny; further opposition would end only in ruin to thee, and endless misery to me, the cause of thy sufferings. Oh! Lewis, little didst thou know me to think for an instant I would have thee run such fearful risk for my sake! And now, blame me not for what I am about to do. Too well assured of thy love for me,

to think thou wouldst wed another while I was free, I have formed the resolution of devoting myself to the service of Heaven, and spending my life in prayers for thee. In another week I enter my noviciate. And now farewell, dearest Lewis. Think not of me;—if thou art happy, how can I be otherwise? But oh! grant me my request as thou wouldst that of a friend whom death was about to deprive thee of—let Isabella be thy bride! And now, once again, farewell, farewell for ever!”

* * * * *

The earl, accompanied by his attendants, rode forth to enjoy his favourite sport of hawking. The falconer flew his hawk at a heron, and the earl did the same with his. Apparently deeply interested in their pursuit of the game, and feeling it was probably the last opportunity of escape that might be offered to him, the earl rode rapidly after the birds, closely followed by the falconer. When at some distance from the rest of his attendants, the falconer approached him, and said, hastily—

“Fly, my lord; it is thy last hope. Fear not that I will detain thee. I have only kept near to thee to blind thy keepers yonder. Tell the Count of Guelderland when thou seest him, that Hugh the falconer has done his bidding. And now, my lord, farewell;—yonder is the road to Artois.”

The sun was setting in all its glory, surrounded by many coloured clouds, like a monarch with his courtiers around him. Constance watched from her lattice the gorgeous farewell of the god of day.

“Even thus,” murmured she, “passes the glory of earth—thus hath passed the glory of my life, and now come the darkness and the gloom. But I have saved thee, Lewis, I fervently hope. May the sun of thy glory never set! To-morrow I shall be lost to thee for ever—to-morrow I shall be the bride of Heaven!”

“My own—my Constance!” cried a well known voice.

She turned, and sank fainting into the arms of the Earl of Flanders.

History informs us that the Flemings, finding it useless to oppose the inclinations of their young lord, since he was in France, and consequently no longer in their power, consented to his union with the Lady Constance, and informed him if he would return they would perform all the promises they had previously made him; that they kept their word, and the earl was married to her he had so long and so truly loved. The Princess Isabella became Countess of Guelderland; and Reginald, in his happiness with the fair object of his deep devotion, was amply rewarded for his generous exertions in behalf of the young Earl of Flanders.

THE REBUKE.

(See Plate.)

THE noblest ideal of the painter is the striking and touching expression of moral truth. A picture which has been painted with this ideal in view, needs no interpretation. It appeals directly to the heart. It leaves its impress on the conscience. Such is the Scripture piece of *Emile Signol*, which *Ellis* has so exquisitely engraved for our present number. Look at the form of the Saviour, full of dignity, firmness and conscious power; look at his countenance beaming with goodness, mildness and pardoning love. Is there aught in it to inspire terror and shuddering abasement? Surely not. Why then does the penitent shrink and crouch down in his presence, as if awaiting a sentence of annihilation. It is not because the Saviour is stern

and austere. It is not because he has uttered a word or even cast a glance of reproof. No; but it is because the conscience of the penitent is uttering thunders within her own bosom. It is because shame and contrition weigh heavily upon her heart and bow down her head. When she looks upon the face of the Saviour, she is ready to prostrate herself in the dust, and, in the depth of her humiliation, to kiss the ground whereon he treads. In that divine countenance she can read and feel “how awful goodness is.”

The painter who successfully embodies such ideas and emotions as these, paints for immortality. He will continue to have admirers so long as there is a heart beating in the human bosom.

THE FAIRY CHAIN.

BY MISS ANNA FLEMING.

"PLEASE your majesty, two of your majesty's subjects are fighting so, there is no doing any thing with them."

The Queen of the Fairies frowned, shook her little head, and said, angrily—

"Fighting! there is too much of this. Not a day passes but I am disturbed with complaints against some of you. Who is it now?"

"Two of the mountain troop, your majesty."

"Well, let them be bound and brought to me immediately."

The fairy page bowed low, and flew away.

In a short time, the queen's commands were obeyed. The two refractory little people who had incurred her displeasure appeared before her, sorrow stricken and tearful. All the court crowded round to listen.

"What is the matter?" asked the queen, with as much dignity as she was able to command.

"Why, your majesty," said one, "as long as she is to be on the mountain, I can't live there, and I declare I won't."

"And if your majesty would be pleased to exile her from the dominions —"

"Silence; I will have no reproaches. Is there any particular cause of dispute between you? If there is, let it be produced."

At this, a rattling noise was heard on the staircase without; and the above-mentioned page entered, drawing after him a slender chain of fine gold, which he laid at her majesty's feet.

"Where did this come from?" asked the queen, surveying it with admiration. "It seems to be of mortal make, though beautiful enough for fairyland."

"I found it in the grass, your majesty."

"Will you hold your tongue? It was I found it, your majesty."

"Hush, can't you! I saw it first, gracious sovereign."

"But I picked it up."

"My children," said the queen, "you have done very wrong. Instead of following my peaceful example, you have, from what I hear, been disturbing those around you by quarrelling and disputing, to which even my presence has not put an end. To this, you have added the sin of covetousness, one which, I fear, is increasing in my dominions. To prevent its spreading farther, I will confiscate the article in question to my own use. Let it be taken to my treasury."

The page stepped forward and removed the chain; as he did so, a murmur ran round the assembly;—the queen thought it was applause. The

two criminals, although biting their lips for disappointment, rejoiced secretly, each in the other's discomfiture.

"But this is not all;" said the queen, "your conduct needs severer punishment. Listen, then—I exile you both from fairyland for the space of one year. I condemn you to wander over the earth, and you to traverse the upper and lower regions,—the air and the water,—seeking, each of you, as you go, a chain far more beautiful and more enduring than the one in question."

"But how are we to find such a chain, your majesty?"

"Seek diligently all around you, and link by link you will find it. Deem nothing too small, nothing too great. Go now! I await your return in a year from to-day."

Mournfully and sadly, the fairies turned away and set out on their separate paths.

"Where," said one of them to herself,—the one whose travels were to be upon earth,—"where can I ever find such a chain. Our queen said it would be link by link. If I could but see the first one. I will look about for it."

The scene was a forest. Tall trees raised their heads high in the air, higher than she could see, and the use of her wings was denied her now. The gnarled and twisted roots crossed the little pathway repeatedly, and in one place she saw that they formed a circle.

"Our queen said we must deem nothing too small, so for want of a better, I will make this my first link. Now for a second."

And stooping down, she saw upon the ground innumerable little insects hastening hither and thither, backwards and forwards, in search of food, forming ring after ring in their various courses from tree to tree, so that by evening she had completed some yards of the chain; and climbing a flower, she slept soundly till morning.

By sunrise she was up, and crossing a stile into a flower garden, was soon busy again. At the gate, a little boy had hung a string of birds' eggs over the topmost rail. The gardener was trimming the beds into various fanciful curved forms; an untrained vine with its curled branches hung on the ground, and on the top of a smooth-shaved holly bush, a snake was coiled up fast asleep.

When the wind blew in the fields, the corn swayed backwards and forwards in graceful circles, meeting, intertwining and receding. A woodman felt something stay his axe;—it was the fairy's hand busy with the rings that the growth of years had laid upon the half chopped tree.

The fairy came to a village. At the very entrance there was a circle of footsteps, where some merry children had been playing. Unseen to mortal eyes, she walked up the little street, and in every house, in every room, she found new rings—links of the great chain she was discovering so speedily. We could not tell them all if we were to try; but any body who, like the fairy, will look, may see them.

And here there were some more spiritual links disclosed to her—the kind deed returning to bless the doer, the bread cast upon the waters to return after many days.

Frightened with the noise and bustle, she sojourned for a time in cities; but here, for some distance, the links were of art—man's work upon God's materials.

And the other fairy,—her sister,—where was she all this time? Immediately upon receiving the queen's command, she raised her wings and was soon high in the air; and on her travels, taking with her wreaths of smoke from cottage chimneys, and many and many a spreading sound, for chasing one another in quick succession, came rings of laughter from the village merry-making. The fairy laughed too, as she strung them together; she knew not how short-lived is mortal merriment.

Farther on, there were troops marching, and she had to fly very fast to overtake their mournful sounds. But what the east wind made her lose, she made up with slow tones from the church bell; for she hovered an instant to look at a military funeral. And here she caught a glimpse of her sister, linking a sword belt that lay on the bier to a knot of blue ribbon dropped by the village belle, and adding them both to a plain gold ring on a woman's finger.

After a long time spent in the air, the fairy remembered the queen's commands, and betook herself to the waters. Here she was very busy, collecting the rings that lay all around her in beautiful profusion. Most of the time she was under water, but whenever she saw a circle spreading over her head, she hastened to the surface to catch it. Sometimes it was the dash of an oar from a little boat; sometimes a song from some one at the oarsman's side; sometimes a water spider darting along. It was all alike to the fairy—all alike; link upon link was her object. And sometimes she was mischievous. A girl dropped a bracelet into the water, and before her exclamation at her sudden loss was finished, the fairy was laughing, and running a piece of channel grass through it on one side and the crownless rim of a beggar's hat on the other.

But to tell all her discoveries would be as impossible as to recount those of her sister. Suffice it to say, that one day she was amusing herself by riding on the top of a high wave, and suffering herself to be carried on shore by it. She found herself on the very spot where she shed her first tears upon being exiled from fairyland.

Looking round with delight, she heard her name pronounced in a tone of surprise and of joy;—a

name not to be spelled intelligibly to mortal ears, so fine and small was it.

The fairy started—her sister stood beside her. Long and affectionate was their embrace. All former animosity was forgotten in the joy at meeting again and relating their respective adventures.

"Here is the root from which I set out a year ago. I will make a hole in the bottom of this bird's nest, and then let us hasten to our queen. I am sure she will be satisfied with us."

"I know she will."

The queen of the fairies sat in state upon her throne. Her ministers stood respectfully around.

"Is the banquet table spread?" asked the sovereign.

"Very nearly, your majesty."

"Let every thing be in readiness; and let some one bring me that gold chain from the treasury."

"Your majesty's commands shall all be obeyed."

"I wonder who in the world is expected to-day?" whispered the keeper of the robes to the high chamberlain.

"I'm sure I don't know; and, you know, one dares not ask."

"No," sighed the keeper of the robes. "But such tremendous preparations! Why, almost all our people have been up all night."

"Yes; and poor what's his name there, had to press the juice out of five large grapes yesterday."

"It's ridiculous!"

"Invitations have been sent to a great distance. I carried some of them myself. Do you know any of the valley fairies?"

"No! but I know one thing, that if any of them are to be at the banquet, the queen will have to do without me."

"What's that?"

"Some one at the gates. They may knock a good while before I will open it for them."

Another knock, and the little folding doors were opened, and hand in hand the little wanderers entered; and approaching the queen, knelt down before her.

"Welcome back to fairyland, daughters," said the queen, rising graciously from her throne. "Stand up now, and tell me how you have fulfilled my commands."

"Your majesty commanded us to seek a chain far more beautiful and more enduring than the one which now lies before you. We have sought,—I upon earth, my sister in the air and on the water,—and link by link we have found it; or rather, link by link some parts of this chain have been disclosed to us,—parts which, small and faint though they be, are yet enough to tell of their identity with the great chain which wreathes the whole earth, and climbs the walls of the universe, surrounding and enclosing all created things, whose source is God, whose symbol is eternity."

"The banquet awaits your majesty's orders," said a page.

"Come, daughters," and taking one on each side of her, the queen marched through the open

door, followed by all the court. In the greenwood they found as magnificent a fairy's supper as ever was spread; and down the mountain and across

the fields, the little people were seen pouring in thick crowds, hastening to be present at the revels and welcome the wanderers home.

VORTIMER AND LILIAN.

BY GEORGE BROOME.

PART FIRST.

Dove of the woods, thy plaintive moan
Low breathing on the ear
'Mid the deep quiet, one alone,
Fair Lilian, wakes to hear.

And roves she thro' the valley green
To view yon glorious moon
That, like a crystal throned queen,
Rivals the god of noon.

Might seem the solemn mountain tops
Adore that goddess bright,
While down the hill's side glitt'ring drops
A stream of silver light.

Far o'er the lake, all dimly seen,
A swan sails slow along:
Doth Lilian muse to Night's pale queen
Her lonely vesper song.

Nursling of solitude, thy bed
No mother watch'd beside;
She sleeps unwaking with the dead
Who gave thee birth and died.

Caswallon scornful turned away,
Contemning those pure joys
By fathers felt when infant play
Their tender hours employs.

Yet he with fierce delight beheld
When his bold son essayed
To lift his massy brazen shield,
Or draw his pond'rous blade:

And heaved with pleasure his broad breast
As o'er the boy he hung,
When, in the mountain eagle's nest,
He battled with their young:

While she, afar from human love,
And friendship's gentle smile,
Play'd 'mid the flow'rets of the grove,
Like a lute forgot the while.

A sadly playful, graceful child,
Unloved and loving none,
She wander'd thro' the desert wild,
Neglected and alone.

Nor strange, while thus she lonely grew,
Unskill'd in human worth,

She lov'd the flowers whose various hue
Enamels the green earth.

The wild rose and the odorous thorn
With careful hand she rears,
Nor spared their fading forms to mourn
With childhood's April tears.

She lov'd the birch and aspen light
That fringe the crystal stream,
The sportive breeze, the sunbeams bright
That on the waters gleam;

And oft she rov'd, at morning's dawn
And eve, thro' bower and brake;
O'er Greta's flower empurpled lawn,
Or sat by Derwent's lake.

Rare sound to her was human voice,
Save of her aged nurse,
Or when, to bid the swains rejoice,
Some minstrel tuned his verse.

Hence all of earthly woe she knew,
Of earthly hope and fear,
Life's sins and sorrows never drew
From her bright eye the tear.

Far better known to her the song
Of lark at early morn—
Or nightingale that all night long
Sung from the flowery thorn.

Her knew all living shapes that dwell
Amid the forest wild.
The timid deer her step could tell,
Nor fled that gentle child.

One summer noon, the birchen bow,
Down pendent o'er her head,
The sunbeams veil'd from her fair brow
With thick protecting shade;

Bright gems of spray gleam'd cool around
With watery rainbow light,
Dashing sweet music, to whose sound
The fairies dance by night.

She, on a mossy couch reclin'd,
Sat listening the blithe song
Of tuneful thrush, on wanton wind
From echo borne along.

Sudden as lightning's flash, or thought,
Dropp'd from its leafy nest

The frightened bird, and fluttering, sought
Soft refuge in her breast.

She o'er the nestling prisoner drew
Her bosom's vesture tight,
And turned, where a fierce falcon flew
Dark in the suncloud's white.

She saw, where swooping, down he came
With glossy plumage gay;
His silver wings and eye of flame
Glanced in the sunny ray.

Aloft the maiden gazed, with face
Half terror, half delight,
And seemed to beg, with timid grace,
The bird to stay his flight.

The obedient falcon soared away
Whilst she her charge caress'd,
Smoothing his ruffled feathers gay
Against her panting breast.

Anon, around a thankful look
She cast, and fearful view'd
A human form beside the brook
That murmur'd thro' the wood;

Or more than human. On his wrist
The falcon stood elate
Like mounted champion in the list
Whom foemen fierce await.

She turned away as if to fly,
Yet turned again to gaze,
Tho' on that noble form her eye
She scarcely dared to raise.

She felt her warm cheek blushing glow,
And clasped her bosom's fold
Closer, where o'er her breast of snow
Loose fell her locks of gold.

With accents mild the stranger woo'd
The bashful fair to stay;

She listening still, as still he sued,
Remained with coy delay.

And e'en till evening veil'd the sky
Remain'd the gentle maid,
And then, with dim reverted eye
Slow lingering, homeward stray'd.

No more in armour bright or war
Doth Vortimer rejoice;
His proud steeds drag no more the car,
Obedient to his voice.

Nor feast nor dance delights him now
Where jewell'd dames outshine
Night's starry host; while princes bow
To worship at their shrine.

Tho' the spring flowers bloom fresh and fair,
Tho' sings the mountain bee—
And balmy breathes the evening air,
Yet still, all heedless, she

Neglects her once lov'd birds—the breeze
That od'rous fans the grove—
And, in one image only, sees
All qualities of love.

All beauty, grace and majesty
Concentrate there, she deems—
The tall stag's step, the eagle's eye
That in the sunlight gleams.

Yet gentle as the timid roe,
And tender as the dove,
His voice as soft as flakes of snow,
So eloquent of love

That, when at night its accents kind
Came mingling with her sleep,
She, from her slumbers, wak'd to find
'Twas but a dream, and weep.

(To be continued.)

DEATH.

BY J. A. SWAN.

"Were such things here as we do speak about."

SHE fell, as falls the perfumed rose
From its sweet blossoming;
Ere later buds came to disclose
Their beauties to the spring.
There was no sigh when from its clay,
That gentle spirit passed away.

Death early closed her mortal tome
Of life and love well writ;
And angels watched her spirit home—

None purer welcomed it.
'Twas like a sunbeam, instant given
To shine, and then caught back to heaven.

And like pale moonbeams on the water,
When dimmed by some dark cloud;
Lo from its light passed nature's daughter,
Wrapped in a gloomy shroud;
But sweetly as the ray of the love,
Her spirit's starbeam shines above.

I WILL!

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You look sober, Laura. What has thrown a veil over your happy face?" said Mrs. Cleaveland to her niece, one morning, on finding her alone, and with a very thoughtful countenance.

"Do I really look sober?" and Laura smiled as she spoke.

"You did just now. But the sunshine has already dispelled the transient cloud. I am glad that a storm was not portended."

"I felt sober, aunt," Laura said, after a few moments—her face again becoming serious.

"So I supposed, from your looks."

"And I feel sober still."

"Why?"

"I am really discouraged, aunt."

"About what?"

The maiden's cheek deepened its hue, but she did not reply.

"You and Harry have not fallen out like a pair of foolish lovers, I hope."

"Oh, no!" was the quick and emphatic answer.

"Then what has troubled the quiet waters of your spirit? About what are you discouraged?"

"I will tell you," the maiden replied. "It was only about a week after my engagement with Harry that I called upon Alice Stacy and found her quite unhappy. She had not been married over a few months. I asked what troubled her, and she said, 'I feel as miserable as I can be.' 'But what makes you miserable, Alice?' I inquired. 'Because, William and I have quarrelled—that's the reason,' she said, with some levity, tossing her head and compressing her lips with a kind of defiance. I was shocked—so much so, that I could not speak. 'The fact is,' she resumed, before I could reply, 'all men are arbitrary and unreasonable. They think women inferior to them, and their wives as a higher order of slaves. But I am not one to be put under any man's feet. William has tried that trick with me, and failed. Of course, to be foiled by a woman is no very pleasant thing for one of your lords of creation. A tempest in a teapot was the consequence. But I did not yield the point in dispute; and what is more, have no idea of doing so. He will have to find out, sooner or later, that I am his equal in every way; and the quicker he can be made conscious of this, the better for us both. Don't you think so?' I made no answer. I was too much surprised and shocked. 'All men,' she continued, 'have to be taught this. There never was a husband who did not, at first, attempt to lord it over his wife. And there never was a woman, whose condition as a wife was at all above that of a passive slave, who did not find it

necessary to oppose herself at first with unflinching perseverance.'

"To all this, and a great deal more, I could say nothing. It choked me up. Since then, I have met her frequently, at home and elsewhere, but she has never looked happy. Several times she has said to me, in company, when I have taken a seat beside her, and remarked that she seemed dull, 'Yes, I am dull; but Mr. Stacy there, you see, enjoys himself. Men always enjoy themselves in company—apart from their wives, of course.' I would sometimes oppose to this a sentiment palliative of her husband; as, that in company, a man very naturally wished to add his mite to the general joyousness, or something of a like nature. But it only excited her, and drew forth remarks that shocked my feelings. Up to this day they do not appear to be on any better terms. Then, there is Frances Glenn—married only three months, and as fond of carping at her husband for his arbitrary, domineering spirit, as is Mrs. Stacy. I could name two or three others who have been married, some a shorter and some a longer period, that do not seem to be united by any closer bonds.

"It is the condition of these young friends, aunt, that causes me to feel serious. I am to be married in a few weeks. Can it be possible that my union with Henry Armour will be no happier, no more perfect than theirs? This I cannot believe. And yet, the relation that Alice and Frances hold to their husbands, troubles me whenever I think of it. Henry, as far as I have been able to understand him, has strong points in his character. From a *right course* of action,—or, from a course of action that he thinks right,—no consideration, I am sure, would turn him. I, too, have mental characteristics somewhat similar. There is, likewise, about me a leaven of stubbornness. I tremble when the thought of opposition between us, upon any subject, crosses my mind. I would rather die—so I feel about it—than ever have a misunderstanding with my husband."

Laura ceased, and her aunt, who was, she now perceived, much agitated, arose and left the room without speaking. The reason of this to Laura was altogether unaccountable. Her aunt Cleaveland, always so mild, so calm, to be thus strongly disturbed! What could it mean? What could there be in her maidenly fears to excite the feelings of one so good, and wise and gentle? An hour afterwards, and while she yet sat, sober and perplexed in mind, in the same place where Mrs. Cleaveland had left her, a domestic came in and said that her aunt wished to see her in her own

room. Laura attended her immediately. She found her calm and self-possessed, but paler than usual.

"Sit down beside me, dear," Mrs. Cleaveland said, smiling faintly, as her niece came in.

"What you said this morning, Laura," she began, after a few moments, "recalled my own early years so vividly, that I could not keep down emotions I had deemed long since powerless. The cause of those emotions it is now, I clearly see, my duty to reveal—that is, to you. For years I have carefully avoided permitting my mind to go back to the past in vain musings over scenes that bring no pleasant thoughts, no glad feelings. I have, rather, looked into the future with a steady hope, a calm reliance. But, for your sake, I will draw aside the veil. May the relation I am now about to give you have the effect I desire. Then shall I not suffer in vain. How vividly, at this moment, do I remember the joyful feelings that pervaded my bosom when, like you, a maiden, I looked forward to my wedding day. Mr. Cleaveland was a man, in many respects, like Henry Armour. Proud, firm, yet gentle and amiable when not opposed;—a man with whom I might have been supremely happy;—a man whose faults I might have corrected—not by open opposition to them—not by seeming to notice them,—but by leading him to see them himself. But this course I did not pursue. I was proud; I was self-willed; I was unyielding. Elements like these can never come into opposition without a victory on either side being as disastrous as the defeats. We were married. Oh, how sweet was the promise of my wedding day! Of my husband I was very fond. Handsome, educated, and with talents of a high order, there was every thing about him to make the heart of a young wife proud. Tenderly we loved each other. Like days in Elysium passed the first few months of our wedded life. Our thoughts and wishes were one. After that, gradually a change appeared to come over my husband. He deferred less readily to my wishes. His own will was more frequently opposed to mine, and his contentions for victory longer and longer continued. This surprised and pained me. But it did not occur to me, that my tenaciousness of opinion might seem as strange to him as did his to me. It did not occur to me, that there would be a propriety in my deferring to him—at least so far as to give up opposition. I never for a moment reflected that a proud, firm-spirited man, might be driven off from an opposing wife, rather than drawn closer, and united in tenderer bonds. I only perceived my rights as an equal assailed. And from that point of view, saw his conduct as dogmatical and overbearing, whenever he resolutely set himself against me, as was far too frequently the case.

"One day,—we had then been married about six months,—he said to me, a little seriously, yet smiling as he spoke, 'Jane, did not I see you on the street this morning?' 'You did,' I replied. 'And with Mrs. Corbin?' 'Yes.' My answer to this last question was not given in a very pleasant

tone. The reason was this. Mrs. Corbin, a recent acquaintance, was no favourite with my husband; and he had more than once mildly suggested that she was not, in his view, a fit associate for me. This rather touched my pride. It occurred to me, that I ought to be the best judge of my female associates, and that for my husband to make any objections was an assumption on his part, that, as a wife, I was called upon to resist. I did not, on previous occasions, say any thing very decided, contenting myself with parrying his objections laughingly. This time, however, I was in a less forbearing mood. 'I wish you would not make that woman your friend,' he said, after I had admitted that he was right in his observation. 'And why not, pray?' I asked, looking at him quite steadily. 'For reasons before given, Jane,' he replied, mildly, but firmly. 'There are reports in circulation touching her character that I fear are —.' 'They are false!' I interrupted him. 'I know they are false!' I spoke with a sudden excitement. My voice trembled, my cheek burned, and I was conscious that my eye shot forth no mild light. 'They are true—I know they are true!' Mr. Cleaveland said, sternly, but apparently untroubled. 'I don't believe it,' I retorted. 'I know her far better. She is an injured woman.'

"'Jane,' my husband now said, his voice slightly trembling,—'you are my wife. As such, your reputation is dear to me as the apple of my eye. Suspicion has been cast upon Mrs. Corbin, and that suspicion I have good reason for believing well founded. If you associate with her—if you are seen upon the street with her, your fair fame will receive a taint. This I cannot permit.'

"There was, to my mind, a threat contained in the last sentence—a threat of authoritative intervention. At this my pride took fire.

"'Cannot permit,' I said, drawing myself up. 'What do you mean, Mr. Cleaveland?'

"The brow of my husband instantly flushed. He was silent for a moment or two. Then he said, with forced calmness, yet in a resolute, meaning tone,

"'Jane, I do not wish you to keep company with Mrs. Corbin.'

"'I will!' was my indignant reply.

"His face grew deadly pale. For a moment his whole frame trembled as if some fearful struggle were going on within. Then he quietly arose, and without looking at me, left the room. Oh! how deeply did I regret uttering those unhappy words the instant they were spoken! But repentance came too late. For about the space of ten minutes, pride struggled with affection and duty. At the end of that time the latter triumphed, and I hastened after my husband to ask his forgiveness for what I had said. But he was not in the parlours. He was not in the house! I asked a servant if she had seen him, and received for reply that he had gone out.

"Anxiously passed the hours until nightfall. The sad twilight, as it gathered dimly around,

threw a deeper gloom over my heart. My husband usually came home before dark. Now he was away beyond his accustomed hour. Instead of returning gladly to meet his young wife, he was staying away, because that young wife had thrown off the attractions of love and presented to him features harsh and repulsive. How anxiously I longed to hear the sound of his footsteps—to see his face—to hear his voice. The moment of his entrance I resolved should be the moment of my humble confession of wrong—of my faithful promise never again to set up my will determinedly in opposition to his judgment. But minute after minute passed after nightfall—hours succeeded minutes—and these rolled on until the whole night wore away, and he came not back to me. As the gray light of morning stole into my chamber, a terrible fear took hold of me that made my heart grow still in my bosom—the fear that he would never return—that I had driven him off from me. Alas! this fear was too nigh the truth. The whole of that day passed, and the next and the next, without any tidings. No one had seen him since he left me. An anxious excitement spread among all his friends. The only account I could give of him, was that he had parted from me in good health, and in a sane mind.

“A week rolled by, and still no word came. I was nearly distracted. What I suffered no tongue can tell, no heart conceive. I have often wondered that I did not become insane. But, from this sad condition I was saved. Through all, my reason, though often trembling, did not once forsake me. It was on the tenth day from that upon which we had jarred so heavily as to be driven widely asunder, that a letter came to me, post marked New York, and endorsed ‘In haste.’ My hands trembled so that I could with difficulty break the seal. The contents were to the effect that my husband had been lying for several days at one of the hotels there, very ill, but now past the crisis of his disease, and thought by the physician to be out of danger. The writer urged me, from my husband, to come on immediately. In eight hours from the time I received that letter I was in New York. Alas! it was too late. The disease had returned with double violence, and snapped the feeble thread of life. I never saw my husband’s living face again.”

The self-possession of Mrs. Cleaveland, at this part of her narrative, gave way. Covering her face with her hands, she sobbed violently, while the tears came trickling through her fingers.

“My dear Laura,” she resumed, after the lapse of many minutes, looking up as she spoke with a clear eye, and a sober, but placid countenance, “it is for your sake that I have turned my gaze resolutely back. May the painful history I have given you make a deep impression upon your heart. Let it warn you of the sunken rock upon which my bark foundered. Avoid carefully, religiously avoid, setting yourself in opposition to your husband. Should he prove unreasonable, or arbitrary, nothing

is to be gained, and every thing lost by contention. By gentleness, by forbearance, by even suffering wrong at times, you will be able to win him over to a better spirit. An opposite course will as assuredly put thorns in your pillow as you adopt it. Look at the unhappy condition of the friends you have named. Their husbands are, in their eyes, exacting, domineering tyrants. But this need not be. Let them act truly the woman’s part. Let them not oppose, but yield, and they will find that their present tyrants will become their lovers. Above all, never, under any circumstances, either jestingly or in earnest, say ‘*I will*,’ when you are opposed. That declaration is never made without its robbing the wife of a portion of her husband’s confidence and love. Its utterance has dimmed the fire upon many a smiling hearth-stone.”

Laura could not reply. The relation of her aunt had deeply shocked her feelings. But the words she had uttered sunk into her heart; and when her trial came—when she was tempted to set her will in opposition to her husband’s, and resolutely to contend for what she deemed right, a thought of Mrs. Cleaveland’s story would put a seal upon her lips. It was well. The character of Henry Armour too nearly resembled that of Mr. Cleaveland. He could ill have brooked a wife’s opposition. But her tenderness, her forbearance, her devoted love, bound her to him with cords that drew closer and closer each revolving year. She never opposed him further than to express a difference of opinion when such a difference existed, and its utterance was deemed useful; and she carefully avoided, on all occasions, the doing of any thing that he in the smallest degree disapproved. The consequence was, that her opinion was always weighed by him carefully, and often deferred to. A mutual confidence, and a mutual dependence upon each other, gradually took the place of early reserves, and now they sweetly draw together—now they smoothly glide along the stream of life blessed indeed in all their marriage relations. Who will say that Laura did not act a wise part? Who will say, that in sacrificing pride and self-will, she did not gain beyond all calculation? No one, surely. She is not her husband’s slave, but his companion and equal. She has helped to reform, to remodel his character, and make him less arbitrary, less self-willed, less disposed to be tyrannical. In her mild forbearance, he has seen a beauty more attractive far than lip or cheek, or beaming eye. Instead of looking upon his wife as below him, Henry Armour feels that she is his superior, and as such, he tenderly regards and lovingly cherishes her. He never thinks of obedience from her, but rather studies to conform himself to her most lightly spoken wish. To be thus united, what wife will not for a time sacrifice her feelings when her young self-willed husband so far forgets himself as to become exacting? The temporary loss will turn out in the future to be a great gain.

THE SENTIMENT OF PETSHIP.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH, AUTHOR OF "SINLESS CHILD," ETC.

I HAD taken up my pen to write a story. I had created my heroine, endowed her with grace, and soul and sentiment; created a world adapted to the discipline of such a being; created a true and noble and manly heart, to understand its affinities; and then I had erected circumstance, trial, inward joys, and external sufferings, all of which should develop the mystery of life, and its strange, sorrowful, and yet joyful affections. And thus the story rests in my own mind.

Not a word had been penned, but the creations were entire. The door opened, and little Eddy came slowly in, breathing heavily, and in tears. "The dear little squirrel is dead."

* * * * *

It was even so. I laid aside the pen, and we wept together. Yes, I am even now showering tears upon my paper.

For a squirrel?

It may be. The child certainly weeps for the squirrel only. It may be I weep from suggestiveness, in part. I am fond of pets. I cannot live without them. My friends are always gratifying my taste in this way; and innumerable have been the doves, the birds of all kinds, the flowers, the kittens, dogs, rabbits, guinea-pigs, &c., &c., which have ministered to my harmless idiosyncrasy. All have died. Nothing remains but the flowers and a canary. I breathe freely again. I have received each and all with a painful, regretful pleasure. I knew they would perish, and trembled to have my tenderness awakened.

This may be childish. Let it be so. It is but the outer vestibule of the heart, and it may be best to linger there, amid the small rills that struggle to the light, keeping the deep fountain of feeling sealed up in its holiness.

There is a sentiment in pets. I once had a terrapin, which others called ugly and stupid. I knew to the contrary. He had a choice in the garden. I could see this, and it inspired something akin to respect. He was not a creature of accident. His yellow spots began to wear the appearance of beauty. I struggled against this. I would guard myself from the hazard of having that which is at variance with the principles of beauty, assume its aspect only from the power of contact. So I learned to regard this approximation in my own mind only as a prompting to the love of the true and the beautiful.

And then the terrapin became a pain to me. He had suggested a standard which made his own defects but the more glaring. Yet he seemed to be grateful, I thought. He distinguished my voice,

and would turn his long neck in the direction, and take bits of apple from my fingers. He would notice no one else in this wise. It grew sad to me, this attachment of a creature so low and imperfect. It grew painful. I began to pity him, as something with a struggling gleam of a higher nature. I could not endure this painful pity, and when a long heavy rain came, and the earth was loosened about the walls, and the terrapin disappeared, it was a relief to me, as though the creature might be happier out of my influence.

Flowers are always beautiful gifts. We never lose sight of their fragility, and so the gratification they afford, though momentary, is perfect. We never look for a response to our sentiment, and are therefore never disappointed by its absence nor incompleteness.

Canaries are somewhat like flowers in this respect. They awake more of sentiment, but they will not bear a caress, and seem too much like those brilliant hopes for ever beguiling the fancy, but eluding the grasp. I am not certain but they excite at times something like irritation, so pertinaciously do they crack their seeds, so inconsiderately splash the water even into your face, which you in your kindness brought with your own hands in the vain hope of eliciting something like a response to your tenderness. Then, when all is over, he pours forth a flood of wild foreign melody, to please himself, not you, and you turn away disappointed and vexed, that a creature that inspires so much sympathy in your breast, should be so utterly regardless, so bright, so melodious, and yet so cold.

I have never learned to love a cat. Their stealthy, mousing qualities are so repugnant to my own nature, that they give me a sense of discomfort. I know not why it is, yet I have never been able to keep one. I feed them with the greatest care, provide for their comfort, and yet they will not stay with me. I have thought the prejudice might be mutual. The only sentiment I ever discovered in a cat, (I believe I am wrong to call it a sentiment,) was that of jealousy. I had a pretty spaniel about the age of the cat, and they had been so trained as to live together in great quietude. Yet the dog felt he was the better liked, and with the confidence of a frank, honest and confiding nature, sat nearer my feet than puss would venture to do.

She learned this, and no sooner did I leave the sofa or rocking-chair, than she would spring into the seat, and look down upon Fidelle, with what to me seemed a sort of sardonic, feline complacency. It might have been prejudice on my part, but somehow Fidelle, with his honest, straightforward

attachment, disdaining all petty artifice and mean adulation, grew tenfold more engaging. If I caressed Fidelle, puss would be sure to insinuate her nose; and out of pure benevolence of heart, I gave a pat or two, but not heartily, and she must have felt it, for she left me. It wasn't in the nature of things that I should love her—our natures were so unlike.

Guinea pigs are wholly animal. Ye cannot in any way infuse into them the shadow of a sentiment. They have what children call a "cunning look," but their rotund sleekness becomes after a while revolting to you.

I have once or twice had mice become entirely tame, in my room, playing about my writing table, eating crumbs in my lap, scrambling up the geraniums, and dividing cake and seeds with the canary; for I removed one of the glasses from the cage to give one entrance, and these two dissimilar beings established a sort of friendship for each other.

At first, I presume, a mouse must have taken me for a fixture, as I sat indulging dream-fancies, and thus have approached me with as little ceremony as he did the beautiful Apollo in the corner, adown whose exquisite nose I have seen him run, without a shadow of remorse. Slowly he seemed to imbibe the truth that a kindly pulse was beating near him. I am certain I knew the point of time on which this conviction assumed definitiveness in the mouse-brain. From that time a something like solemnity mingled with the mouse nature, something ennobled grew upon him. He was all mouse, alert, dainty, arch and frolicsome, with the infusion of something bordering on the spiritual.

I loved this spontaneous trustfulness, this instinctive yielding up of affection, this pretty mouse credulity, never staying to question as to the being whose cord of sympathy he had touched. Yet was I not devoid of selfishness. I imagined a thousand perils would beset my favourite. I saw enemies on every side. There was a plot to ensnare him if but a curtain ruffled in the faint air.

Yes, I confess it. With shame of heart do I confess it. But for the entreaties of a nobler minded friend, I *should have secured and caged* the sweet, trusting, grateful creature, whose life was designed to be one of freedom, and joy, and unconstrained action. True, he nibbled my papers; true, one night a cosey nest was made from the abstracted threads of my carpet; true, the books became Chinese walls and Babel observatories to his aspiring and exploring mind; yet what were these trifling annoyances to the tenderness he awakened, and the many sentiments of which he became suggestive.

A mouse-coloured rabbit, with white paws and ears, was for a long time mine. Yet I never dared to love it. These creatures are so timid, so fragile, that I avoid letting my sympathies go out. I used to watch his wild sports with real pleasure, and yet with an inward hope that some genial child would mistake him for a "Perdita," and take him away. This I believe was the case, and I was relieved from the sorrow of seeing him die.

Then came the squirrel, fresh, beautiful, full of

life. I received it with a painful misgiving. These coquettes of the woods had been favourites of mine in childhood. I had often seated myself beneath a tree to watch their antics. Their saucy scrutiny, their half chattering, as if they talked whimsically to a neighbour over the shoulder; the impudence with which they fixed themselves upon a bough, and cracked their nuts, dropping the shells purposely, it would seem, upon my head, amused me. They seemed like little droll men and women, who had taken to themselves pretty and fanciful forms, and thus were masquerading the woods. I loved their easy mischief, and off-hand sauciness, that looked always as if they knew better, but were bent upon acting out their caprices.

Their qualities were feminine. Genial, playful, and always with a conscious prettiness. Judge then how I was impressed by this beautiful creature, linking the past so to the present. I practised the greatest caution about it. One friend assured me she had kept one *four years*, and then it perished by an accident.

Four years. I might that length of time indulge my harmless propensity. Four years I *might* have this sweet, graceful creature to love. The prospect was tempting. But then the lady who kept one so long, though gentle and sweet, had not my fondness for pets. There was the difference. Hers might live, when mine might be lent me only as a portion of life's severe discipline of the affections. But then in four years one might prepare one's self for the loss of a pet.

Another friend had kept a squirrel nearly as long; but then he took the precaution to give it away in anticipation of the fatal period, for he had before expended so much tenderness upon a dog, that he was fearful of a second attachment of the kind; and I believe the squirrel became to him too much the suggestor of the perished love.

Well, the squirrel was received slowly into the affections. Admitted only occasionally into my room, for I had made up my mind to be very cold and indifferent. He was uncommonly handsome. I would make him a ministry to a quiet vanity. I would show off my handsome pet. When a sentimental visitor came, the impudent little thing should be trotted out; and his cool sauciness became quite irresistible. "*Heu Lachrymosus.*"

He took great delight in scratching at the corners of books, as if he were making great ado about knowledge. He nearly gnawed the binding from Webber, so eager was he for mathematics. He treated the frippery of the annuals with great contempt, never giving them so much as a nibble, while old, substantial, time-honoured folios seemed to give him almost an ecstasy, especially a half bound Shakspeare.

There is a stuffed whippoorwill in my room, which he would pass with an easy off-hand acquaintance air, till one day finding it within his reach, he seemed disposed to a nearer companionship. Suddenly he drew back, and I am firmly of opinion that strange and fearful suspicions came into

his innocent brain. I think his air changed. I heard a book fall soon after, and turning to pick it up he had, whether purposely or not, flung down the "Vigil of Faith," and there was the following passage right before my eyes, as if to reproach me for the cruelty of his captivity, and other vague cruelties to the motionless whippoorwill.

"Birds are in woodland bowers,
Voices in lonely dells,
Streams to the listening hours,
Talk in earth's secret cells."

I was touched. There seemed a pathos in the appeal, as if in denying freedom I should not deny tenderness. If I kept him from the delights of the greenwood, I should compensate for the loss. I took the creature at once to my sympathies. He sat upon my lap, and eat his nuts. He arranged his dainty plume like that in the bonnet of a cavalier, and then seemed to ask if I didn't think it quite captivating.

He perched himself upon the corner of my table, and looked on while I wrote, with such a grotesque funniness as made me laugh at what I was about. I am sure he had a perception of the ridiculous, or he never could have got that particular look.

Alas! my room is full of recollections of him.

And now I am done with pets. "Othello's occupation's gone." I will waste no more tenderness in this wise, but rather keep it "locked up like a precious jewel" in the heart. I will steel myself against "birds of the air and beasts of the field," and "all manner of creeping thing." They shall never again appeal to any sympathy, nor awaken the shadow of a sentiment. "'Tis mockery all."

I had thought of a hound, a beautiful, slender hound, with silken ears and half human eyes, and superhuman fidelity, as a desirable pet; but now, "procul, oh! procul."

I once heard that a friend, who had enjoyed a favourite of this kind for twelve years, would never afterwards venture upon a like attachment. This amazed me. I did not well comprehend it; now, the whole mystery is open to me, hidden before only because I had not reached the highest point in the sentiment of petship.

That dog, like my squirrel, had realized the ideal of a pet. No more sentiment could be awakened upon the subject, and to attempt the thing again were a profanation, a disloyalty.

MY GRAVE.

BY MARY E. LEE.

WHERE shall my grave be? where?
And can one heart be found
That doth a human impress bear,
And treads this being's narrow bound,
That hath not looked o'er earth's wide face,
And sought to find its resting-place?

There is not *one*, for thought
Is given unto *all*;
And man, though with vain passions fraught,
Can never hush its secret call:
Existence hardly knows its worth
Before it learns of "earth to earth."

There are some hours in life
When the free soul must spurn
Its turmoil and its empty strife,
And, like the weary captive, yearn
To burst the bar that seems so frail,
And lift the future's inner veil.

No matter where we lie,
Together or apart;
Whether our friend or foe be nigh;
Yet it seems pleasant to the heart
To claim a fellowship of clay
With those we lov'd in being's day.

The grave can yield no breath
To make its secrets known,
Yet, with the mystery of death,

There comes a soft, clear under-tone
Low whispering that a presence dwells,
Unknown to us, in those dark cells.

Each living soul, perchance
Springing from out its tent,
In glorious intercourse may glance
Amid the boundless firmament;
Then resting in its fragile mould,
Mingle a knowledge all untold.

Alas! their flitting theme
No mortal tongue can tell;
We, earth's poor prisoners, may not dream
Of *mind*, when bursting from its shell,
It soars to an immortal sky,
And seeks to find immensity.

Too daring is the thought
For being's lowly space;
These needless yearnings must be taught
Their fruitlessness, till face to face
We meet upon that starry shore
From whence the lost return no more.

Yet may my last abode
Be where a loving band
May deck with flowers my burial sod,
And make the spot a pleasant land
For souls to rest in, when they hold
Communion as in days of old.

A WALK ABOUT PARIS.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

PARIS is not a city of great extent, when compared with London, and yet, when I stood in the splendid colonnade in front of my hotel, (Meurice's,) and watched the crowds passing in all directions, I scarcely knew which way to turn my footsteps. Paris is full of new things, and brilliant things, and things wonderful to a stranger. But we have no space for many of these things, and we will take our 'commissionaire,' and see as much as we can in a single stroll.

Immediately in front of us is the Garden of the Tuilleries, from which the troops of the line are just filing out after their morning parade, with the usual escort of idlers and boys. A fine looking set of little fellows are these troops of the line in their long blue coats and red breeches, and red tuft in the top of their shining hats. They are all small, but all astonishingly active, and display on parade the same ardour and rapidity of movement which distinguish them in the field. As soon as the troops have filed out, and the sun begins to show himself above the roof of the Tuilleries, the crowd of women and children begin to pour in for the day. Every vacant chair under the thick lime trees is eagerly bought up for the trifling sum of one or two sous, and many a little family establishment is soon "located" around some statue, or under some tree, as snugly as a western pioneer in his log cabin. Here they sit all day, the mothers sewing and gossiping, the children playing in the shade and among the fountains—here, too, they dine on a bit of bread and a bottle of red wine, and at evening, "pack up" and go off laughing to their homes. These gardens are perfectly free except to those who are in their dirty working dress, or are carrying parcels. In front of the palace, which stands at the head of the garden, are two parterres enclosed with netted iron railings in which the royal family promenade. Bands of music play here, and fountains fill the air with their unceasing murmurs. Beyond is a fine grove of chestnuts and limes, leading off to the Place of Concorde.

This *Place de la Concorde* is the heart of Paris. Placing yourself at the base of the Egyptian obelisk, which rises from the centre of this magnificent square, your eye takes in a more enchanting prospect and a greater number of interesting historical localities than can be embraced in any one view in the known world. Before you is the celebrated Palace of the Tuilleries, full of its chequered scenes of glory and of blood. Behind are the *Elysian Fields* stretching away to the Triumphal Arch of Napoleon. To the right is the *Chamber of Deputies*, and in the distance the venerable

Notre Dame. On your left lies the *Place Vendome*, and its towering column cast from the cannon of Austerlitz and Marengo. Fifty years ago, this splendid court, now glittering with marble and gilding, and dashing fountains, ran down with the noblest blood of France. Into this court the revolutionary chariots poured every morning, laden with the rich and the proud, the young and the beautiful: here they ascended the fatal scaffold; here were heard the last words of the gifted *Roland*; here the intrepid *Charlotte Corday* died with the rose between her lips; and here the rude hand of an executioner grasped the throat of the Daughter of the Cæsars! Look at the laughing crowds that are walking over its splendid pavements this summer morning, and try to realize it.

In the centre stands the famous obelisk which once stood before the temple of Luxor—first erected by Pharaoh and his turbaned Egyptians on the banks of the Nile, and now re-erected by Louis Philippe and French engineers with capstans and cables in the heart of Paris! It is a monolith, seventy-two feet in height, and seven feet in width at the base. It weighs 500,000 pounds, but was brought from Egypt on a single vessel and towed by a single steamer. After an immense amount of labour, it was finally elevated in the presence of the king and a numerous concourse of citizens in 1836, and placed upon a pedestal of granite, which bears a pompous golden inscription in glorification of Louis Philippe and French engineering. This beautiful shaft is covered from top to bottom with 1600 hieroglyphics,—that mysterious dead language in which the secrets of Egyptian history lie buried, and which, for the sake of all schoolboys, I fervently hope may never be disinterred. Aristophanes and Quintilian would be nursery reading in comparison with a treatise by a man who helped to build the Pyramids.

Passing through the Place of Concorde, and crossing the Seine, we come to the Chamber of Deputies. This body is not in session, and its members are among their chateaux and vineyards; so let us go on to the *Hospital des Invalides*. This is a magnificent structure, founded in 1670 by Louis XIV., for the benefit of old and disabled soldiers, and is endowed with royal munificence. It is in charge of a governor, who receives \$8000 per annum, with free lodging; he has numerous assistants. All soldiers who are actually disabled by their wounds, or who have served thirty years, are entitled to the privileges of the institution. Here they are fed twice a day on soup, beef and wine, lodged and decently clothed. In the distribution of

the provision and clothing, if any person does not choose to consume the quantity of his allowance, he may receive an equivalent for it in money; and persons deprived of both legs are allowed instead of superfluous shoes, their value in money. Truly, it is an ill wind that blows no good.

We have just come at the right time to see the veterans at their morning parade. Here are the shattered relics of the Grand Army—glorious old fellows in cocked hats and long blue coats, and weather-beaten as the walls around. Look at that old hero yonder with withered face and his arm swung in a sling; see how firmly he plants his feet in a line with his comrades—he is thinking of the last “charge” at Marengo. I would love to stand all day and moralize over this poor broken remnant of the finest army the world ever saw, but let us go to the Rotunda. This is a splendid apartment, one hundred feet in height, richly ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, while the graceful dome is covered with painting and gilding. On each side of the Rotunda is a small projecting chapel; three of these chapels contain—I don’t know what—and the fourth contains the *Tomb of Napoleon*! The body will soon be removed again, I hope for the last time, to repose under the fine monument now erecting under the centre of the dome; but we will describe its present resting place. The chapel is not more than twelve feet in diameter and eighteen feet high, and is hung with purple velvet, covered with gold stars. Just behind the iron railing, which fills up the entrance to the chapel, is one glimmering lamp, which burns continually, and which once lighted the Emperor in his evening meditations. In the centre of the dim chamber, in a marble coffin, surmounted by his military cloak for a pall, lies all that was mortal of Napoleon. At his feet is a small urn, containing his heart; and the sword and cap you see upon it, are the ones which he wore at the battle of Eylau. The three old men in uniform who keep a sorrowful watch before the spot, once fought at Austerlitz; but unless you understand the language well, I would advise you to ask them no questions, for these old fellows talk as they fought—with all their might and main.

This Tomb of Napoleon is a wonderful spot! with its little melancholy lamp, its banners hanging mournfully, and the piles of flower garlands which his enthusiastic countrymen have cast around the altar on which he rests. I abhor the pitiful mawkishness of sentimental travellers, but there are feelings which, in such a place, rush unbidden upon the soul, and weigh it down with a painfully oppressive heaviness. I felt them as I rode beneath the gateway of Abbotsford; I felt them in the Poet’s Corner of Westminster Abbey; I felt them at the Tomb of Napoleon; and beyond the hallowed precincts of the city of David, there are few places on earth which possess a more absorbing and melancholy interest.

But let us make room for the crowds who are pressing up to the railing, and find our way back again to the Place of Concorde. From this central

point, a walk of a hundred yards towards the north-east brings us to the Madeleine. But before we leave the Place of Concorde, let me show you the *Champs Elysées*, or Elysian fields, stretching away to the distance of a mile, and filled with foot passengers in all conceivable dresses and colours, carriages, horsemen, hucksters, organ grinders, mountebanks playing, and gaily dressed couples dancing to the sound of the violin under the trees. In one part of the *Champs* is a street called the *Allée des Veuves*, in consequence of its having been once thronged with the carriages of the widows who sought at the same time to enjoy the air and to assuage their griefs. At that time no widow dared to appear in mourning in the public walks. These *Champs Elysées* are a brilliant promenade, but from the lack of green grass and finely gravelled walks, I cannot but think them vastly inferior to Hyde and Regent’s Parks in London.

The *Madeleine* is the most magnificent church of modern times. It was commenced by Napoleon as a Temple of Glory to commemorate his victories, and at the same time as an expiatory monument to the Royal victims of the Revolution. Its style and dimensions are about the same as those of the Girard College at Philadelphia. The material is not as fine, but it is superior to the College in its elegantly sculptured frieze. In the tympanum is an immense alto-relievo, one hundred feet in length, representing the Saviour at the Day of Judgment with the Magdalen in supplication at his feet, and the good on his right hand and the wicked on his left. The columns are Corinthian, richly fluted, and stand about two diameters from the body of the edifice. Passing through two doors of solid bronze thirty-two feet high, we enter an immense hall, covered over with chairs, on which worshippers are seated, surrounded with fine statuary and altars along the walls, and the whole lofty dome above gorgeously inlaid with white and gold! The effect upon the stranger at entering is overpowering from its extreme novelty and surpassing splendour. All along both walls is a profusion of saints and kings “done into” marble, and the pavements of the church are of different coloured marbles wrought most fancifully. The internal dimensions of this church are three hundred feet by one hundred and thirty in length and breadth, and ninety in height. France now boasts the finest edifice of modern times, but when the college building of which I have just spoken shall be completed, her claim will be successfully disputed by a nation of seventy years existence!

From the steps of the Madeleine we have a fine view up the Boulevards. These *Boulevards* are a single wide street entirely surrounding the city, and taking different names at the different angles—such as *Boulevards Italiens*, *Capuchins*, &c. The Italian are by far the most splendid. You see that they are considerably wider than Broadway, and the carriage road in the centre is separated from the broad pavements by a double row of trees. These

splendid buildings on each side are mostly cafés and restaurants, and within they are carpeted, gilded, sofa'd and chandeliered, with royal luxuriance. Between these cafés and the trees, the pavement is covered with hundreds of little chairs, on which, by the payment of two sous, the nothing-to-do-gentry, of which Paris is full, lounge away the afternoon, eating ice-cream and sipping claret, chattering and laughing.

Did you notice that little olive-coloured man, with bright, sparkling eyes, whom we just passed walking rapidly towards the Bourse? That was Monsieur *Guizot*, now the first man in France, (if we except the first man in Europe, Louis Philippe). He is as clear headed and sound hearted in the Chamber of Deputies, amid the turbulence and chicanery of politics, as he was in the *Sorbonne* lecturing on philosophy, or when welcoming the literary world to the little intellectual soirées in his modest parlours. To *Guizot* France owes a debt she can never repay.

But I fear I shall weary you with my wanderings, and we will go back just in time for a capital dinner at Meurice's. The table here is considered the best in Paris. Instead of the *solitary system* which prevails in England, we are all placed here at one table as at the Tremont or the Astor. This table is set out with great taste and ornamented with a long line of flowers in vases down the centre, which prevents one from being too inquisitive about his neighbours opposite. Every thing is prepared delightfully, although the *fifteen courses* make the

abundance and variety appear greater than they really are. The soups, the fish, the coutelets, the game, the pastry, the fruit, and the coffee—pretty much in the order I have named them—occupy us till seven or eight; and then, as we pass out, a notice is posted on the wall informing us that tickets can be procured at the “Bureau” by all who wish to go to the opera and see Rachel dance, or to Franconi's to see a juggler stand on his head on a champagne bottle to the inexpressible delight of two thousand grown up children. Those who do not like any thing so intellectual, may spend the evening lounging in the Palais Royal, playing billiards at Tortoni's, or eating patés at Chevet's. Such are the ordinary amusements of the capital.

If we wished to try the strength of a young man's virtue against the strongest of earthly temptations, we would send him to Paris. He would there find every thing most grateful to the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. He could there see the most sumptuous feasts set out in the most sumptuous places. He could witness the most splendid theatrical pageantries, and hear the most enticing ribaldry from the lips of elegant men and voluptuous women. He would there find the strongest allurements to the gratification of his passions in those glittering saloons, where lurk the gambler and her whose house is the way to hell. Into such a vortex, American fathers and mothers are every year sending their sons bound by no religious restraint. Need we wonder at the too common result?

ESTRELLA DEL NORTÉ.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

If there's aught upon earth that foreshadows a heaven,
And grants us a gleam of that land in the skies,
'Tis when pillowed on fond, faithful bosom 'tis given,
To live in the lustre that dims not nor dies,
But bravely burns ever in love kindled eyes—
Eyes like thine, angel Anna—pure, proud, peerless Anna—
The maid of a million—“Estrella del Norté!”

How blue, how beguiling, bright blonde of the North!
We could gaze to the last on a light so alluring.
Oh! vainly with words may we value their worth;
Words were haze o'er their halo, that lustre obscuring.
Who could look and not languish, with love deep and
during?
Not I, angel Anna—pure, proud, peerless Anna—
The maid of a million—“Estrella del Norté.”

Yet pine we in vain; for thy heart never sighed
At our sooting—why should it be sad at our sorrow?
And that heart for whose happiness we would have died
Is fondly another's—whose beauteous bride
Thou shalt be ere the summer sun shines on the morrow.
Another's, fair Anna—pure, proud, peerless Anna—
The maid of a million—“Estrella del Norté.”

Is it vain to avow that our worship was wild,
When 'twas plainly portrayed in our actions and eyes?
Ah no! that avowal hath bravely beguiled
Our bosom's sad beating;—more mellowed and mild
Is the memory now of a love that ne'er dies;—
Dies not mine, angel Anna—pure, proud, peerless Anna—
The maid of a million—“Estrella del Norté.”

Thou art gone to a land where the heart warmly glows—
To a fair tropic land where the noon knows no shadow—
Where the “flower of passion” its sweet fragrance throws
To the sea and the sky—and the “couleur du rose”
Is the hue of the forest, the mountain and meadow.
Thou art gone, angel Anna—pure, proud, peerless Anna—
The maid of a million—“Estrella del Norté.”

And though not a native to that sunny clime
O'er whose brilliant blue sky the cold cloud never
lowers—

Yet a lovely exotic transplanted in time
To flourish 'midst flowers that bloom in their prime,
Aye, fair as the fairest of those tropic flowers
Art thou, angel Anna—pure, proud, peerless Anna—
The maid of a million—“Estrella del Norté.”

THE HOLE IN THE SLEEVE.

A NOVELLETTE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

[The following story is rather condensed than translated, from one of Zochokke's tales. Some liberties, also, have been taken with it.]

CHAPTER I.

IN my young days, I used to hear many odd stories of Mr. Marbel. People looked upon him as a very eccentric person—in fact, a kind of fool; and he used to say he did not wonder at their judgment, inasmuch as they acted on different principles from his, and had different ends in view. Mr. Marbel was a very rich man, who had made all his wealth; for he began with little or nothing, and rose from a clerkship to be partner in one of the best houses in Hamburg. Several voyages to India had also greatly promoted his interests.

In order to have some one to take care of his property during his frequent absences, he married a poor orphan girl, who had, in truth, no home. He saw her one day as he rode into a country village, sitting weeping by the wayside. On asking her what was the matter, she replied, "My mother is dead, and I have nowhere to go."

"Come with me," said he; "I will take care of you." He took her to the village, and thence sent her to his own residence. Six months afterward he married her.

"He is a fool!" said his friends. "He might have chosen among the prettiest and richest maidens in the country; but he would rather pick up a poor damsel from the high road."

Mr. Marbel smiled, and repented not of his choice; for she was virtuous and affectionate.

He soon after gave up business, placing his money out at interest; for he thought himself rich enough. His friends laughed at his folly. "Scarcely forty-five years old," said they, "and to retire so soon! Now is the time for speculation, when he has both means and experience."

But Mr. Marbel contented himself with observing that he was determined to eat the bread he had earned, while his teeth remained to him.

Notwithstanding his wealth, he lived in a small house, and in the most simple manner possible; dressed very plainly, and kept neither coach nor horses; saw no company; in short, a mechanic in the town spent as much in living as he. But he frequently made costly presents to the common people. He would marry young couples, and set them up in life at his own expense; he would buy the release of peasants' sons from military service; he would pay lawyers for clients who were wholly unknown to him. He was always ready to interest

himself in the affairs of poor people, and spared no expense to do them good. But when persons of rank and influence came to borrow of him, he had nothing to lend.

"He is a blockhead!" said his friends. "He might make himself distinguished; the first men at court would attach themselves to him. He might be elevated to the rank of a nobleman, if he chose."

"Indeed," would Mr. Marbel reply, "I am poorer than you think. I have need of every penny of my money."

"How can that be? Is not your yearly income at least thirty thousand guilders?"

"Granted; but I require two thousand for my own expenses, and the rest belongs to those who have need of it. God has made me the steward of his poor!"

In one and the same year, Mr. Marbel lost his excellent wife and two lovely children. He was again alone, and his friends endeavoured to console him; but he repelled their consolations.

"My wife and children yet live," said he, "in a better world, where I hope soon to join them. It were selfish in me to be in despair, because they are happy. Rather let me prepare myself to partake of their happiness."

CHAPTER II.

Notwithstanding, Mr. Marbel felt his loss severely, so that home was now a desert to him. By advice, he travelled for his health; and change of scene improved his spirits. He visited all the provinces of his native land, and on his return, the country around the capital, as well as all the places of popular amusement.

One day he was walking in one of the public gardens, which was full of people, as it was the afternoon of a holiday. Their gaiety was ere long interrupted by a thunderstorm; the people on its approach ran in every direction for shelter. Mr. Marbel did not much regard the blustering wind, and walked on very much at his leisure, while the broad alley was almost deserted, and clouds of dust were whirling all around him. Just then, the young princess Amelia came out of a grove on the left; she was attended by two chamberlains, and behind her walked a couple of officers,

who had much ado to keep the plumes on their caps from being torn off by the wind. Suddenly a furious gust came upon them, carried away the princess's veil, and lodged it in the top of a high fir tree.

"My veil!" screamed the princess; "bring me my veil! I must have it; it was my mother's new year's gift."

The men held their caps fast on their heads, looked at each other and shrugged their shoulders.

"I will not stir from here till I have my veil!" cried the princess—her eyes filling with tears.

The attendants looked in embarrassment to the top of the tree, where the veil fluttered in the wind. It was at least seventy feet from the ground. They protested, one and all, that they could not venture to climb the tree.

Besides Mr. Marbel, there had been another spectator to this scene; a ragged beggar boy about twelve years old, who now came forward. "I will get the veil for the lady if she orders me," said he, measuring with his eyes the height of the fir tree.

"Fetch it, then—quick!" was the cry from all the men; and the boy hastened to climb the tree. He went from bough to bough with great agility, and was soon lost to view among the leaves, till he reappeared on the very top. The wind blew more fiercely than ever, and swayed backwards and forwards the slender branch to which the boy was clinging. Mr. Marbel shuddered as he looked; the officers laughed. The princess clapped her hands with joy, when she saw her treasure in his hand; but presently cried out—"Ah! I hope the careless fellow will not tear it!"

The boy descended from the tree in safety, and brought the veil, which the princess received, and then ran to seek shelter from the storm. Her attendants followed, one of them first throwing a few coins to the lad, who picked them up and examined them.

Mr. Marbel had been much interested in the boy's open and honest face. He also had his hand in his pocket, to reward him for what he had done. "How much have you got?" asked he.

The boy showed him the coins in his hand, which was soiled and bleeding from the rough bark of the fir tree.

"Five ha'pennies," said he. "Here then, my boy," and he gave him a handful of small coins.

The lad was astonished at his good fortune. He looked, now at the money, now at the giver, and asked, "Is this all for me?"

"All. And what do you mean to do with it?"

"I hardly know myself. Buy some new clothes—live like a lord."

"Have you a father?"

"No; I have had none for two years. My father was a soldier, and was killed in the wars; my mother is dead now, and I am a little beggar."

"Give me back the money, child."

"All, sir?"

"Yes, all."

The poor boy restored the coins, but a few tears chased each other down his sunburnt cheeks.

"Give me the ha'pennies too, my lad."

"No—they belong to me."

"My boy, you shall have no more need of money; you shall beg no more. I will take you home with me, and you shall be my son, if you are good. Will you go with me?"

"Oh! yes, sir."

"Have you any more money?"

The little fellow produced from his pockets a few half pence and a piece of dry bread. Mr. Marbel took them, and they went home together.

CHAPTER III.

Conrad Eckbert, for that was the boy's name, was clothed simply, but comfortably, and given a bed-room and a straw mattress in the house of his protector. This was a great improvement of his condition, for he had been used to sleeping in the open air, and going frequently the whole day without food. He was happy, therefore, and proved so obedient, diligent, and grateful, that Mr. Marbel resolved to give him a good education. He sent him to school, where his progress was astonishing; for he applied himself earnestly to his studies, hoping to please thus his benefactor.

We need not dwell upon his school days, nor the first years of his residence with Mr. Marbel. The latter received him at his own table, where, however, the fare was as simple as in a peasant's cottage. Every week Conrad received half a dollar; not to be spent, however, for his own gratification, but expended for the benefit of others. His protector exacted this, and on every occasion inculcated the duty of doing good to the poor.

The day that Conrad was sixteen, Mr. Marbel gave him four hundred dollars. "We will now divide our housekeeping expenses," said he. "You must clothe yourself and pay your teachers; paying me besides a small sum for board and lodging every quarter. The rest is your own—manage for yourself."

Every quarter Conrad brought in his reckoning. Mr. Marbel observed him closely, and was pleased to see that though he was sparing as a miser in his own personal expenditures, he was liberal in assisting others. At the end of the year he had a hundred and twenty dollars remaining. This was put out at interest, and he received again four hundred.

This went on till the lad was twenty years old. Then Mr. Marbel resolved to send him to the university, and gave him money to defray his expenses for three years, with a great store of good advice. "After three years are expired," concluded he, "you must earn your own living. I shall give you nothing more."

But he redoubled his sage counsels as the hour drew near for Conrad's departure; urging him to

the cultivation and practice, day by day, of those good principles he had for eight years been endeavouring to plant in his mind.

"Once more," said he, "despise not what is insignificant or mean, merely because it is so. Does not the snow white lily, or the gorgeous tulip, have its root in the dark earth? You see me rich and respected. Know you how I rose to this elevation? By having learned to *sew*."

"You can scarcely believe it; and yet it was thus. I was fourteen years old; could read, write, and draw up accounts, and was a poor mechanic's son. My father had but little money, and knew not what to do for me. I had a playmate and friend, named Albrecht, who was as careless as myself, as fond of frolic, and as wild in the pursuit of diversion. We spent a great deal of profitable time together, and our mothers complained that they could never keep our clothes whole."

"One day we were sitting on a bench in one of the public gardens, telling each other what we would wish to be in after life. I chose to be a lieutenant; Albrecht a general."

"'You will never be any thing—either of you!' cried a well dressed old gentleman, with a powdered wig, who stood behind the bench, and had heard our childish conversation."

"We started up; and Albrecht asked, 'Why do you think so, sir?'"

"The old man answered, 'I see by your clothes you are the children of respectable people, and yet you are born to be beggars; or else, would you have such holes in your sleeves?'"

"He pointed with his cane to each of our elbows. I reddened with shame, and Albrecht also."

"'If there is no one at your house who knows how to sew,' continued our monitor, 'why do you not learn yourselves? Better mend the rents in your coats before you talk of becoming lieutenants and generals!'"

"We made no reply to the old man. I went home not a little mortified. I asked mother to teach me how to sew, intending to learn in sport; and afterwards when my clothes were torn, I mended them on the spot. This habit of carefulness caused me also to keep myself clean. I often thought on the words of the old gentleman, and drew inferences from them. A few stitches would save a coat; a handful of lime repaired the breaches of a house; a painful of water applied in time might extinguish a fire; dollars grew out of pennies; tall trees out of little seeds."

"Albrecht did not take the lesson thus to heart. We were both recommended to a shopkeeper; he tried us both, and gave the place to me—as he said afterwards, because he saw that my dress was always carefully attended to, while that of Albrecht was neglected."

"'He will never make a merchant,' remarked the shopkeeper; and I thought of the old gentleman in powdered wig, and the hole in the sleeve."

"My habit of observing small things led me to notice many holes, both in my own sleeve and that

of others. My employer, for instance, had a large one; for he was capricious, harsh and despotic, and often reproached me unjustly. I at first withstood him; but presently I looked at my own elbows, and thenceforth I contented myself with doing right, even though I had no other reward than a good conscience."

"Step by step I bettered my fortune. I became an eminent merchant. God's blessing was on all I did; but under Him, I owe success to my uniform attentions to small matters, and to the fact that I was always ready to mend where a stitch was wanting. Now, dear Conrad, go to the university; study law. But remember the old man in the powdered wig, and be careful of the least hole in your sleeve."

CHAPTER IV.

Conrad went to Gottingen, passed through the three years of his studies with great credit, and received his diploma. Before settling himself for life, he resolved to make the tour of Europe. His stock of money was indeed small, and he expected nothing from Mr. Marbel; but he hit on a method of defraying his expenses. He served an apprenticeship to several mechanics in order to learn their different trades, thus providing himself with an un-failing resource."

Mr. Marbel had just returned one evening from his customary walk, and had entered the house, when a youth dressed like a mechanic, his knapsack on his back, presented himself at the door, and begged to speak with him. He was the bearer of a message from Conrad, who had not been heard of for some months."

Mr. Marbel looked hard at him. "It is Conrad himself!" cried he. "Ha! you are playing at comedy. Is this the coming out of our Doctor of Laws?"

Conrad smiled, and said, "I have the doctor in my knapsack; he is my journeyman carpenter. I have my diploma and letters with me. Now I am going to visit strange countries. I come only to see you once more, dear father, and ask your blessing."

Mr. Marbel embraced his foster-son, and kept him with him a month. At the end of that time, Conrad departed on his travels. He went through Germany, then across the Alps, through Italy, to Rome and Naples. Then by sea to France; labouring at his trades in Lyons and Paris to obtain the means of going further. He remained a year in London, and afterwards visited Stockholm and Petersburg. Wherever he went, the labour of his hands supplied him with the necessities of life; and the evenings and holidays were spent in visiting objects of curiosity."

After four years absence he returned to Germany, and stood once more before the house of his foster father. According to his request, he had written

every three months; but for a long time had received no letters from Mr. Marbel. Was the excellent old man no longer living? His heart sunk within him when he learned from the neighbours that he had long ago sold that house and left the city. He lodged that night at a hotel; and the next day, having changed his dress, waited upon the old banker, Schmidt, Mr. Marbel's most intimate friend.

The banker received him with joy. "Praised be Heaven," he cried, "that I see you once more. Our good friend, as you know, is gone to India. He has left with me two hundred louis'd'ors, to be delivered to you on your return."

"Gone to India!" repeated Conrad; and the tears stood in his eyes.

"Did you not know that? They gave him no peace here; the prince was determined to make a noble of him. His rejection of the royal favour was construed into disrespect, and he had enemies enough to represent him as a revolutionist. He found it necessary to leave the country, and a speculation in India was a convenient excuse. It is now eighteen months since his departure."

The young man was astonished, and declared that if he knew where to find his benefactor, he would immediately follow him. The banker opposed this resolution, and represented that his old friend would be better pleased if his protégé should pursue his plan, which was that he should embrace the profession of the law.

One day, after a few weeks had passed, the banker came into Conrad's room with a newspaper in his hand. "I have found a capital situation for you," said he. "Mr. Wallenroth has advertised for an agent to look after his estate in the country. Seven hundred guilders salary, and no expenses for living, wood, light. What say you? Have you a mind to apply?"

Conrad assented.

"Come with me, then, my lad. Let me dispose of you in your father's stead. Wallenroth is a special friend of mine. 'Tis the very place to suit you."

They repaired together to the house of Mr. Wallenroth. He was an elderly gentleman, of very prepossessing countenance.

"I have not, indeed," he said to Conrad, "the honour of your acquaintance; but my friend Schmidt answers for you. You, and no other, shall have the place. But I will explain my views. I find it necessary to be absent on political business at Paris, probably for some years. I wish you to take charge of my estates at Altech; to be not merely my agent, but to fill the very place I should occupy. The steward will be subordinate to you. You must not only receive my rents, but employ your energies to better the condition of my tenants, and to improve them—for they are a rough and ignorant set. I have been able to do little among them, as the estate has only been mine for about a year. I give you *carte blanche* for every thing; in short, you must exercise all the rights that belong

to me. The moneys may be sent every year to my friend Schmidt, who will transmit them to me."

Conrad would fain have declined an undertaking of so much responsibility, on account of his ignorance of the management of country estates; but Mr. Wallenroth would take no refusal, and even offered to double the salary rather than lose his services. To the question, how he could justify such boundless confidence, he replied by pointing to the banker.

All was then arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, when Mr. Wallenroth added another condition.

"You have authority," said he, "over all who are near you, with one exception; a lady named Walter, the widow of a priest, and quite destitute, to whom I allow a moderate pension, and a home under my roof. Madame Walter will reside in the house with you, and I hope you will find her society agreeable."

In a few weeks, Mr. Wallenroth went with Conrad to Altech, made him acquainted with the details of his agency, and ushered him formally upon the discharge of its duties. He also presented him to Madame Walter.

CHAPTER V.

It would prolong this story too much to detail the operations of Conrad, or the various improvements he endeavoured to carry into effect upon the estate, and among the tenants, who were rude; but honest peasants, grateful for the kindness manifested towards them. Suffice it to say—his time was fully and usefully occupied, and his letters to the banker declared that he was quite happy, and that he found Madame Walter a most agreeable inmate. She relieved him of the trouble of house-keeping, and enlivened the evenings with pleasant conversation.

After some time she announced to him that she expected home from a neighbouring town her daughter Josephine. This young lady came in due time, and was received with great courtesy and respect by Conrad, who thought he had never seen so beautiful a creature.

Ere long, he found his regular course of life somewhat ruffled. Josephine was fond of walking and riding, and the pleasure of accompanying her sometimes caused him to think his more serious duties irksome, if they interfered. Then his sleep at night was disturbed by dreams of the lovely girl. In short, he said to himself—"I cannot live so quietly where there is a young lady in the house."

The young man found these new occupations appropriating too large a share of his attention, and was dissatisfied. He applied himself to business with redoubled diligence. The daughters of his tenants were many of them idle and improvident; for their benefit he instituted a school of all kinds of work, and insisted particularly that attention should be paid to the department of *sewing*.

"Where there are rags in a house, there is sure to be dirt," said he; and he called to mind the counsels of his foster father. Alas! while Conrad was pointing out the rents in the garments of the poor people, he was unconscious that he had a hole in his own sleeve!

He became aware of this when Josephine and her mother left Altech on a visit to the town, and the young girl seemed to feel no sorrow at parting with him. The four weeks of their absence passed as tediously as if they had been four years. Conrad was unhappy; he resolved to observe more coldness towards Josephine after her return, and formed many sage resolutions; but a sight of her smiling, blooming face, as she held out her hand to greet him, put them all to flight. The peace of the house was once more disturbed by the sound of harp and piano, and her gay songs. She seemed not to notice the young man's embarrassment; though she would often look at him a long time in silence, when he was not observing her.

CHAPTER VI.

One morning, while the family were seated at breakfast, came in an express messenger from the banker Schmidt. Conrad read the letters he brought, and turned deadly pale. Without saying a word to the ladies, he then dismissed the messenger, and shut himself up in his chamber, not even coming down to dinner. Madame Walter herself carried him some food; she forbore to question him as to the cause of his disquiet, though her looks showed the sincerest sympathy.

Conrad understood this mute language. He reached out his hand to her, and said—

"Thanks, my dear Madam, for your friendship. I must leave you to-morrow at daybreak; you will have another agent at Altech. I will tell you more perhaps this evening."

"How!" cried the lady, in astonishment—"you leave us! And forever?"

"I fear so."

"And, in pity, why? Can Mr. Wallenroth—"

"I will tell you more this evening," cried Conrad, overwhelmed with grief.

The old lady left the chamber weeping. The young man remained to consider what he should do; at length his resolution was formed. He had a friend in the next town, a skilful young advocate, whom he regarded as in all respects fit to succeed him in the management of the estate; him he determined to recommend to Mr. Wallenroth. He spent the rest of the day in writing down instructions how to carry out the plans of improvement he had devised, and afterwards packed up his own wardrobe. He had nothing less in view than a voyage to India.

The banker had sent him a letter from Mr. Marbel written to Schmidt from Calcutta. It appeared

that the good old man had been unfortunate, his affairs having fallen into the utmost disorder from the villany of one of his agents. He was unable even to fee a lawyer to undertake his business, or to pay the expenses of his return to Europe. His health was too feeble to permit him to work; and in a foreign country, without friends, his condition was truly pitiable. He entreated the banker, if Conrad Eckbert could be found, to tell him of his misfortunes, and that all his hopes rested on him. His presence in India would be the greatest of all consolations, and especially desirable; but if he could not come in person, the banker was directed to implore him to send his foster-father a sum of money for his present support.

The letter concluded by soliciting the banker, in case Eckbert could neither come nor send money, or in case of his absence or death, to forward his old friend what might suffice to make his last days comfortable.

Schmidt had accompanied this sad letter by one of his own, in which he gave advice to the following purpose:—

"Do not suffer yourself, my dear young sir, to be concerned about Mr. Marbel; I will myself, from regard to our ancient friendship, do what is necessary for him. It is best that you should not leave Altech, or risk a voyage to India, where you might lose your own life, merely to prolong the feeble existence of an already aged man. No—remain; you are bound also to my friend Wallenroth, and must carry out the work you have begun. He is at present in Regensburg, whence in a short time he will go to Paris; he alone would have the right of releasing you from your engagements—for you are not a man to forfeit your word. Should you think proper to forward any remittance to Mr. Marbel, I will send it speedily and safely; in that case, write to me without loss of time. To prevent any misapprehension on the part of Mr. Marbel, I will tell him I know not of your place of residence."

"No! no, Mr. Schmidt," cried Conrad, with quivering lip, while the tears stood in his eyes; "your kind deceptions will not do for me! I expected better counsel, and find I was mistaken in you! I am Marbel's son, whom he protected and educated; I will go to India, to assist my father!"

He called the steward, informed him of the necessity for his immediate departure, and gave him his instructions; also telling him that he was going at once to Regensburg, to ask his dismissal of Mr. Wallenroth.

When he entered the parlour in the evening, he found Madame Walter much dejected. Josephine sat in silence by the window. He announced that he was going to India. The young girl became pale as death, and her hands, that held her knitting work, fell down in her lap. Conrad did not observe her emotion; he was too intensely absorbed with the idea of Mr. Marbel's suffering, which he described touchingly to the old lady. He spoke with much scorn of the banker's advice.

"I should be a villain," concluded he, "if I could stay here, after this, though I were sure of meeting my death on the way."

"Ah! yes," repeated the steward; "it is indeed a melancholy business."

"Nay," said Madame Walter, while her voice faltered, "it is well that you *think* thus; but do not act too rashly. Wait a few days; reflection may point out a better course." And she glanced towards her daughter.

Josephine lifted up her pale face, and collecting her strength for the effort, cried, "Mother, dear mother, do not distress him! He must—he *must* go!—he *dare* not stay!" And she sank down in a swoon.

Her mother shrieked; Conrad raised her in his arms; the steward called assistance, and she was carried to her chamber.

In about an hour Madame Walter sent for Conrad. He obeyed the summons, and as he entered the apartment, saw Josephine seated in the arm-chair. He took a seat near her in silence, looking sorrowfully, however, at her pale countenance.

"I gave you a fright," said she, smiling; "I am sorry, but could not help it. Now I am well."

Conrad was trembling with emotion.

"I want to see you," said the young girl, "as long as I can. Mother, bring Mr. Eckbert a glass of that old wine; he does not look well; he has suffered much. It will strengthen him; for his spirit seems stronger than his body."

The mother went out. Conrad looked at Josephine; he had not expected so much feeling from her.

"You are grieved, then, dear Josephine," he asked, at length, "that I must leave you?"

"No," she answered; "you do well to go; you *could* not do otherwise. You follow a sacred duty; you cannot meet with harm—God will be with you."

"Ah, Josephine! and yet my heart is broken. You know not how much I love you!"

"Think upon your unfortunate father!"

"Will you remember me in absence, Josephine?"

"Yes, Conrad, and with gratitude."

"Gratitude?"

"Yes; for I am better since you came here. Take this knowledge with you. We may never meet again in this world, but I shall always be happier for having known you."

"You embarrass me, Josephine. Ah! know you how dear you are to me? Do you know what I suffer in parting from you?"

She averted her face; at the same moment Madame Walter came in with the wine. They both drank, and Josephine became more cheerful.

"My mother," she said, when the moment of parting came, "you may give Mr. Eckbert a last embrace—for me!"

The mother clasped him in her arms, then kneeling, he stole a kiss from the blushing cheek of her daughter; snatched her hand, which she extended in adieu, and covered it with kisses, while his face

was bathed in tears. Madame Walter sobbed aloud; Josephine covered her face, while she motioned him to leave them.

CHAPTER VII.

The next morning, as Conrad drove away, a crowd of the tenants followed the carriage with tears and lamentations; for he was much beloved by them all. He leaned back in the seat and abandoned himself to sad reflections. How happy had been his lot!—how desolate was he now! But his benefactor—should he murmur at being called to sacrifice all for him. Did not duty call for the surrender of his happiness, his love, his life?

Ah! said conscience, it is your own fault that you go not to India with pleasure, that you leave breaking hearts behind! You have—as Mr. Marbel would say—a sad hole in your sleeve.

He reached the capital, and hastened to the banker's. Schmidt seemed astonished to see him so soon, and still more at his resolution of going to India.

"Be advised," said he. "A voyage to India is no excursion of pleasure. And who will assure you that you will find Mr. Marbel alive? And you sacrifice your interests."

"My dear sir, say no more about it—I have no choice. Duty points out my path. I ask only letters of exchange for the funds I shall place in your hands. If you will add something, so much the better; and I will repay you with interest when I return, if I have to turn mechanic again for it."

"Well, Mr. Eckbert, if you are determined —"

"Say no more. To-morrow I go to Regensburg, to ask my dismissal of Mr. Wallenroth. If you are truly my friend, give me a letter to him. I know your opinion has much weight."

The banker was silent some time, and seemed much affected. At length he embraced Conrad.

"I envy Mr. Marbel," he cried, "so loyal and affectionate a son. Come, you shall have the bills of exchange, and that Mr. Wallenroth may interpose no difficulty, I will myself accompany you to Regensburg."

The impatience of Conrad to depart met with severe checks from the banker's delay—on account of business, as he said. It was six days before he could persuade him to set out. He wrote, however, at once to Mr. Wallenroth.

At length they left the capital, travelling with post horses; but the young man was doomed to another trial of patience from the slowness with which the banker found it necessary to travel. The hours of rest claimed by him were spent by Conrad writing in his journal, or to Madame Walter.

They arrived at Regensburg. Mr. Wallenroth was not to be seen the first day; which occasioned Conrad not a little uneasiness, especially as he was

certain the banker had been received. Nor did he like the banker's extreme cheerfulness when he returned in the evening to their hotel.

The next day Wallenroth invited them to dinner. The young man resolved to bring matters to a speedy issue—for he was determined, should his principal refuse to release him from the agency, to depart that night without waiting for dismissal.

The host received them with great cordiality, and Conrad lost not a moment in explaining the object of his visit, dwelling with great earnestness on the reasons that impelled him to give up his agency. He also spoke of what he had done at Altech.

"You have done every thing," said M. de Wallenroth, "that I could have wished, with only one exception. You have made Madame Walter very unhappy."

"I?" repeated the young man, colouring.

"I received a letter from her the day before yesterday. She tells me you are much beloved by all the people, who mourn your loss. She has a young and lovely daughter, whose health has failed since your departure."

"Josephine?"

"Yes. Both mother and daughter are noble-minded enough to approve of your plan of going to India. But Madame Walter trembles for the life of the dear girl, who is in real danger."

Conrad grew pale.

M. de Wallenroth showed him the letter; he read it, then sank on a chair, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed audibly.

"I can sympathize with you," said Wallenroth, kindly, "for I know Josephine; she is an admirable girl. You love her?"

"Better than life!" faltered the young man.

"Then be at ease on her account. Her welfare is too dear to me, than that I should lose a moment in giving her consolation. I wrote in reply—'Mr. Eckbert is not going to India; he will soon return to Altech.' My letter is by this time in Madame Walter's hands."

"You have done well," said Conrad.

"Then you will not go to India?"

"You have done well, Mr. Wallenroth, to save her suffering for a few days, even by an innocent deception. It is important to gain time; her strength will return; she will be saved by your stratagem. But I must go to India."

"Will you make me tell an untruth, Mr. Eckbert?"

"Shall I," asked Conrad, looking appealingly into his face, "prove a monster of ingratitude to my benefactor?"

"No, no," cried Mr. Wallenroth; "but you are called upon to choose between his life and that of the maiden you love."

"I have no choice!" said Conrad. "I have only to listen to the voice of duty. His life, and hers, are in the hands of God—the good or evil act is in my power. And could I restore her by committing a sin, would she not hate me for my criminal weakness?"

"I wrote to them," pursued M. de Wallenroth, "that the necessity of your departure existed no longer—nor does it. I prophesy that you will not go to India."

"How? Is Mr. Marbel dead? Or have you intelligence that he is on his way home? I beseech you, sir, relieve my suspense. I am already wretched enough."

"You have no reason to be so," answered Mr. Wallenroth. "Listen to me. You are the owner of Altech. Mr. Marbel sold me the estate—but only for you, and charged me not to inform you till you had been a year in possession. Mr. Schmidt is the executor of his will. I will deliver you the writings presently."

Conrad was astonished—he knew not what to say. At last, raising his tearful eyes to heaven—"My good Marbel!" he cried; "always thoughtful for others!—now he is no longer poor. If it be truly so, Mr. Wallenroth, I have to beg a favour of you and Mr. Schmidt. It is to lend me thirty or forty thousand guilders, to be secured by a mortgage on the estate at Altech. I want the money immediately, in bills of exchange."

"First let me deliver the deeds into your hands," said Mr. Wallenroth, and left the room, accompanied by the banker.

He returned with the papers, which Conrad looked over, and seemed much affected on seeing the signature of his foster-father. But he started with surprise at the date—the document was dated two days ago, at Regensburg! He pointed this out to Mr. Wallenroth.

"The deed is spurious!" cried he.

"Perfectly good and legal, I assure you, my dear sir."

"It is dated the day before yesterday!"

"Very good."

"Who has counterfeited Mr. Marbel's handwriting?"

"Who but himself! You ought to know his hand."

"How could he write this? Has he returned from India?"

"No, Mr. Eckbert, he has not returned—for he has never been to India!"

The door opened, and the banker led forward a venerable figure, which Conrad instantly recognized. Mr. Marbel opened his arms and clasped the young man to his breast.

"My son!" he cried, "you are all I hoped. May God in Heaven bless you!"

CHAPTER VIII.

The surprise and delight of Conrad, and the joy of his foster-father, may easily be conceived. The evening was devoted to explanations. Mr. Marbel related in detail the occurrences of the last two years; how he had been persecuted by royal favour; how his refusal of the proffered honours had sub-

jected him to suspicion; how he had been misrepresented and calumniated, and finally obliged to quit the capital; how he had retired to a distant province, intending to live in seclusion, and how a fever had reduced him to the verge of the grave. During his illness, he reproached himself for not having provided for the fortunes of his adopted son.

"The man who leaves ought to regret in this world," said he, "is not prepared to die; and he who is not prepared for death has a sad hole in his sleeve."

Mr. Marbel went on to say that Conrad's quarterly letters had been his only consolation. On him his hopes were now fixed; for of many orphans whom he had educated, none had well repaid his care. After Conrad's return, he had directed the banker to purchase the estate at Altech, and establish the young man there as agent. In short, the whole scheme between him, the banker, and Mr. Wallenroth, together with the proposed voyage to India, was devised for the trial and development of Conrad's principles, and his heart. He had nobly borne the trial, and proved himself worthy of their confidence.

Mr. Marbel added an episode concerning his love in youth for Madame Walter, before her marriage, which had been a severe blow to him. This unlucky passion had proved, he said, a terrible hole in his sleeve; but he had mended it by resignation, always retaining esteem for Madame Walter, to whom he allowed a pension sufficient for

her support. The union between her daughter and his adopted son was just what he desired.

To make a long story short—in a few days Mr. Marbel and Conrad, accompanied by the banker, went to Altech. The young man had written immediately on finding his benefactor, both to Josephine and her mother, informing them of his prospects, and making a formal offer of his hand. Thus they were expected.

Madame Walter and Mr. Marbel had not met in several years, and had many old scenes and recollections to talk over. When they came down to the present, they discovered that the young people had been missing for an hour. They were found in the garden, walking arm in arm among the flowers.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Marbel, as he saw them, "both your sleeves have had sad holes—which the priest only can mend! But come here and receive our blessing."

In a few days the lovers were married. Mr. Marbel then said to Conrad—

"You may go to Leipzig for your wedding excursion, collect some moneys, and transact other business for me, for which I will give you written instructions. You can be back in fourteen days at furthest."

And truly, in twelve days the whole party was reassembled at Altech—Josephine blooming as a rose, and the old people, of course, delighted.

MARY.

INSCRIBED IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

MARY!—it is a gentle name,
And they alone should bear it
Whose gentle thoughts and kindly deeds
Proclaim them meet to wear it.
Mary!—the first of whom we read
Is in the sacred word,—
The blessed virgin, undefiled,
The mother of our Lord.

'Twas Mary to the Saviour knelt
And wash'd his feet with tears,
A true repentance then she felt
For sins of other years;—
With pity touched, the Saviour said,
"Thy sins be all forgiven!"
And she who knelt a sinner, rose
Mary—a child of heaven!

Martha, we learn, remained at home,
"Troubled with many things,"
While Mary ran, in haste, to meet
Her Lord, the King of Kings:

And He who truly read each heart,
Jesus, of her did say—
"Mary hath chosen that good part
Which shall not pass away!"

And when the Lord of Heaven became
The lowly, crucified,
Three Marys stood around the cross,
And wept when Jesus died:
'Twas Mary sought at early dawn
The tomb from whence he brake,
And her's the first recorded name
The risen Saviour spake!

Then, Mary! let it be your aim
To keep these still in view;
And as you bear their gentle name,
Possess their graces too!
Be meek and lowly,—pure in heart,—
Be every sin abhorred;
Like Mary, "choose the better part,"
And early seek the Lord!

THE LION'S CRAG.

A LEGEND FROM THE DEEP DRAWER.

BY MRS. H. F. LEE, AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING," "THE HUGUENOTS," ETC.

AMONG the strong holds of the Carniola mountains, the ruins of an ancient castle still remain, which formerly tempted the curious traveller many miles from his path. In winter it is almost inaccessible from the masses of snow and ice which block up all avenues to it. And even in the milder seasons the way is impeded by mountain torrents and deep ravines. Yet so many strange and mysterious stories are attached to this place, known by the name of the Lion's Crag, that even to this day travellers are found adventurous enough to encounter all obstacles for the sake of viewing this wonderful place.

The following narrative connected with the castle among the mountains, has been told with variations for many centuries. We have seen German, French and Italian records relating the subject, and have taken some pains to clear them from the rubbish of superstition which has hitherto enveloped the transaction, and give the facts in their simple truth. As the circumstances took place in the reign of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, it carries us back to 1478 or 9.

We shall make free use of a French version of this story—departing from it, however, when we think the facts have varied from history.

Egbert Count Raymond was a man who had shared the highest honours an imperial government bestows; but early losing a beloved wife, and becoming disgusted with worldly ostentation, he retired to his castle among the Carniola mountains, determining to devote his life to the education and happiness of his only child, the little Eva.

With a highly cultivated taste and a profound love for the fine arts, he found no time hang heavy; all his recreation and domestic happiness were centred in the little being who remained as the last tie which bound him to earth. She grew up surrounded by mountain scenery, as bright and as happy as the birds she collected around her, teaching them by the silvery tones of her voice.

On one fine morning in May, when the spring had come forth in all its beauty, a huntsman's horn was heard resounding from peak to peak, and dying in low murmurs among the valleys.

"That sound is not far off," said Raymond. "It is a petition for aid; I understand it well. They are probably sportsmen in perplexity; perhaps they are bewildered among the mountains. I will send guides to conduct them to the road."

"It may be, father," said Eva, "that there is distress amongst them. I never heard so plaintive a sound from our huntsmen's horns."

"Thou art right, child," said the count. "The serfs shall go with such relief as may be necessary, with orders to conduct them to the castle should they require aid."

But a few hours had passed before the messengers returned, bringing a chevalier on a litter, followed by several of his attendants. His gun had suddenly burst and severely wounded him.

The chevalier was announced as Count Von Schomberg, and Raymond at once understood his high rank at court. Many weeks passed before he was able to move with freedom, and during that time he was entertained by the inhabitants of the castle with the utmost hospitality. As his knowledge in music was highly cultivated, Eva became his pupil.

Hitherto, her intercourse had been confined to the circle around her. It is not surprising that she found a new world opening to her senses, in the accomplishments and fascinations of the stranger, a being so unlike all she had seen before. He possessed the refinement and the tenderness which she honoured in her father, but then he was so much younger, so much more animated, and there was such melody in his voice, and such execution in his fingers! Her harp had never *spoken* before, and now, alas! poor child! it spoke to her heart.

Strange that her father did not observe the tremulation of her voice, her eyes cast down, and the long eye-lashes resting on her cheek, in the presence of the chevalier! But fathers forget that the period of childhood passes rapidly—as if the woman with her vivid imagination and soul of sensibility could be still held in leading strings. But if the father did not perceive this change in Eva, Count Schomberg did, and at once attributed it to admiration for himself. His health recovered very slowly—at least, so he said, though there was no outward appearance of indisposition. At length, no excuse remained, and the time arrived when he must quit the abode so full of trusting hospitality.

His leave-taking with the count was full of gratitude and high respect; perhaps there was a little exaggeration in his language when he protested that his life henceforth was at the service of Egbert Count Raymond—but it was in the style of the gay courtiers of Vienna, and as such was received.

With Eva it was otherwise. Strange that a creature so gentle and timid could give a private assignation, could listen to the count when he promised to return in a few weeks and claim her from her father as his beloved and honoured wife. But Eva

was in love, and Margareta, her favourite waiting maid, was in love also, and together they had consented to assignments, and fully believed all their lovers told them. But Margareta was by far the most fortunate; for Frederic was never absent and never compelled to leave her for the court of the emperor.

Months passed away, and Schomberg did not return; he did not even write—this was surely most strange. Even the count expressed his surprise, and said—

"I am disappointed; but I know too well the busy life of the court to be severe on our former guest. I rejoice that we were able to assist him when wounded; and so it ends. We shall probably see him no more."

But Eva seemed to possess none of this philosophy. By degrees the rose on her cheek turned pale, and her lips assumed an ashy whiteness. One day her father entered her room and found her shedding bitter tears. She complained of indisposition, and for a time he was silent; but by degrees his eyes opened to a part of the truth.

"My dear child," said he, one day, drawing her towards him, "what has become of thy gay spirits? Dost thou regret the absence of the young chevalier who has sung to thy harp? Nay, speak freely, my child; thou hast no severe censor in thy father. Perhaps I am more in fault than thou art; I might have foreseen that thy fancy would be captivated by his accomplishments. Speak truly, my own Eva; confide in thy father, thy best friend."

"Oh that I had ever done so!" she exclaimed, weeping. "But it was so hard to act in opposition to the count's wishes. He told me to trust to him and all would go right, and that you, my dear father, would be proud when he returned to claim your daughter as his bride."

A frown passed over the brow of Raymond, as he replied—

"The rank he holds at court I held, before he was born, with the father of Maximilian; and what honour," continued he, "could the new favourite of the emperor confer on the old and cherished friend of his father. Hadst thou confided to me thy affection, my child, I would not have opposed thy union with him—but the honour had been his."

"Ah, father, I see he was right—thou wouldst not have consented."

"I tell thee truly, Eva, that *I would*," said the count. "I have not forgotten how I once loved. Yes, Eva, had he spoken fair and honourably to me, I would have given my consent, and parted with my only earthly treasure, for *her* happiness."

"Then, dearest father," said Eva, her eyes sparkling and her cheeks glowing, as she threw herself into his arms, "I may confess all. He is my own, my wedded husband."

"God of mercy!" exclaimed Raymond, "what does this mean?"

"Nay, father," said Eva, clinging to him, "do not look so sternly upon me. I did wrong to consent to his representations. But all was ready;

the priest waiting in the chapel, and assuring me that there was no disobedience—for my father had uttered no prohibition, and that he would give me absolution. Alas! I yielded, notwithstanding my heart and my conscience told me otherwise. I became his wife, but I have never known a happy day since. Father, dear father, forgive me, or I never, never shall forgive myself."

Raymond answered not a word. It seemed as if inward life and thought had departed from him, and yet the outward man stood firm. At length, in a voice of thunder, he exclaimed—

"Call Father Ludovico."

"I will," said Eva, trembling; "but it was not Father Ludovico that married us."

"Who then, wretched girl?" said he.

"It was his own chaplain that always travels with him," said Eva. "Oh! father, look not so sternly on me; kill me not by your anger."

"Wretched, wretched girl," said the count, "and thrice wretched father! Away," added he, as she knelt to him; "go kneel to thy God and Saviour; there only canst thou find peace."

"Father," said Eva, starting up, "I am a poor, timid, feeble child; but lately I sat on your knee, and laid my head upon your bosom, and you blessed me. I love you now, as I did then. My crime is, not that I loved another with a different love, for it robbed you of no portion of my affection. But it was a crime to unite myself to him privately and clandestinely, and without your leave, and deeply do I suffer for it. Yet, dearest father, remember the love you bore my beloved mother; how deep, how constant it has been even to this hour. Father," said she, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes fearlessly, "even so I love my husband!"

"Eva, my poor Eva," said he, throwing his arms around her—all his angry passions subsiding into one gush of tenderness, and the strong, iron-bound man, wept like a child.

"You forgive me father?" said she. "Say yes, and remove this dreadful load which lies upon my conscience."

"I do forgive thee thy transgression to myself," said Raymond, solemnly. "I promise to love and cherish thee with more tenderness than ever."

"Now I am happy again," said Eva; "and I shall be too, too happy, when my husband returns to claim me—but think not I will ever leave you; no, we must not separate. We will pass part of the year at Vienna and part here; that is what he told me, and you must always be with us. We will never separate."

Day after day passed, and he did not return. Raymond was a man of resolution and principle, and he strove to bear the sorrow of his heart like a Christian. He was fully convinced by inquiry and investigation, that Eva had been betrayed by fiend-like contrivances; but he still hoped that Schomberg might be compelled to make all the restitution now in his power, by an honourable marriage. De Raymond had been early in life a brave warrior, and was still a feudal chief. He collected around

him his serfs and faithful allies, and giving Eva in charge to their care and watchfulness, and to the few faithful friends who inhabited the castle, he informed his daughter that it was his intention to go to Vienna and have an interview with Schomberg, and learn why he so long delayed his return. Eva was divided between grief and joy—grief that her father, now advanced in years, should have such an arduous journey to accomplish in the depth of winter, and joy that she should learn what had detained her husband; and that he would receive from her father's lips pardon for their clandestine union. Once she tremblingly expressed a desire to go with him, but he answered her with a momentary sternness that checked the expression of her wishes.

The journey of Count Raymond to Vienna, though a long one, was speedily accomplished. The castle, inaccessible to strangers in winter, had many subterranean passages known to the master and two or three of his confidential servants, which, by a long winding path, led to the foot of the crag. When Count Raymond arrived at Vienna, he well knew how to gain access to the palace by a private way; for he had often used it in his intercourse with the predecessor of Maximilian, and by this means he was sure of telling his own story before Schomberg could escape. Deeply as he was wounded, he carried less revenge than sorrow in his heart—for he knew that Eva's happiness was bound up in the safety of her betrayer's. He even began to persuade himself that so much faith and beauty as she possessed could not fail to have made due impression on his heart, and that he might joyfully accept the way opened to him of making reparation. There are certain perceptions of the mind, however, that we cannot elude; and the conviction that Schomberg was a villain was written on his heart. It was in this frame of mind that he arrived at the palace of Maximilian, the son of his former sovereign and friend, and sought the secret entrance by which he might gain access to the emperor.

Maximilian was sitting in the midst of his family, with his consort, Mary of Burgundy, heiress of Charles the Bold, by his side, and at his feet his beautiful niece, who had been early adopted as his daughter.

The weather was cold and tempestuous; the wintry blast howled around the palace with as little ceremony as if it had been encircling the lowliest cottage.

"It is a terrible night, father," said the young girl, resting her soft white hand on the emperor's ermine robe which covered his knee.

"Thou dost not feel the storm, Emilda?" said he, taking the little hand in his.

"Oh, no," replied the young girl, "not for myself; but it is beating on many a defenceless head."

At that moment an attendant entered, and said, with agitation—

"A man, my lord, of noble port, has gained admittance to the palace, and beseeches an audience."

"This is an unheard of liberty," said the emperor.

A loud noise was heard at the door, and a stranger rushed forward. Maximilian placed his hand on his sword. The intruder sank on one knee, and, in an imploring voice, exclaimed—

"Justice! my lord the emperor; I come to petition justice."

"Tell me your name," said Maximilian, "and the meaning of this bold intrusion."

"My name, sire," said the stranger, rising, "is easily told. It is De Raymond, and has descended through a long line of ancestors without shame or reproach."

"De Raymond!" exclaimed Maximilian; "I remember it well. Thy father was my father's friend."

"Nay, my lord; please to regard these hoary locks, and behold in me the friend of thy father."

"Count de Raymond—I have heard him mention thee," said Maximilian, "nor will I forget the services thou hast rendered him. But I would fain ask what has brought thee from thy castle among the mountains. And yet I will not trouble thee to answer. It is an inclement season; the bravest men may yield to stern necessity. In times like these, even wolves forsake their lairs and prowl for food. Thy wants shall be nobly supplied. I thank thee that thou hast preferred thy claim in person."

"My lord," said De Raymond, proudly, "thou hast indeed mistaken my errand. Think not that in my castle we suffer hunger or cold. It is justice that I claim—redress for the deepest injuries."

"Speak freely," said Maximilian.

"I had one daughter," said the count, "beautiful as she who sits at thy feet. She has been stolen from me. Well may the wolf forsake his lair when robbed of its young. Justice! justice!"

"Thou shalt have it," said the emperor, "were the offender mine only son."

"He is near thee and about thee," said Count Raymond. "Behold him in thy prime minister, Schomberg!"

A shriek from the young girl interrupted this strange interview.

"Believe him not," said she, wildly; "it is all untrue."

The empress arose.

"Go with me, my child," and they left the apartment.

Maximilian's agitation now equalled the stranger's.

"Count Raymond," said he, "you must prove what you have asserted, or die the death of a traitor."

"I will prove it all; but when I have proved it, I demand justice."

"What justice?" replied Maximilian.

"He has deceived my daughter by a false marriage; he has won her affections;—she is drooping, dying, under his desertion. I demand that a true marriage shall be solemnized in presence of yourself and your nobles."

"This is unheard of audacity," said Maximilian, his brow kindling with anger. "God forbid that he should have been guilty of such turpitude to the lowest serf in my empire; nor do I believe it—some imposition has been practised. But you cannot have come here without knowing that Schomberg is already married?"

"Married?" hoarsely articulated Raymond.

"Yes, married; and to my niece, who has just left the room."

"This, then, is madness to me, and death to my poor Eva," exclaimed the count, striking his hand upon his forehead.

His eyes, which before had seemed like dull furnaces, concealing a hidden fire, were now ignited; rays flashed from them,—and turning wildly from the emperor, he rushed from his presence.

Maximilian called loudly and fiercely for his attendants.

"Secure that madman," said he.

They hastened after him.

At the very gate of the palace, a carriage had just drawn up, and Count Schomberg, full of gaiety, sprang from it. Numerous servants and courtiers attended him. The brilliant star on his breast glittered in the light of the lamps. Suddenly his countenance turned pale and ghastly—for Raymond stood before him.

"Thou knowest me; thou rememberest me," said Raymond. "Eva sends thee this," and he plunged his dagger into his heart; and with one spring cleared the astonished group, and was lost in the darkness and storm.

Meanwhile, Schomberg was conveyed to one of the halls of the palace, and every means used for his reanimation, but the blow was deep and sure—his lips were sealed for ever in this world, and his glazed eyes and pallid cheek seemed to express the last agony of a convict's death.

But how could those who had seen him under life's fairest aspects, believe the horrid tale of guilt? His wife, his young wife, was spared the agony of such a conviction. Maximilian, too, believed that a lunatic had found his way to his presence. All inquiries confirmed it. He had entered by a secret passage to which guards were never stationed—all bespoke it the cunning of insanity. Schomberg was wept and honoured. How different are the judgments of men from His who seeth the heart, and yet to that Being the criminal had gone to render his final account.

Inquiries were immediately set on foot by the government, and a hundred golden ducats offered to any one who would deliver the murderer of the most noble Count Schomberg alive. For several days no traces could be discovered of Raymond, and hence arose the many mysterious reports which

took a supernatural colour. Many actually supposed him to be some demon of darkness who had passed through thick walls into the presence of Maximilian, setting at defiance human precaution. At length, however, information arrived from the proper authorities which threw some light on the subject. It was reported that a man had entered a distant town and passed the night there at an ordinary cottage; that he precisely answered the description given of the murderer, but as it had not reached them, they of course had no suspicion that he was a criminal escaping from justice. He left the place early in the morning, and took the path which led to the mountains.

On the same evening, a detachment of soldiers with their commander arrived at the village, and on hearing the above communication, set off on the same route as the murderer whom they were pursuing. They traced him many miles; but at length they became almost exhausted by the difficulty of the way. The road was covered by snow, and often but little more than a foot-path wound through thick woods. They at length reached a few scattered hamlets on the side of a mountain, and here with great difficulty procured guides to the lion's den. The peasants were fully persuaded that the castle was inhabited by supernatural beings, and resolutely refused to proceed any further than the base of the steep mountain of rock on which it stood.

The soldiers, however, were not discouraged, but immediately began climbing the only accessible path. They were soon arrested by huge walls of snow through which it was impossible to penetrate. The second night of their attempt was fast approaching, and they had no choice but to pass it where they were and wait till morning, or return the same way they came. This last alternative was total disobedience to the orders they had received; and accordingly amidst cold and darkness the night came on. They kindled a fire with the branches that they could collect, and stretching themselves on their blankets, with their knapsacks for pillows, hoped to forget their desolate situation in quiet sleep. They were soon disturbed by the roaring of wild beasts, who were only kept at a distance by the light of the fire. They saw them perched on the crags above, ready to spring on their prey. By firing upon them they succeeded in intimidating the ferocious animals. When daylight came, they disappeared like spirits of darkness.

Again the weary and half-famished soldiers began anew their attempts, but they soon perceived the impossibility of succeeding, and were compelled to return to the village.

(To be continued.)

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MY GREAT AUNT.

BY MISS JANE W. FRAZER.

My great aunt was a woman of strong mind and stronger nerves. She was, in truth, a great woman—both body and spirit being on a grand scale. And it was long her favourite boast, that she had a “frame of iron and a heart of stone.” Yet that the rock was capable of being softened, may be inferred from the fact of her having been twice led to the hymeneal altar. She had had great personal loveliness; but at the period of my earliest recollections, she might have passed for the twin sister of Daniel Lambert, of monstrous memory, or for one of the infant brood of Gog and Magog, whose effigies so long adorned the church of St. Dunstan, in the far-famed city of London.

My great aunt loved talking; but she had not passed on the journey of life without using her eyes and ears as well as her tongue, so that, in the course of fifty or sixty years, she had collected an amazing fund of anecdote, which, together with her known skill in compounding pies, cakes, jellies and sweet-meats, made the stated visits of the children of the family a jubilee to which they looked forward with unmixed delight. I was always a dear lover of stories, and I can well remember the greedy attention with which I hung upon her words while seated in the little high-backed straw chair at her feet,—the wide tile-lined chimney sending up its volumes of sparkling flame, illuminating the small, curiously papered room, and throwing the shadows of the heavy old-fashioned mahogany furniture in grotesque figures on the wall.

Sometimes her legends recorded the loves and deeds of my ancestors; the fair smirking dames, in stomachers and point lace; and the venerable looking gentlemen, whose gold embroidery and huge wigs, adorned with flowing masses of snow-white curls, denoted the high stations they had filled before the glory of royalty had departed from the land. Their portraits hung in heavy carved frames round the apartment, while the space over the ample mantel-piece was filled by some half dozen, more than half naked, white-haired little children, my aunts and uncles, who were distinguishable from each other only by the choice of their pets and playthings; and to attain this desirable end, the painter had nearly exhausted the beauties of the animal and vegetable creation.

My great aunt, as I have already mentioned, had been twice married. Her first establishment had been the provident care of her friends, who were scrupulous in their selection of wealth, birth and station equal to her own. But when the hand of death had broken the fetters which had been imposed on her youth, and set her once more free, she

exercised the privilege of her recovered liberty by choosing for herself the exact counterpart of him whom she had duly mourned in all the “pomp and circumstance of woe.”

Captain R— was a handsome, frank, fearless soldier of fortune, who was only too happy to be permitted to lay his freshly gathered laurels at her feet, and to learn the duty of submitting to a new commander.

The woman who believes she has *condescended* in the choice of a helpmate, seldom fails to indemnify herself for any loss of consequence which she may have sustained. In this particular, my great aunt did not deviate from the wise customs of her sex. In short, they were a notoriously happy couple; for, in process of time, my great aunt imbibed the political opinions of her husband, and thus was removed the sole temptation to rebellion which had ever caused domestic dissension in their household. Finally, she deserted entirely from the tory ranks, and ever after kept up a sort of running fire of *small shot* against her ancient allies. To do her justice, she never harboured malice on a large scale—her faults being among the few small things in her composition. But it was ever one of my sins in her estimation, that my progenitors had well learned and always remembered the inseparable lesson to “fear God and honour the king;” and many and earnest were her endeavours that the scions of the stock should be nurtured at the fresh well-springs of patriotism.

When sometimes wearied of often repeated tales of rapine and murder, and shrinking from the exaggerated details of the evils and cruelties inseparably attendant on intestine war, it was my practice, by sly intimation or artfully expressed opposition to some particular opinion, to lead the good lady to the discussion of themes more congenial to my age and taste. And it was amusing to see the eagerness with which she would fall into the snare, and the avidity with which she would pursue the topics to which I had drawn her attention.

My great aunt had been educated in all the easy faith of ignorance and credulity. But in her, superstition was not weakness; she held its belief without admitting its fears. It was the seed which, implanted in early life, had taken root in a strong and tenacious soil; and though shooting forth into thorns and thistles, still the plants were hardy and vigorous, and could never be eradicated. Few events occurred, in the even tenor of her ways, which had not been foretold by some prognostics; and every object in nature was made instrumental as signs and tokens of her minor prophecies.

Purses and coffins were indicated by sparks from the fire; funeral processions and wedding festivities might be spied in the bottom of her teacup; the noisy master of the poultry yard advised her of a coming guest; and the falling of her scissors ascertained that the expected visitor was also a stranger. But chiefly she was wont to dwell with thrilling interest on those well attested tales on which she grounded her implicit confidence in the reappearance of departed spirits. On this long contested point her faith was undoubting and unshaken; and many a blanched cheek and quivering lip has admonished her to break the thread of her narrative in compassion to her little auditory. The strange mysterious awe which bewildered and affrighted, yet had invisible charms for me, and I usually seized the earliest opportunity to induce her to resume the discourse.

The feverish excitement of my mind, under this powerful stimulus of the imagination, might have been productive of the most pernicious consequences to my character and happiness through life, had it not been fortunately counteracted by the judicious management and watchful care which I met with at home. Yet I long felt its baneful effects on my senses, and my heart often quailed under its influence. Reason must struggle hard for the victory when her opponents have twined themselves with our earliest prejudices.

Among the various recitals which "froze my young blood," and yet, by a species of magic, kept me spell-bound, as if touched by the rod of the enchantress, was one which, relating to herself, and the facts, not resting on tradition or report, but vouched for on the credit of her own unimpeached veracity, made an impression not to be obliterated from my memory by succeeding years, or the various changes of a not uneventful life.

My great aunt, with all her well-merited influence over the actions of her second husband, had never been able to reduce his opinions to the same subordination, though the severity of her discipline made it advisable to conceal the rebellious principle under the semblance of obedience. Yet she often suspected the pious fraud; and, ever and anon, by way of exercise, would encourage him to try his strength in the debate.

One evening, the harvest moon was in its loveliest splendour, and threw its long lines of silvery radiance on the placid waters of the beautiful bay, on which their residence was situated. The sweet summer breeze wafted on its gentle wing the fragrance of unnumbered flowers, and the busy hum of the crowded city, which lay behind them, had died away till its faint murmurs scarce reached the ear. The holy calm, which the repose of nature breathed around, might have produced in the least romantic of human hearts, elevated thoughts and devout meditations;—those of my great aunt and uncle were touched with unusual tenderness. On the morrow they were to part for an indefinite period. Hope cheered them with the prospect of a speedy reunion; but to those who truly love, even

a short separation is painful, and often gives birth to serious, if not solemn meditations, and vague apprehensions of future evil. My great aunt's firm soul shrank not, though at that very moment her awakened spirit saw, with prescient eye, beyond the dark curtain of futurity, and was sadly conscious of the impending ill. The mysterious intimation was evidenced by the resistless impulse to require a solemn promise from her beloved companion, that should they never meet on earth again, the departed spirit should return to its former haunts, and appear visibly to the survivor. Such compacts, however presumptuous they may be, have been often entered into. It could not therefore have been the singularity of the request that startled him, yet he was sensibly agitated.

But recovering from a transient emotion, of which he was a little ashamed, he pledged himself to the performance of all that she desired, as far as Divine wisdom should permit. The time and place were precisely specified; even the interval that should be allowed to elapse after the dissolution of the ties which bind the immortal and immaterial soul to its corporeal partner, was clearly stated. And then the whole transaction was dismissed from the mind of the sceptic as a weakness to which a wise man and a brave soldier should hardly have submitted.

He left home the next morning, high in health, in the vigour of manhood, buoyant with cheerful animation, and a constitutional gaiety which saw nothing in the long vista of coming years but honours, prosperity and happiness. A few short days afterwards he lay on the bed of death. A violent fever, the consequence of over exertion on a hunting party, put a speedy termination to his existence.

My great aunt bore the intelligence of this calamity with the heroic fortitude which had marked every event of her life; and her grief was, perhaps, softened by a secret exultation in the verification of her prediction. Be that as it may, the thought which chiefly occupied her was the promised visitation, to which she looked forward with certainty. Her spirit was elevated by constant anticipations of the revelations of the unseen world, for which she had so long thirsted, and which were now on the point of being disclosed.

In this frame of mind, she received the condolences of her friends and relatives with an air of coldness and pre-occupation that surprised and disconcerted them, and rendered wholly superfluous the moral apothegms and threadbare consolations which had been brought forth and prepared for the occasion. All the energy of her spirit, all her natural activity and promptitude of action, were put into requisition to hasten the preparations for her removal into the country at the usual period of the winter migration; and after some necessary delay, to which she submitted with ill-disguised impatience, she proceeded to the family seat, attended only by her personal servants, having peremptorily declined all society and companionship.

For three successive nights, she repaired at the appointed hour to the dark and solitary apartment which had been selected as the scene of this singular nocturnal interview. With untiring perseverance she prolonged her anxious vigil till the gray light of morning dismissed her, restless, excited and disappointed, to her sleepless pillow. She wandered with disturbed and hasty step from place to place during the day; sometimes almost persuaded of the inutility of continuing her nightly watch, and then, by a sudden transition of feeling, clinging with renewed ardour to a belief which had become one of the most cherished articles of her creed. One night more, and if again she watched in vain, she must, however reluctantly, yield to conviction. Again she dismissed her attendants, and with renovated hope and invigorated resolution, resumed her post. But scarcely had an hour passed away, when, suddenly, a dazzling light illuminated every part of her chamber; for a second, she was blinded by its excessive brilliancy. Her heart beat with tumultuous violence; she passed her hand over her eyes to clear her vision, and saw, receding along the wall, at the extremity of the apartment, a figure of colossal dimensions, which was passing rapidly onwards. She rushed forward; she stretched out her arms to arrest its flight; she would have supplicated for its stay, but her voice failed, and she sank senseless on the floor.

The heavy sound of her fall aroused the domestics, who in alarm hastened to the spot, and on discovering her situation, removed her to her own chamber, where she was instantly put to bed. The fainting fit in which she had been found, was succeeded by a lethargic stupor, which rendered medical advice necessary. But on the entire recovery of her health, she would give no account of the cause which had led to so unusual a seizure. To one person alone, the dearest friend of her deceased husband, was she at length prevailed on to reveal it. In vain did he endeavour to explain the supernatural appearance, which she firmly believed

herself to have witnessed; and after much useless discussion, the argument was closed on her side by a positive prohibition of the subject for ever after.

But as this gentleman was a person little disposed to admit with blind credulity the existence of facts, against which the testimony of his reason revolted, he made a most minute investigation into every circumstance that might be, however remotely, connected with the event or tend to the elucidation of the mystery.

After the most indefatigable inquiry, he succeeded so far as to ascertain, that on the night above-mentioned, two of the slaves had agreed to make a secret visit to a neighbouring plantation, and in order to escape detection, they had taken a circuitous route which lay near the back part of the dwelling house, nearly beneath the windows of the retired apartment in which their mistress was seated in silence and darkness. The night was murky and obscure, and they had provided themselves with large flaming torches, of a bituminous dry pine, which emits a strong, red, glaring light. The shutters had been left accidentally unclosed, and the flashing of their rustic flambeaux against the white wall, occasioned the sudden illumination. The colossal figure was naturally enough accounted for as the reflection of one of the men, enlarged to uncouth and extravagant proportions; and the excited imagination of my great aunt was sufficient answer for the effect.

Time rolled on, till the garrulity of "narrative old age" broke through the barriers of jealous reserve which had hitherto guarded the long cherished secret. The habit of brooding over it in silence had but fixed it more firmly in her belief, and a memory become treacherous as to events of every day occurrence, treasured with peculiar care and maintained with petulant pertinacity every circumstance corroborative of opinions which had gathered strength, even from the wreck of intellect, which marked the closing years of her life.

M A Y.

BY MRS. V. E. HOWARD.

Come out into the sunshine, boy,
The woods are green and gay,
And I will be a child once more,
In thy delight to-day.

How merry from yon old oak bough
The mock bird trolls his lay;
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
All nature seems at play.

We'll seek the field where strawberries
All ruddy ripening glow;

And strip the wild rose branch to make
A chaplet for thy brow.

Let us go out, for haunting thoughts
Of memory make me sad,
And I would drink from earth, and air
And sky their influence glad.

Thou lovest the woods because that they
Like thee are in life's May,
And I because they have a spell
To chase sad thought away.

THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART THE FIFTH.

SERLINGHAM averted his face unable to witness the effect his disclosure must produce on his countryman, on a man whose unqualified friendship he would so gladly have secured. At length, after a deep sigh he nerved himself to continue the outline of his story.

"Believe me, Mr. Manderfield"—said he—"believe me when I assure you that, at the commencement of my opposition to the great cause of my country's emancipation, I should have been horror-struck at the bare suggestion of my being concerned in any act which could be construed into treason against the land of my birth. But one thing brought on another. There was a combination of circumstances. Gradually, my perceptions of truth and right became perverted, and my prejudices in favour of England were strengthened by the representations of some of the leading men who had come over with the British army. I was a frequent visitor at the Province House, and too ready a listener to the conversation at that place. After the English were obliged to leave Boston, and the city was again left to its patriotic inhabitants, all who had distinguished themselves as supporters of the enemy were visited with the pains and penalties incurred by their defection. I was a marked man—and it is true that I deserved to be so. Still, in my case, suspicion had outrun the truth. I had never been so guilty as was supposed. But appearances were strongly against me, and I found no means of substantiating some real facts which, if made manifest, would have materially lessened the amount of obloquy which was now heaped upon me. I was arraigned—condemned—my property confiscated—and myself banished from my native country. My son-in-law was absent with the army, of which he had been a member since the fight of Bunker Hill. I was glad to be spared a last interview with him. He would have been kind and compassionate—he was always so. But I should have felt that, with all his forbearance towards the father of his wife, he must in his heart have despised me.

"I embarked in a brig which was going to England as a cartel. My daughter's carriage conveyed me to the wharf, and she and Emma were with me to the last moment. The brig lay out in the stream. Even now I feel the anguish with which I looked at the vessel that was to bear me away for ever from all I loved on earth. Even now I see before me my daughter and my daughter's child, just as they looked then; and so in my memory have they looked ever since—dearest, dearest Emma! when I

had stepped in desperate agony into the boat, and found myself, I know not how, on the deck of the vessel, I heard her scream. I had resolved not to look back—but I did. They were carrying her away to put her into the carriage. Her face was still turned towards me—I saw that it was. I shall never see it again. The carriage lingered on the wharf as long as I could discern it. But the wind set fair to fill our departing sails; and in a short time my native city was lost in the mist of distance.

"Oh! that long and dreary voyage. It seemed as if it would never end. And who was to greet me at its termination! What a sinking of the heart I felt when I set my foot on the shore of England. Two other refugees, who were my shipmates, exulted in the part they had taken. I could not. And yet, I did not then see all the folly, all the enormity of my delinquency. I grieved at the ruin it had brought upon me; I grieved for the domestic ties it had severed: but time has deepened instead of fading its colours. I have suffered, I have reflected—and I am convinced. But I will acknowledge that at first I cherished an undue resentment against the country which had expelled me from its bosom, against the cause which I had considered it my duty to oppose, and in opposing which I had lost all. Refusing to accept assistance from my son-in-law, and unable to find a way of supporting myself genteelly in England, (for I must acknowledge that I clung to the habits of polished life with unconquerable tenacity,) I became a pensioner of the crown of Britain; and on that pension I have lived ever since—with a wounded conscience, a perpetual sense of shame, and an incessant craving after the land that has now taken its place among the noblest and happiest on earth."

"Were your case duly represented?"—said Mr. Manderfield—"I have no doubt that an exception might be made in your favour; so that you could be legally restored to your country and your friends. America can well afford to be lenient."

"Oh, no!"—replied Serlingham—"I never could ask it. Though less guilty than supposed, still I said and did too much that was inimical to the popular cause—too much to be forgotten, even if forgiven. How could I under existing circumstances hold up my head again in the city where I once had wealth, and influence, and respectability. To be slighted and looked on coldly, by the men who bravely assisted with heart and hand in achieving the independence of their country! How on their own ground, on their own native soil which they have so bravely defended, how could I look such men in the face! And how would they look

on me! My name would be whispered about as 'Serlingham the tory,—the refugee,—the pensioner of a king.' I should be pointed out as a warning to the sons of my patriot townsmen. Could I see my own dear relatives, (fortunately for them they are but few,) could I see them subjected to continual mortification on my account; and their sympathies perpetually excited in my behalf! I have suffered much—and deservedly too—but I cannot endure that. I cannot lessen the happiness of my children. No, let me rather vegetate here—with the ocean between us. Life at least must have an end. The wearied soul must at last be released from its mortal tenement. And for many long, long years, I have humbly endeavoured to atone for my sins against my beloved country, by trying to live such a life as may bespeak for me indulgence when summoned to that eternal region where there are neither wars, nor monarchies nor republics; where no government is known but that which emanates directly from the Omnipotent Father of the universe."

On pronouncing these words Serlingham bowed his head upon his clasped hands, and remained for some moments reverently silent; and his feelings were deeply shared by his auditor.

"And now Mr. Manderfield"—continued Serlingham—"let me again entreat your pardon, for having intruded myself upon your family, by accosting your children in the Park. I know I have done wrong; but indeed it was hard to resist. They were American children, and your sweet little Laura reminded me so of my Emma. My heart yearns after all that belongs to America, and yet yours is the first American family to whom I have dared to present myself. And I hoped that, as you were not Bostonians, you might not have heard of me, or of what I was when I possessed the home I have forfeited. Forgive me—and I will withdraw from an intimacy that I ought not to have commenced."

Mr. Manderfield warmly pressed the hand of the unfortunate Serlingham, saying—"Think not for a moment of estranging yourself from friends who are so happy in your society. The great error of your life, so deeply felt and so sadly lamented, only gives you an additional claim on our sympathy; and be assured you shall never through us have cause to regret the disclosure of to-day."

"I do not deserve this kindness"—replied Serlingham—"but I feel it as balm to my self-wounded spirit. Will you acquaint your children with my unhappy history, impressing upon them my regret,—my remorse,—my repentance? Its melancholy moral may strengthen in the hearts of your noble boys that patriotic feeling which it is so delightful to observe in our young Americans; and which never can be too sedulously cultivated."

Great indeed was the sorrow of the family when, on returning home, Mr. Manderfield related to them the story of their old friend. And they all earnestly protested their conviction that he had believed himself to be acting rightly in espousing the

cause of the British monarch. Even the stern republicanism of Franklin relented; and he said he was glad to find that even a tory might be a good man.

On the following day the Manderfields sent a very kind note inviting Serlingham to tea. He came; looking very pale, and seeming at first much confused. And it was charming to see how cordially he was received, and how desirous they all were of making him feel at ease, and in the most delicate manner to let him understand that he had lost nothing of their friendship.

The mind of Serlingham seemed much relieved by the confession of his errors, and his consequent sufferings; and all being now understood, he made no farther allusions to the painful subject. Still, he could not always refrain from referring, at times, to his beloved granddaughter,—whose frequent and charming letters he now took pleasure in showing to the young Manderfields.

We will carry our story forward to the time when the Manderfield family prepared to return to America. Several years of familiar intercourse with their neighbour Serlingham, had riveted their friendship;—the friendship which he called the sunshine of his lonely life. Intensely did he grieve at the approaching separation. He accompanied them as far as Portsmouth, where they embarked for Philadelphia. They were all deeply afflicted at parting. "Ah!"—said he—"how I thank you for those tears. How kind, how gratifying they are to me. But you will soon dry them; for you are returning to your home; to your friends; to your country—to America—while, with me, all now is utter desolation."

The Manderfields had a short passage to Philadelphia; and, though they had seen in England much to like, much to admire, and much to remember always, yet their happiness was vividly testified when again they found themselves in their native home. The fortune of Mr. Manderfield was greatly improved by the very advantageous mercantile transactions in which he had engaged while in England;—and all things smiled upon their return.

Frequent letters passed between them and their friend Serlingham, to whom they sent regularly newspapers, garden-seeds, and other remembrances. Serlingham wrote sensibly, cheerfully, and amusingly, avoiding all further reference to his private sorrows, but always inquiring earnestly after his favourite Laura. At length his letters became less frequent, and more concise. He complained of impaired sight; alluded to the rapidly advancing infirmities of age; and his friends excused his tardiness in replying to their epistles, believing that the good old gentleman might now find it a difficult task to sustain a regular correspondence.

In due time, Mr. Manderfield gave each of his sons a share in the business; intending, after a while, to relinquish it entirely to them. Juliet married happily; and Laura was keeping the pro-

mise of her early childhood, by growing up into a lovely and intelligent young lady.

Charles Manderfield had just entered his twenty-third year, when he was sent out by his father on a mercantile mission to England. On the day after his arrival in London, he repaired to the house of their ancient friend; but at the first glance he saw that Serlingham was no longer its occupant. The tulip-tree was still there; but the dogwood, and the rhododendron had disappeared from the front garden, and were replaced by lilac bushes and altheas. Over the door was an oval sign with gilt letters, denoting—"Miss de Fagg's Select Seminary for Young Ladies." Knowing that governesses are not to be interrupted in school hours, Charles Manderfield walked along the row to seek information at another house. But he found new names on every door, except on the dwelling formerly occupied by his own family; and the name on that was still Woodford. He well remembered Mr. Woodford having taken the house when Mr. Manderfield gave it up. He rang the bell, was admitted, and saw Mrs. Woodford. Having made himself known, he learnt from that lady that about two years since, Mr. Serlingham had broken up house-keeping; sold his furniture; parted with his servants, and removed into lodgings; but where those lodgings were he had on leaving his old neighbourhood, disclosed to no one.

Charles Manderfield next thought of applying to a barber who lived just round the corner, and who as he remembered had been every day in the practice of dressing Serlingham's hair. He found the barber still at his old shop; but from him he could learn little more than he had already heard, in substance, from Mrs. Woodford. The barber, also, was ignorant of the present residence of his former excellent employer, the very last gentleman whose hair he had dressed and powdered: the fashion having long since become universal of wearing the hair short, and without powder. The honest *coiffeur* gave, however, a very circumstantial account of Mr. Serlingham's sale, and showed Charles a dressing-case he had purchased there. It was understood that but very few articles had been kept back, and that even the library was sold; with the exception of only about a dozen books retained by the owner.

"Perhaps"—said Charles—"Mr. Serlingham has left England. He may have returned to America."

"Oh! no, indeed!"—replied the hair-dresser. "It was but the hother day that I saw him in your own street, walking past the ouse you used to live in, and looking hup at the windows. He is very much haltered, and has had his air cut off, and wears it plain and gray. But through all his disfigurement I knew it was him in a moment: for he's a man not heasy to forget. Beside, he bowed to me, just as he used to do whenever he saw me. You know he was polite to hevery body. And then he halways ad a hextra perception of a hartist that is skilful in himproving the hexternal haspect

of a real born gentleman, which nobody can deny that Mr. Serlingham is. Heven his tailor and shoemaker know that; and his atter too. But some-think or hother seems to have made a great change in his looks. And as to his present wearabout he has left us all busting in hignorance, as Amlet Prince of Denmark says in one of Mr. Shakspeare's plays."

Charles Manderfield had, for convenience in business, taken lodgings in what is called "the city." On his way back thither, he found himself near the street in which was situated the house of Mrs. Blagden. Remembering this good lady, and desirous of seeing her again, he stopped at her door which still bore the same plate. A new boy ushered him into the front parlour, the furniture of which had remained unchanged, and therefore seemed very familiar to him. Having sent her his name, his quondam landlady only kept him waiting about half an hour while she drest for the interview. She then rushed into the room greeting him with energetic expressions of joy, and astonishment at finding him grown up a man; and still more at his looking so "andsome," and so "vastly genteel."

Mrs. Blagden being now somewhat younger than when the Manderfield family had first known her, was accoutred (as her milliner and mantua-maker assured her) in the height of the newest fashion. She wore a dimity gown with a marvelously short waist, that set upon her shoulder-blades: its length under the arms being scarcely two inches. Two inches also comprised the breadth of the back, on which the large sleeve-holes nearly met each other behind. The sleeves were full, and exceedingly short; and on her long thin arms she had drawn a pair of very lengthy lilac kid gloves. Her dimity dress (confined under the arms with a white cotton rope and tassels) was so scanty that it hooped all round; and at the hem above the feet, it crimped in as narrow as possible, giving her something the figure of a very tall fish standing upright. Charles thought of a halibut. Her once-powdered locks had gone somewhere, and were replaced by a cinnamon-coloured wig, in imitation of a cross excessively curled. This *chevelure* was encircled by a band of broad black velvet ribbon which went low across her forehead, and was looped up between her eyes with an immense brooch of Birmingham jewellery. Her small face and features looked smaller than ever.

Mrs. Blagden poured out a flood of inquiries after every member of the Manderfield family;—first wittily asking "if they found America standing where it did." In return for the information contained in Charles's replies, she told him, that Jem was quite grown up, and therefore being taxable as a man-servant, she had substituted another boy in his place; quite a small boy, that would not grow up and be taxed in less than seven years. She stated that Jem was now a waiter at White Conduit House, in the garden of which she had lately taken some little girls to drink tea; and it

seemed quite like old times for Jem to be bringing her the kettle, and the plate of hot rolls. As to Jenny, the girl had been fool enough to leave her good place, to marry the dust-man; and of course her mistress could not be expected ever to know any thing more about a person of such grovelling tastes. Nanny now filled the post formerly occupied by the low-minded Jenny. But Nanny's memory being worse than ever, it was scarcely to be hoped that she retained the least recollection of Master Charles Manderfield;—therefore it were worse than useless to call her up; she being now about some very dirty work, and not fit to be seen.

Having despatched the history of her servants, Mrs. Blagden took up that of Mr. Knight; who, as she said, was still in the land of the living, and looking like the same old two and sixpence; being not a day older, and much funnier than ever. He had acquired numerous new feats, and was considered very great as a dancing bear. He had entertained a select party at the Mansion House, by invitation of the Lady Mayoress herself. And there was some reason to hope that, through the mediation of his majesty's cook, Mr. Knight might possibly arrive at the honour of being commanded to Windsor—or to Frogmore at least. "Besides all this"—continued Mrs. Blagden—"it is now no secret that Mr. Knight is employed in writing mellow-drammers for Sadler's Wells; and they're dying to get him to do the same things for Hashley's. And (though it's ard to credit) yet I've eard from no less authority than the box-keeper's hown cousin, that Mr. Knight gets as much as a guinea a-piece for hevery drammer he writes; and if that's the case, he must be hactually coining money. I'm told that times are now very good for geniuses. If I had a son I'd certainly bring him up a genius. And besides these guineas, Mr. Knight has the hannuity he's been living upon these thirty years. Now that he's so good a match, I should not wonder if he begins to look out for a wife."

So saying, Mrs. Blagden's eyes strayed towards the mirror that hung opposite; and she involuntarily began to pull at her front curls.

Charles Manderfield expressed his pleasure at hearing that Mr. Knight's affairs were in so flourishing a condition.

Having gotten through Mr. Knight, the lady began to tell of her present lodgers; talking with most unction of her first floor, who she informed Charles was a nabob or a keebob or something of that sort, having just come home from living among the Turks in Hindia, and taken her rooms till he could look about to buy an estate; and who was, doubtless, a very rich man, smoking a long pipe that went round and round in a circumbendibus, and keeping a dark-faced servant that wore a turbant and spoke no Henglish, and boiled his master's rice for him. "Then"—continued Mrs. Blagden—"my second floor is two maiden sisters, ladies of great quality, own haunts to the Hearl of Squandergoold. They expect he will come and see them at Heaster; for he always calls on his haunts once

a year, and about that time. So I shall have a carriage with a coronet at my door. You cannot think how stylish it sounds to have a Lady Hanne and a Lady Arriet in one's hown ouse. It is really a pleasant thing to find oneself getting hup in the world. My ouse, though I say it that should not say it, is always full. Now I think on it, my back hattie is a hold acquaintance of yours—one Mr. Serlingham."

"Mr. Serlingham!"—exclaimed Charles, starting up. "Have I then found him, at last! I am very glad. Do you know if he is now at home?"

"I saw him go out about two hours ago"—replied Mrs. Blagden—"and that's as long as he usually stays out at a time, for walking seems to tire him, and he never rides. If you'll wait a little, I dare say he'll soon be hin."

Charles sat down again; and Mrs. Blagden continued—"This same old gentleman came here about this time last year; and said he had been living in lodgings down in the city, but found confined hair not good for him, and he wanted to be again at the west hend. And he said that seeing my name on the door, he remembered Mr. Manderfield's family had once lodged with Mrs. Blagden; and he thought he should like the ouse, and that it would give him pleasure to be where they had been. So as I saw how much he wanted to come, I hasked him a pretty round price for my back hattie, which was all the room that was hempty; and you know it has a flat roof, and is neat and well-finished and good enough for any body that ain't tip-top quality. But he aggled and aggled; and he agreed to be very quiet and horderly, and to keep good hours; and to give little trouble; and to have no visitors tramping up and down, and wearing out the stair-carpet;—and he promised to pay weekly, or else I was at liberty to turn him out; and he seemed so well-spoken and gentlemanlike, that I gave in, and consented to take him lower than what I first hasked,—provided he'd keep it secret from the whole world;—which he smiled, and promised faithfully. So he came; and among his baggage was a covered basket full of strange rattletaps, as if he was going to ousekeeping in a small way. And so here he has been ever since. To be sure he's quiet and horderly enough; and is never out after dark, which is proof positive that he don't go to the theatre; and that he gets no amusement any where. As to his having visitors, not a creature has gone up stairs since he came to the ouse. He lives haltogether to himself, just like an ermit or a hanchorite. There he cleans his own shoes and boots, which is a great hinjury to the boy Billy, for it takes off so much from his vails. Then the old gentleman makes his own fires, which is halso very unjust; and goes his own herrands; and worse than all, he brings ome things in a little and-basket, and cooks them himself at his own fire when they're such things as want cooking; which is using Nanny very hill, and I assure you she feels it. For it deprives her of one of her chances of turning an honest penny by broiling a mutton chop and boiling a

couple of potatoes for him in her own kitchen. The little he gives her for making his bed and cleaning his room, is no hobnob; and there is no getting any perquisites out of him. You've no idea how saving he is of his cinders and candle-ends. He's as bad as a miser in a play."

"I am very sorry to hear all this"—said Charles—"I cannot in description recognize the Mr. Serlingham I so well recollect as a gentleman in his whole deportment, and generous and liberal to the utmost extent of his means."

"I assure you it's all gospel truth"—replied Mrs. Blagden—"and I'm ready to make my affidavit of the whole. And yet I can't elp liking him, as he sits and talks with me, when sometimes of a dull rainy evening I invite him down to take tea in my own parlour; for I think it a pity he should always be sit poking up stairs by himself, with nobody to speak to. It's a miserable thing to have nobody to talk to; and enough to kill a person by hitches. He's such a very sensible man, it does me good to ear him. And then he's so very well bred, and looks so like a gentleman: for he's always clean and neat, and wears good clothes for all he's so saving. And then he's the punctuallest of pay-masters. It's plain to be seen that he'd rather dine upon three pennorth of sprats than not be ready for me with his money every Saturday morning."

"I fear"—said Charles—"his income must in some way be materially lessened. This close economy is not natural to Mr. Serlingham."

"Oh!"—replied Mrs. Blagden, who was a woman of universal knowledge—"his income is very good indeed. He draws quite an handsome pension from government, and goes to the hoffice every quarter to receive it himself. I have a friend whose brother-in-law is a clerk in that very hoffice,

and he says that Mr. Serlingham takes up his money as regular as possible. He got his last quarter only a week ago. No—no. The fact is that persons are apt to change in growing old (I ope that will never be my lot) so that they get quite too fond of money and economy, and take real pleasure in pinching and screwing, even when they pinch and screw themselves, which is most extraordinary and one of the wonders of nature. And after awhile, they get meaner and meaner, and lose all shame, and don't scruple to come out hopen skinflints, and never care who knows it, and what people say about them. The uman eart is a monstrous strange thing"—added the good lady with a moralizing sigh—"and liable to great changes. So it's ard to guess what any of us may hend in. Now there's Mr. Knight—he's as old a man as Mr. Serlingham—but he's as gay as a lark and keeps all the world a laughing, and is Mrs. Grigg's first floor. And, though he makes no show, he takes care to be comfortable, and does none of his own work. And then he goes to plays and concerts; and when he comes ome sends out for highsters; and he often brings a friend to sup with him, and then he has even been known to provide a cold chicken. Still, however, as it is quite certain that Mr. Serlingham (close and mean as he may be) is very well off, and *has* money enough, there is no fear of his disgracing the ouse. And upon the ole, he may be considered a very good back-hattic. And he's welcome to that as long as he pays. But here he is scraping his feet at the door-scraper. I know his very scrape. I'll run out, and meet him in the passage, and tell him Master Charles Manderfield is here, and bring him in, and then you shall judge for yourself."

(To be continued.)

GIFTS FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

GIFTS for the beautiful! the ebony
To match the rich dark lustre of thine eye,
The lily, stainless as the new fall'n flake,
To blend its colour on thy glorious brow—
The raven's plumes, to lose their glossy tint
When woven amidst the tresses of thy hair;
Carnations sweet, two stem-link'd dew-wet buds;
And oh! the bee while murmuring round, might light
Upon those lips, and think the blossom's there.

But flowers have sweetest language. First, I send
Rose with thy hundred leaves, ambassador!
The Amaryllis next, an emblem bright
And glorious of thyself. Interpreter
Of my own thoughts the Cedar. Then for thee,
The pure white lily: for myself, the pink
Red as the sky at sunset. Mignonette
For thee, and for myself the bay leaf. The green fern
For thee—the oak geranium for myself;

21*

The harebell next, another emblem sweet
Of thee: the currant for myself. Again
The Austrian rose, that breathes of thee such truth,
The jonquil whispering timidly for me.
The silver daisy and the jasmin wreath'd,
Emblems again of thee. And for myself,
When the swift hours are warning me to leave,
I send thee thyme to whisper thee the cause.
The orange-blossom next, more truth of thee,
With the rich musk-rose, to complete the wreath.
Then, oh then! cluster'd with my hopes and fears,
Warm from repeated pressures to my heart,
And trembling with its beatings, close entwined,
I give the myrtle's green and polish'd leaves
With the rose-lined chrysanthemum.

With pride

I place thy wreath upon thy radiant brow,
And mine, with the red tulip in its midst,
I lay with deep humility at thy feet.

BYRON'S FAREWELL.

A CELEBRATED SONG,

WRITTEN BY LORD BYRON:

THE MUSIC NEWLY COMPOSED AND MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO MISS E. A.

BY MASTER A. D.

Just published by J. G. Osbourn, No. 112 South Third Street.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *ff* and *pp*, with a tempo change to *Ral - - - len - - - tando.* The vocal melody enters with the lyrics "Fare - well! if ev - - er fond - - est prayer For". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern. The lyrics continue: "other's weal, avail'd on high, - - - Mine will not all be lost in". The final line of the score shows the lyrics "air, But - - - waft - thy name be - - yond the". The score is enclosed in a decorative border.

sky. 'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh: Oh! more than

This system contains the first vocal line and the first two staves of the piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment features a continuous eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

tears than tears of blood can tell, - - - When wrong from

pp

This system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a fermata over the word 'tears'. The piano accompaniment includes a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking.

guilt's expiring eye, Oh! yes, are in that word

This system continues the musical score. The vocal line has a fermata over the word 'eye'.

fare - - - well, are in that word fare - well.

pp

This system continues the musical score. The piano accompaniment includes a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking.

pp ppp

This system concludes the musical score. The piano accompaniment includes *pp* and *ppp* (pianississimo) dynamic markings.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WE have always advocated the custom, old as the records of social life, of expressing by outward token the sorrow which every truly affectionate heart must endure under the bereavements of death. The custom of wearing mourning apparel will, we hope, never be discontinued. We think its influence beneficial on many accounts. It serves, or should serve, as a corrective of the follies and extravagances of fashionable dress; and it is only when this salutary effect is counteracted by vanity and selfishness, and the weeds of mourning are disgraced by the heartless levity of the wearer, that they become a fit mark for ridicule and satire. In our country this is seldom the case; but in Europe, where court etiquette covers a whole nation in black at the demise of some far-off branch of royalty, whom few of the mourners had ever known, and none ever cared for, it is different. There, mourning for the dead becomes a matter of form and ceremony, and the habiliments of sorrow are made a study for the fashionable and gay. No wonder such wearers should

"Bear about the mockery of wo,
To midnight dances and the public show."

We have never met with a more just description of the effect which these prescribed rules of court mourning and the fashionable etiquette of high life produce on the heart and feelings of people who yield themselves slaves to their observances, than is contained in the following "Farce," which we hope will instruct as well as amuse our readers.

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

SCENE.—A street at the west end of London. Enter SQUIRE HAMPER and his Lady, personages rather of the rustic order, recently come up from the family seat in Hampshire.

Squire. Well, ma'am, I hope you've had shopping enough.

Lady. Almost. Only one more—O! there it is over the way.

Squire. What, the one yonder? Why, it's all raven gray, picked out with black; and a hatchment over the door. What can you want at an undertaker's?

Lady. An undertaker's!—no such thing. Look at the goods in the window.

Squire. O, shawls and gowns! A foreign haberdasher's, I suppose, and that's the French for it. *Maison de Dool?*

Lady. Hush! Don't expose your ignorance in the street; everybody knows French at the West End. It means the House of Mourning.

Squire. What, the one mentioned in the Bible?

Lady. No—no—dear me!—no. I tell you it's a mourning establishment.

Squire. O, I understand. The master's dead, and the shop's put into black for him. The last new-fangled mode, I suppose, instead of the old-fashioned one of putting up the shutters.

Lady. Nonsense! It's a shop to buy black things at.

Squire. Humph! And pray, ma'am, what do you want with black things? There's nobody dead belonging to us, as I know of, nor like to be.

Lady. Well; and what then? Is there any harm in just looking at their things—for I'm not going to buy. What did we come to town for?

Squire. Why, for a bit of a holiday, and to see the sights, to be sure.

Lady. Well, and that black shop is one of them; at least, for a female. It's quite a new thing, they say, just come over from Paris; and I want to go in and pretend to cheapen something, just out of curiosity.

Squire. Yes, and pay for peeping. For in course you must buy after tumbling over their whole stock.

Lady. By no means—or only some trifle—a penn'orth of black pins—or the like. If I did purchase a black gown, it is useful to have by one.

Squire. Yes—or a widow's cap. Perhaps, ma'am, you're in hopes?

Lady. La, Jacob, don't be foolish! Many ladies wear black for economy, as well as for relations. But I only want to inspect—for they do say, what with foreign tastiness, and our own modern refinements, there's great improvements in mourning.

Squire. Humph—and I suppose a new-fashioned way of crying.

Lady. New fiddlesticks. It's very well known the Parisians always did out-do us in dress; and in course go into black more elegantly than we do.

Squire. No doubt, ma'am—and fret in a vastly superior manner.

Lady. No, no. I don't say that. Grief's grief all the world over. But as regards costume, the French certainly do have a style that entitles them to set the fashion to us in such matters.

Squire. Can't say. I'm no judge.

Lady. In course not. They're women's matters, and should be left to our sex.

Squire. Well, well, come along then. But stop. Ask your pardon, sir, (to a passenger,)—would you oblige me with the English of that Greek or Latin yonder, under the hatchment?

Stranger. O, certainly—'Mors Janua Vitæ'—let me see—it means, Jane, between life and death.

Squire. Thankee, sir, thankee. I'll do as much for you when you come into our parts. Poor Jane! So it may come, mayhap, to be a real house of mourning after all!

[The squire and his lady cross over the road and enter the shop, where ebony chairs are placed for them by a person in a full suit of sables, very like Hamlet, minus the cloak and the hat and the feathers. A young man, also in black, speaks across the counter with the solemn air and tone of a clergyman at a funeral.]

May I have the melancholy pleasure of serving you, madam?

Lady. I wish, sir, to look at some mourning.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. A relict, I presume?

Lady. Yes; a widow, sir. A poor friend of mine, who has lost her husband.

Shopm. Exactly so—for a deceased partner. How deep would you choose to go, ma'am?—Do you wish to be very poignant?

Lady. Why, I suppose crape and bombazine; unless they're gone out of fashion. But you had better show me some different sorts.

Shopm. Certainly, by all means. We have a very extensive assortment, whether for family, court, or complimentary mourning, including the last novelties from the continent.

Lady. Yes, I should like to see them.

Shopm. Certainly. Here is one, ma'am, just imported—a widow's silk—watered, as you perceive, to match the

sentiment. It is called the "Inconsolable;" and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements.

Squire. Looks rather flimsy, though. Not likely to last long—eh, sir?

Shophm. A little slight, sir—rather a delicate texture. But mourning ought not to last for ever, sir.

Squire. No, it seldom does; especially the violent sorts.

Lady. La, Jacob, do hold your tongue; what do you know about fashionable affliction? But never mind him, sir; it's only his way.

Shophm. Certainly—by all means. As to mourning, ma'am, there has been a great deal, a very great deal indeed, this season, and several new fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation.

Lady. And all in the French style?

Shophm. Certainly—of course, ma'am. They excel in the funebre. Here, for instance, is an article for the deeply afflicted. A black crape, expressly adapted to the profound style of mourning,—makes up very sombre, and interesting.

Lady. I dare say it does, sir.

Shophm. Would you allow me, ma'am, to cut off a dress?

Squire. You had better cut me off first.

Shophm. Certainly, sir—by all means. Or, if you would prefer a velvet—ma'am—

Lady. Is it proper, sir, to mourn in velvet?

Shophm. O quite!—certainly. Just coming in. Now, here is a very rich one—real Genoa—and a splendid black. We call it the *Luxury of Woe*.

Lady. Very expensive, of course?

Shophm. Only eighteen shillings a yard, and a superb quality; in short, fit for the handsomest style of domestic calamity.

Squire. Whereby, I suppose, sorrow gets more superfluous as it goes upwards in life?

Shophm. Certainly—yes, sir—by all means—at least, a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse—very—quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvas to crape, sir!

Lady. To be sure it is! And as to the change of dress, sir, I suppose you have a great variety of half-mourning?

Shophm. O, infinite—the largest stock in town. Full, and half, and quarter, and half-quarter mourning, shaded off, if I may say so, like an India ink drawing, from a grief pronounced to the slightest nuance of regret.

Lady. Then, sir, please to let me see some half-mourning.

Shophm. Certainly. But the gentleman opposite superintends the intermediate sorrow department.

Squire. What, the young fellow there in pepper-and-salt?

Shophm. Yes, sir; in the suit of gray. (Calls across.) Mr. Dawe, show the neutral tints.

[The squire and his lady cross the shop and take seats vis-a-vis; Mr. Dawe, who affects the pensive rather than the solemn.]

Shophm. You wish to inspect some half-mourning, madam?

Lady. Yes—the newest patterns.

Shophm. Precisely—in the second stage of distress. As such, ma'am, allow me to recommend this satin—intended for grief when it has subsided,—alleviated you see, ma'am, from a dead black to a dull lead colour.

Squire. As a black horse alleviates into a gray one, after he's clipped!

Shophm. Exactly so, sir. A Parisian novelty, ma'am. It's called "*Settled Grief*," and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age who do not intend to embrace hymen a second time.

Squire. Old women, mayhap, about seventy.

Shophm. Exactly so, sir,—or thereabouts. Not but what some ladies, ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier; indeed, in the prime of life: and for such cases, it's very durable wear.

Lady. Yes; it feels very stout.

Shophm. But perhaps, madam, that is too lugubrious. Now here is another—not exactly black, but shot with a

warmish tint, to suit a woe moderated by time. We have sold several pieces of it. That little nuance de rose in it—the French call it, a gleam of comfort—is very attractive.

Squire. No doubt; and would be still more taking, if so be it was violet colour at once, like the mourning of the Chinese.

Shophm. Yes, sir. I believe that is the fashionable colour at Pekin. Now here, ma'am, is a sweet, pretty article, quite new. A morning dress for the funeral promenade. The French ladies go in them to *Pere la Chaise*.

Squire. What's that—a chaise and pair?

Shophm. Excuse me; no, sir. By your leave, it's a scene of rural interment, near Paris. A black cypress sprig, you see, ma'am, on a stone-colour ground, harmonizes beautifully with the monuments and epitaphs. We sold two this morning—one to Norwood, and one to Kensal Green. We consider it the happiest pattern of the season.

Squire. Yes; some people are very happy in it, no doubt.

Shophm. No doubt, sir. There's a charm in melancholy, sir. I'm fond of the pensive myself. But possibly, madam, you would prefer something still more in the transition state, as we call it, from grave to gay. In that case I would recommend this lavender Ducape, with only just a souvenir of sorrow in it—the slightest tinge of mourning to distinguish it from the garb of pleasure. Permit me to put aside a dress for you.

Lady. Why, no—not at present. I am not going into mourning myself; but a friend, who has just been left with a large family—

Shophm. Oh, I understand;—and you desire to see an appropriate style of costume for the juvenile branches, when sorrow their young days has shaded. Of course, a milder degree of mourning than for adults. Black would be precocious. This, ma'am, for instance—a dark pattern on gray; an interesting dress, ma'am, for a little girl, just initiated in the vale of tears.

Squire. Poor thing!

Shophm. Precisely so, sir,—only eighteen pence a yard, ma'am—and warranted to wash. Possibly you would require the whole piece?

Lady. Why, no—I must first consult the mamma. And that reminds me to look at some widow's caps.

Shophm. Very good, ma'am. The coiffure department is backwards—if you would have the goodness to step that way.

[The lady, followed by the squire, walks into a room at the back of the shop;—the walls are hung with black, and on each of the three sides is a looking-glass, in a black frame, multiplying infinitely the reflections of the widows' caps, displayed on stands on the central table. A show-woman in deep mourning is in attendance.]

Show. Your pleasure, ma'am?

Lady. Widow's caps.

Squire. Humph!—that's plump, any how!

Show. This is the newest style, ma'am—

Lady. Bless me! for a widow!—Isn't it rather,—you know, rather a little—

Squire. Rather frisky in its frilligigs!

Show. Not for the mode, ma'am. Affliction is very much modernized, and admits more gout than formerly. Some ladies, indeed, for their morning grief, wear rather a plainer cap; but for evening sorrow, this is not at all too ornée. French taste has introduced very considerable alleviations—for example, the sympathizer—

Squire. Where is he?

Show. This muslin *ruche*, ma'am, instead of the plain band.

Lady. Yes; a very great improvement, certainly.

Show. Would you like to try it, ma'am?

Lady. No, not at present. I am only inquiring for a friend. Pray, what are those?

Show. Worked handkerchiefs, ma'am. Here is a lovely pattern—all done by hand. An exquisite piece of work—

Squire. Better than a noisy one.
 Show. Here is another, ma'am,—the last novelty. The Larmoyante—with a fringe of artificial tears, you perceive, in mock pearl. A sweet, pretty idea, ma'am.
 Squire. But rather scrubby, I should think, for the eyes.

Show. O dear no, sir—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out—quite!

Squire. O! and a dry cry is the genteel thing. But come, ma'am, come, or we shall be too late for the other exhibitions.

[The squire and the lady leave the shop. On getting into the street, he turns round, and takes a long last look at the premises.]

Squire. Humph! And so that's a Mason de Dool! Well, if it's all the same to you, ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented, after the old fashion—for, as to London, what with the new French modes of mourning, and the "Try Warren" style of blacking the premises, it does seem to me that, before long, all sorrow will be sham Abram, and the House of Mourning a regular Farce!

A NOTE FOR OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We have been very busy since last month, unrolling MSS. and searching for pearls among the shells thrown so profusely from the ocean of literature on the shore of the Lady's Book. We have selected the following varieties, which we shall show our friends in due season. "*The Sleep of the Sailor Boy*," "*Mary*," "*The Orpheus and Eurydice of Canova*," "*Day Dreams*," "*La Musee*," "*The Origin of Shadows*," and "*The New Cinderella*."

The following articles are respectfully declined—"My Classmate Henry," "Ninette," "The Choice of St.

Valentine's Eve," "The Lover's Response," "The Early Dead," "The Stray Deer," "The Man of Taste," "A Ray of Light," "Revenge," "A Home," "How Beautiful the Stars Are," "On Hearing Mr. Nagel, the Violinist," "To a Friend, with a copy of Poems of, &c.," "The Maniac," "Say Not in Anger I am False," "The Mother and Shade," "Thanksgiving Festival."

We have been obliged to throw aside the following—"A Tale of South Carolina," "A Stranger Beauty," "An Appeal to Facts," "Reminiscences," "There is Something in Love,"—(very little in this!)—"The Cross-hilted Sword," "The Dew Spirit," "My Sister's Grave," "Tis Night,"—(and dark enough!)—"I'll Think of Thee," "Life in Perspective,"—(a long one it must be!)—"Lines to an Absent Sister," "The Children in the Wood,"—(where they had best remain!)—and "Lines to * * *." Some few of these are worthless, nothing but shell; but most, we are glad to say, would make very pretty mother-of-pearl keepsakes and souvenirs for the friends of those who prepared them, though they would not be valued as precious by public taste. We think those whose articles are declined, will thank us for this duty "in kindness done," and that even our long delay cannot extinguish the fire poetical in our correspondents. Here is an evidence.

"To the editors of the Lady's Book:—

"One who much esteems the merit,
 Admires the wit, and loves the spirit,
 That fill the pages of your print,
 And reads with rapture all that's in't,
 Sent some time since a contribution,
 Unto your brilliant publication,
 Entitled—yes—'The Triumvir,'
 Which doth not on your sheets appear!
 Please to inform me thro' your journal,
 If it must die a death eternal!"

Answer next month.—Eds.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and Mr. George S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, have just published a new volume of "*Sermons*," by the great champion of Oxford divinity, *Newman*. They relate to the present topics of controversy, and come out straight and distinct. Of course, they will be read by all parties, not only because each person would judge for himself, touching the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of this famous divine and his school, but because all will be desirous to obtain a specimen of the style and handling of so celebrated a writer and preacher as Newman. The same publishers have just issued a new volume of their "*Library for the People and their Children*." It is a history of the "*Life and Adventures of Daniel Boone*, by the author of *Conversations of Uncle Philip*." The subject is one of first rate interest. It is well handled, and cannot fail to be acceptable to the young folks. Messrs. Appleton have also published "*Lalla Rookh*" in a small pocket volume, intended to form one of their Cabinet Library of standard authors.

Mr. E. H. Butler has published No. 13 of Frost's "*Pictorial History of the United States*." This work continues to sustain its high character in all respects. The embellishments increase in beauty as the work goes on. There can be nothing finer than the series of portraits of the presidents. The first six are after the celebrated portraits of Stuart, engravers in Croome's most finished style. This series of portraits is worth the price of the numbers. The numbers are now coming out rapidly, and the work will soon be complete.

Mr. R. G. Berford sends us copies of Harper's edition of "*The Heretic*," an admirable novel, translated from the Russian language. If this be a specimen of Russian

literature, there is certainly nothing barbarian in it. The book might have been written in Paris, or within the walls of the British Museum, without exhibiting a more complete familiarity with polished learning of all ages. The author is a thorough scholar and antiquary, a man of genius and a patriot—in one word, a Russian scholar. We commend his book to our readers, because it is highly entertaining, and because it conveys much useful information concerning an empire but little known in the West. Mr. Berford has also sent a copy of "*The Jew*," another fine masculine novel, published by the Harpers. "*The Creole*," a tale by the Poor Scholar, which affords promise of great things. The writer should devote himself to a regular poem or extended work of fiction in order to afford scope to his powers. From Mr. Berford we have also received the second number of Harper's PICTORIAL BIBLE, which, we are happy to observe, sustains the style of the first in engraving and printing. No printing of wood-cuts like this has ever been done in this country before. No wonder that the book has thirty thousand subscribers. The people are always ready to encourage any first rate performance.

NEW FAMILY BIBLE. Messrs. Carey & Hart have commenced the publication of a Bible with the commentaries of Patrick, Lowth, Whitby and others, which meets with approbation from the various denominations of Christian ministers, and promises to come into very general use. These great commentators having furnished all the most valuable portion of the notes to previous family Bibles, such as Scott's, "the Comprehensive," &c., those who have approved the works made up from them, cannot well withhold their approbation from this, which gives the entire originals, while the others were

composed of scattering extracts. The plan of publishing it in cheap numbers is an excellent one.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., and George S. Appleton, have published "WOMAN'S WORTH; How to raise the Female Character," a capital book as its name indicates. The volume is small, but comprehensive; and the original views and vigorous language of the author will commend it to general favour.

Mr. E. C. Biddle has published the first number of Mrs. Hill's splendid "American Floral Illustrations," a book of coloured groups of American flowers. It will be extended to twelve numbers, and will certainly form one of the most splendid ornaments of the centre table which this country has ever produced.

"Robert Rueful; or, A Lesson to Valetudinarians. By T. S. Fay," forms the second number of Godey's Library. It is sold by Berford and the other periodical agents; and being one of Fay's best novels, it has a prodigious run. *Guarica, the Charib Bride; a Legend of Hispaniola*, by Henry Wm. Herbert, has just been issued, and is for sale by R. G. Berford. It is a delightful story. The genius of Herbert runs riot in this scene. Hispaniola is the most delightful spot in the western world, naturally; but socially, it has been almost a Pandemonium for an age or so.

Colon sends us Mr. Goodrich's "Young American, or Book of Government and Laws, showing their history, nature and necessity. Fourth edition." This is a familiar treatise of law in the peculiar style of Peter Parley, with pictures, some of which appear to have a very slight connection with the text.

Mr. H. Hooker of this city has published "The Apostolical System of the Church Defended; in a reply to Dr. Whately on the Kingdom of Christ; by Samuel Buel, A. M., Rector of Emmanuel Parish, Cumberland, Md.," in which the learned Doctor is very severely handled. Messrs. Appleton have issued "A Help to Catechizing for Schools and Families," edited by Dr. Anthon, which appears to be a complete system of Christian doctrine, digested into the catechetical form. It is sold for six and a quarter cents, or four dollars the hundred, in order that families and Sunday Schools may have the means of instruction at the lowest possible rate.

Mr. R. G. Berford has copies of the famous print, by Dick, representing Sir Walter Scott's Monument, one of the largest and handsomest engravings ever executed in this country. Mr. Berford also receives subscriptions for the new work of "Mr. Audubon on Quadrupeds," the grandest work on the Mammalia ever attempted. Each of the spirited coloured embellishments is a work of high art, and would adorn the proudest gallery in the world. Specimens may be seen in Berford's shop window, which the Emperor of Russia would be very glad to have in his collection at the Hermitage.

Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston have published a new edition of "Sam Slick," with embellishments. Sam, as all the world knows, is the Phoenix of Yankee story tellers. He has the true Doric dialect. There is no mistake in Sam. He is "generally allowed" to be the most remarkable writer of the universal Yankee nation.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published the long expected book of Travels in Santa Fe, by Mr. Kendall, the able conductor of the New Orleans Picayune. Originality, liveliness, and graphic power in description, would serve to identify the writer of these beautiful volumes even if his name were not given in the title page.

Mr. Berford has received, among a heap of other cheap publications, which our limits will only permit us to enumerate without attempting to characterize them,—*"Herbert Tracy,"* by Mr. Lippard, *"The Banking House,"* *"The Mysteries of London,"* *"The Fortune Hunter,"* and *"Bug Jargal,"* by Victor Hugo.

Mr. Judah Dobson continues to issue that elegant "Collection of Original Scottish Airs," which we have already noticed as it deserves. The fourth number is now ready.

Mr. Osbourn, the polite and accommodating proprietor of the Music Saloon, No. 112 South Third street, has laid upon our editorial desk a number of pieces of new music,

the titles of which will no doubt stimulate the curiosity of those of our fair readers who delight in the concord of sweet sounds. They are as follows—"Clear the Way for Henry Clay," "A Health to the Farmer," "Byron's Farewell," "The Night's Soft Wind is Breathing," "Cumberland Guards Popular Quick Step," "Valse de Mignonne, from Fra Diavolo," "Planter's House Assembly Waltz," "Boon Infantry Brass Band Quick Step." Mr. Osbourn's collection of music is one of the finest in the country.

From one of the first publishing houses in Boston,—that of Gould, Kendall & Lincoln,—we have lately seen several valuable works, among which is one entitled, *"A Church without a Bishop,"* by Lyman Colman, author of "Antiquities of the Christian Church," with an Introductory Essay by Dr. Augustus Neander, Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. For clergymen, and all interested in questions respecting the government and worship of the primitive church, this work will be of great interest. It is written in a Christian spirit, and with much ability.

"The Acts of the Apostles, with Notes," is another volume of much merit, prepared for the teachers of Sabbath Schools, and as a family instructor. The author is Henry J. Ripley, Professor of Sacred Rhetoric in the Baptist Theological Institution at Newton, Mass.; and his book will, we think, be found very useful.

We have also a number of pretty miniature volumes, appropriate souvenirs for all seasons, among which we commend to our young friends *"Daily Manna,"* by Baron Stow;—the title is significant of the contents;—also, *"The Young Communicant,"* and *"The Marriage Ring,"* will be tokens of much value when appropriately presented. *"The Poetry of Love,"* selected by Rufus W. Griswold, cannot fail to be welcome as the tones of sweet music in the pleasant evenings of June. *"The Cypress Wreath,"* a book of consolation for those who mourn, edited also by Mr. Griswold, will be a favourite friend in the chamber of the sick and afflicted. *"Apollos, or Directions to Persons just commencing a Religious Life,"* and *"The Bible and the Closet,"* are excellent and improving little books.

A most useful little manual for mothers and nurses, *"Infant Treatment,"* by Mrs. Barwell, has lately been issued. It is approved by Dr. Valentine Mott, of New York, which is a sufficient guarantee of its merits. This work can be had at "Berford's," in Chestnut street.

Clark's Poems.—We learn that Mr. Lewis Gaylord Clark is at present engaged in collecting and preparing for publication the select works of his accomplished brother, the late Willis Gaylord Clark, a name endeared to all the lovers of American poetry. We are glad that a task in which the reputation of a favourite writer is so nearly concerned, should have fallen into such able hands. It will gratify our readers to know, that the collection will not be confined to poetry. The best essays, stories and olliopodiana, will be comprised in the forthcoming volumes. No recently announced work will be expected with greater interest and impatience than this.

W. R. Dempster, Esq., has sent us three pieces of music beautifully embellished. They are Motherwell's ballad of *"Jeannie Morrison,"* *"The Lonely Auld Wife,"* by Julien Cremer, and *"I'm With You Once Again,"* by G. P. Morris. A better selection of words could not have been made for the exquisite harmony they are set to. Dempster's plaintive airs are great favourites with the public.

It will be seen that most of our works are credited to Berford, of Publishers' Hall. He is very enterprising, and is doing an immense business.

CHIT-CHAT OF FASHIONS.

Lady Blessington says:—"Transparent muslin, the cheapest of all materials, is one of the prettiest, too, for summer's wear, and with the addition of some bows of delicate coloured riband, or a bouquet of fresh flowers, forms a most becoming dress. The lowness of the price

of such a robe enables the purchaser to have so frequent a change of it, that even those who are far from rich may have half a dozen, while one single robe of a more expensive material will cost more; and having done so, the owner will think it right to wear it more frequently than is consistent with the freshness and purity that should ever be the distinguishing characteristics in female dress, in order to indemnify herself for the expense.

"I was never more struck with this fact than a short time ago, when I saw two ladies seated next each other, both young and handsome; but one, owing to the freshness of her robe, which was of simple *organdie*, looked infinitely better than the other who was quite as pretty, but who, wearing a robe of expensive lace, whose whiteness had fallen into 'the sere and yellow leaf,' appeared faded and *passee*.

"What a multiplicity of pretty things we women require to render us what we consider presentable! And how few of us, however good-looking we may chance to be, would agree with the poet, that loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is when 'unadorned, adorned the most.' Even the fairest of the sex like to enhance the charms of nature by the aid of dress; and the plainest hope to become less so by its assistance.

"Men are never sufficiently sensible of our humility, in considering it so necessary to increase our attractions in order to please them, or grateful enough for the pains we bestow in the attempts. Husbands and fathers are particularly insensible to this amiable desire on the part of their wives and daughters, and when asked to pay the heavy bills incurred in consequence of this praiseworthy humility and desire to please, evince any feeling rather than that of satisfaction. It is only admirers, not called on to pay these said bills, who duly appreciate the cause and effect, and who can hear of women passing whole hours in tempting shops, without that elongation of countenance peculiar to husbands and fathers.

"I could not help thinking with the philosopher, how many things I saw to-day that could be done without. If women could be made to understand that costliness of attire seldom adds to beauty and often deteriorates it, a great amelioration in expense could be accomplished.

"Be wise then, ye young and fair; and if, as I suspect, your object be to please the lords of creation, let your dress in summer be snowy-white muslin, never worn after its pristine purity becomes problematical; and in winter, let some half dozen plain and simple silk gowns be purchased, instead of the two or three expensive ones that generally form the wardrobe, and which consequently soon not only lose their lustre, but give the wearer the appearance of having suffered the same fate.

"And you, O husbands and fathers, present and future, be ye duly impressed with a sense of your manifold obligations to me, for thus opening the eyes of your wives and daughters how to please without draining your purses; and when the maledictions of lace, velvet, and satin sellers, fall on my hapless head for counsel so injurious to their interests, remember they are incurred for your's!"

MANTILLAS are gradually succeeding the *berthes*, which have recently been so much the rage. They are formed so as to encircle the body, in the same manner as the above-mentioned *berthe*, and certainly give a greater air of elegance to the bust than those fullings or folds with which some are decorated. They are generally made of the *point d'Alencon* lace.

SCARFS.—One of the most charming novelties of the present season, is a scarf which has lately appeared, composed of a kind of silk material, the texture thick and yet soft, heavy and yet light. This scarf is black, and streaked across in dark-coloured stripes, such as red, purple, green, and golden yellow. These stripes are also divided with smaller ones, going the same way, and of the same bright colours; the ends of the scarf decorated with a broad fringe, shaded in the same colours as the scarf. Nothing can be prettier than this scarf, when placed round the waist, and draped with taste.

BONNETS.—There seems to be at present no material change in the form of the bonnets, with the exception of

their being rather more open, so as to show more of the countenance, and allowing the interior of the brim to be more trimmed—some being ornamented with ribbons, others with dowers and lace, according to the physiognomy and complexion of the fair wearer. Casing bonnets of all colours are the most fashionable. A novelty in bonnets is also in vogue—the front being of straw and the crown of silk, trimmed in various ways.

We give in this number a medley fashion plate. It needs no description.

Our plate for next month will contain the latest fashions, fashionable window cornice and curtains, pattern of a modern easy chair, sofa, table, and carpet pattern.

We have a humorous letter from a friend at Tazewell, Tennessee, who complains of the selection of subjects for magazine embellishments. He says—

"The great objection to the Monthlies of Chestnut Street is their plates. Each has generally thirty-six plates a year—women and children. Now, these may be scarce on Chestnut Street, but they are not so here. Now, can't you throw in a little variety—say a loafer, a bank director, a starved poet, an omnibus boy, or a cab driver, or any thing that is not common in the West?"

Here is choice to be sure; but it doesn't come up to our notion. We plead guilty to the women and children, but we will say that our selection of plates has been much approved. Have we not given scriptural, historical and Shakspearean subjects? Have we not published match plates illustrative of virtue and vice; views of celebrated places; engravings from original pictures, &c.? Have we not offered a premium for a picture to engrave in which an American woman shall be the prominent character? It is hard to select any good subject that has not a woman for its ornament. Go to, friend G—; no doubt you are blessed with a woman and children.

The Rebukey.—We have no hesitation in pronouncing this Plate by Ellis the best line engraving ever published in an American Magazine. We call particular attention to it.

May-Day Morning is a sweet rural picture, from the burin of Dick, who is always successful in similar scenes.

An arrangement has been made with Sartain, Sadd, Warner, Tucker and Gross, for a supply of mezzotint plates. We intend, as soon as we can perfect our arrangements, to have a mezzotint in every number. This will be a new and very agreeable feature in the Book. Mr. Ellis, the successful engraver of "The Rebukey," has three other line engravings in hand for us. Messrs. Pease, Graham, Welch, Walters, Humphreys, Disk, Gimbrede and others, are in full operation.

The following notices we only insert to fill up a vacancy. Of praise we have enough.

"The Lady's Book.—The last number of this popular monthly has already been received, and from a hasty examination, we find that it still continues to maintain its position at the head of American periodicals. The engravings and letter-press cannot be excelled. Of the 'fashion plates' we need not speak;—they speak for themselves—and have long since been adopted as the standard of fashion by all who make any pretension to taste in matters connected with the *modus operandi* of appearing in the latest 'style.'"—*Dem. Stand., Goshen, N. Y.*

"Godley's Lady's Book.—The April number of this valuable periodical has been received, and its increasing merit gives proof of its acceptability to a reading and discerning public. The present number is a beautiful one, and to add further attraction to the work, the devoted and persevering publisher—who, by the by, spares no cost of money to enhance the goodness and beauty of this Lady's Gem,—offers strong and substantial inducements to native artists to furnish drawings for the benefit of the forthcoming numbers. Such enterprise we hope to see fully and overflowing rewarded."—*People's Adv., York, Pa.*



The Belle of the Ball

Engraved Expressly for Godoy's Lady's Book

GODEY'S

LADY'S BOOK.

JUNE, 1844.

THE PIC-NIC.

BY JANE T. FLEMING.

(See Plate.)

"HAVE you heard of Emily Hastings' arrival, Mrs. Stone?" said Jane Landor. "She came last night, and I am very anxious to see her, as I have heard so much about her. I suppose she will be at the pic-nic this afternoon?"

"Very probably. Where is it to be held?" asked Mrs. Stone.

"In that wild, romantic spot, near the Hermit's Cave, where the river bends so beautifully. We are to have a sail some distance down the stream, and then return and have a dance and collation in the grove near. I expect it will be perfectly delightful."

"Yes, that is a charming spot," said Mrs. Stone; "a favourite rendezvous for pleasure parties of all kinds. I have attended several there, and always enjoyed them. The first one was uncommonly delightful. Very amusing, too, some of the incidents were. I remember one especially, in which Emily Hastings was concerned, that caused a great deal of laughter at the time. She had just left school, and this was her first party. Though an uncommonly lovely and fascinating girl, with laughing blue eyes and a profusion of ringlets, witty too, withal, yet she was rather diffident and very sensitive to ridicule or sarcasm.

"When quite a child, she had a devoted admirer in Conrad Ernstein, the old bachelor sort of lawyer that you girls all like so much. His father, Dr. Ernstein, was a very near neighbour of Mr. Hast-

ings, and the families were very intimate. The children were almost inseparable, till Conrad was about sixteen, when he went to college. Before his departure, they exchanged vows of eternal friendship, unchangeable constancy, and plain gold rings. He wears his still, but I have never seen her's since this memorable party. She being at school and he engaged in pursuing his studies, they seldom met for seven or eight years, and when they returned finally to this village, they found themselves almost strangers to each other. He had paid such close and unremitting attention to his studies, that he had had no time for any thing else, and had grown up awkward, absent and embarrassed. Very delightful when, animated by conversation, he forgot himself; but oppressed with a greater share of *mauvaise honte* than I ever saw bestowed on one poor man before. Hardly a day passed but we heard of some new mishap or blunder of poor Ernstein; and yet withal, he was so good-natured, so ready to join in the laugh against himself, and so well-informed, that he was almost universally liked. Since his return, he had renewed his attentions to Emily, which did not please her at all, as she was made in this way a sharer in many of his blunders, and it turned the ridicule upon her in some degree."

"But what happened at this pic-nic you were speaking about?" asked Jane Landor, growing a little impatient.

"I will tell you all in good time. You know I

must always tell a story my own way," said Mrs. Stone. "I do not know," she continued, "that I ever saw Emily looking more lovely, or that Ernststein ever showed his devotion more plainly, or committed more annoying mistakes than he did on that day. Worse than all the other laughing observers of the scene, was a mischievous cousin John of Emily's, who was continually whispering praises in her ear of her 'preux chevalier, the graceful, gallant Dutchman,' till she was almost ready to take French leave of us all and go home; and I believe she would have done so if she had not been afraid that Ernststein would have followed her. There was a long plank thrown across part of the river, uniting the bank with a sort of projection from it, which extended some distance into the stream. Emily was walking rapidly and fearlessly across it, when Conrad perceiving her, and thinking she might become giddy, hastily followed to assist her if necessary. His heavy and hurried tread shook the unsteady bridge; it turned slightly, and Emily being totally unprepared, was thrown off. But there was no danger, as the water was not deep, and she could easily have extricated herself. However, Conrad was too much alarmed to perceive this, and springing after her, he seized her first by her arm and then by her dress, and pulled her to the shore. She was slightly injured by her fall against the rocks, and a little frightened, but more mortified and angry. I shall never forget her calm and quiet expression of scorn as she stood with her torn dress, dishevelled hair and scratched hands, listening to his profuse apologies. I presume there must have been some sort of a quarrel afterwards, as he ceased his attentions suddenly; and whenever they met they spoke to each other, it is true, but very coldly."

"But I should never suspect that Mr. Ernststein could be so diffident," said Jane Landor.

"Oh! that was ten years ago. A year or two in society cured all that. He is quite a man of the world now, comparatively."

"Is Emily as pretty as ever?" asked Jane Landor.

"Somewhat *passé*," replied Mrs. Stone, "but still very lovely and interesting."

"But why has she never been married?" continued Miss Landor.

"I don't know. She was quite a belle here for some two or three years. Her father's income was large, and she travelled a great deal. She always seemed to be surrounded by admirers, and to care very little about them. When her father died he left them quite poor, and she, to assist her mother in the education of her younger brothers and sisters, accepted a situation as teacher in B., and has been there ever since, returning only once a year to pass a few of the summer weeks with her mother. The first time that she came back, a very handsome gentleman accompanied her, and was said to be very much attached to her; but that could hardly be, for some months after we heard that her sister was engaged to him, and they are now married. He is quite wealthy, I believe."

"A gentleman by the name of Hartley, a widower, came this morning to the Columbian, I was told, ostensibly for the purpose of recruiting his health by a few weeks' residence in the country, but really for the sake of prosecuting his addresses to Emily Hastings," said Jane Landor.

"Very probably," replied Mrs. Stone. "She is animated and intelligent—just the kind of person that pleases generally. But I am making you a most unconscionable call, and must hurry home or Mr. Stone will be out of all patience waiting for his dinner. Good morning." And the talkative lady departed.

The persons invited to the pic-nic assembled quite early. The day could not have been lovelier, and though it was quite warm, yet the shade of the trees and the cool breeze from the river rendered the air delightful.

Emily Hastings was there, though she went quite unwillingly, as the scene recalled unpleasant reminiscences. Yet as her brothers and sisters refused to go without her, she, as she had done for years, sacrificed all feelings of self for their pleasure. Graceful, easy and animated, she was the life of any party; and though at times a shade of sorrow would pass over her face, it flitted so rapidly that it was unnoticed. But when her countenance was perfectly at rest, there were some lines of sorrow and care apparent—something that showed that bitter thought had long been a constant companion. But it was seldom this was observed, save by a curious reader of physiognomies.

Mr. Hartley was there too. He looked about forty, tall, portly, and rather handsome—not over sensitive, nor blessed with a keen perception of the feelings of others. Very attentive he was, though any observer could see that his profusion of soft words was all lost, and that his constant attendance seemed a great annoyance to the object of his devotions.

Conrad Ernststein of course was there. No party of any kind had been given for years without him to assist, by his ready good nature, his merry jests and his joyous participation in its amusements, in its success. He looked very well, though a little more serious than was his wont. He showed the marks of time slightly. Ten years will leave their traces, and he had grown thin, and his hair had fallen from his temples. But though those ten years had robbed him of somewhat, they had also been bountiful givers. Confidence, gentleness, and the art of talking agreeable nonsense, had been a few among his many attainments.

A little bridge had replaced the plank, and in the still moonlight, Emily stood leaning on the railing, gazing earnestly into the depths of the silvery and sparkling waters.

"Emily!" said some one beside her. She started, but did not raise her eyes immediately, for she knew the voice, though years had flown since she had heard it, save mingling with others in the common conversation.

"Do you remember, Emily, the first pic-nic we attended here?" continued Ernststein.

"Yes, perfectly," said Emily; and then she continued hastily, laughing to hide the embarrassment, "and how you threw me into the water and pulled me out again, and how frightened you were, and how angry I was. I was just thinking of it all as I was standing here. How beautifully still every thing seems; and to see the dancers in the distance, and the groups rambling here and there among the trees, might almost make one fancy one's self in Arcadia. There is Mrs. Stone walking with mother—shall we join them?"

"Have you forgotten, Emily," continued Earnstein, apparently without having heard her request, "what you said to me the day after your unfortunate fall?"

"Forgotten? No," said she, with a sudden start; and Earnstein saw, or fancied he saw, a tear glittering on her cheek.

"Emily," said he again, "do you ——"

But his question was cut short by Mr. Hartley, who joined them just then, saying, carelessly—

"A beautiful view this. You have been admiring it a long time, Miss Hastings; and I do not wonder. I could look at it for hours. But your mother sent me to tell you that it is growing too damp for you by the river; and here are your brother and sister coming to escort you back."

The party soon afterwards dispersed—Mr. Hartley claiming as if of right a place by Miss Hastings' side on her return.

The next morning rose bright and beautiful, and all day long old and new acquaintances were coming in an uninterrupted stream to welcome the new arrival. But though she played her part well in the ceremonies of the day, she seemed out of spirits; tired, her mother said, with the journey and the walk the day before. By eight, however, the visitors had all departed, the callers had ceased, and, to her great relief, she was left with no one but Mr. Hartley, who, to say the truth, had seldom left her during the day, seeming determined, as if, by the most unremitting attentions he could do so, to gain his suit. She left him with her mother for a moment, and stood in the porch looking sadly and longingly into the distance. Earnstein had not been among her visitors that day. He was absent on business, they said, and would not return before the morrow. While she stood there, her brother came bounding out, and stopping to throw his arms around her neck, he noticed her dejection. She laughed at his questions about the cause, and when he told her that he was going to walk to the Hermit's Cave to find his sketch book, which he had

left there the preceding day, and wished she would go with him, for he had a great deal to say to her, she willingly consented, forgetting entirely poor Mr. Hartley; and on their way, Charles poured forth with all a boy's enthusiasm his hopes and wishes.

He should enter college, he said, in a few weeks, and afterwards he was going to study law. Mr. Earnstein had said that he must study with him. "I like him so much, don't you, sister?" said Charles, warmly; "he has been so kind to me." And then, without waiting for an answer, he said, "How I wish you could stay at home always. We are so much happier when you are here—mother is in so much better spirits. When I am a man I intend to buy back our old place, and we will all live there together again."

While talking thus, they had reached the bridge, Charles not observing that Emily had not spoken since they left the house. Her heart was very heavy;—one of those unaccountable fits of depression had come over her, and, contrary to her wont, she had yielded to its influence. It seemed as if the future had no blessings in store for her, and that as far as she herself was concerned, she would willingly have laid her head beneath the turf sod at her feet.

"It is a hard walk up that hill, sister Emily," said Charles; "would you be afraid to stay here till I can go—it won't take me ten minutes. But there is Mr. Earnstein; I'll call him to stay with you."

And before his sister could forbid him, Charles called loudly to a person near, who proved to be, indeed, Mr. Earnstein, as he approached hastily, saying he would remain with great pleasure, and hoped Charles would not hurry himself. But though he was not long absent, yet there was time enough for the sentence interrupted the night before to be completed, and an answer entirely satisfactory to be returned.

And when, on their return, Mrs. Hastings expressed some surprise at their walk in the night air, and Mr. Hartley looked his astonishment, Charles seemed to be the only person who thought of excusing himself from the charge of imprudence.

Need I tell what was the all-important question and answer, or that Charles was gratified by seeing his mother again presiding over their old place; and though Emily was not with them exactly, yet, as their gardens formed the only barrier, their separation was little felt.

THE MANDERFIELDS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

PART SIXTH.

CHARLES MANDERFIELD hastened eagerly to meet his venerable and well-remembered friend, but almost started back at the change in his appearance. The figure of Serlingham was no longer erect. His head and shoulders were now bent forward; and the movement of his limbs evinced the decrepitude that had come upon him. His hair was no longer dressed and powdered. Indeed, he had lost a large portion of it, and the little that remained was white as snow; so also were his eyebrows. His eyes were deeply sunk in their sockets, and their fires had grown dull and languid. He was much thinner, much paler, and looked, at least, twenty years older than when the Manderfields had taken leave of him at Portsmouth. His apparel was no longer a suit of fine black cloth, with black satin waistcoat, and pleated cambric ruffles fastened by a diamond pin. His present habit was a brown surtout, a striped swansdown waistcoat, dark gray pantaloons, and thick high shoes. Still his clothing, though plain and of cheap materials, was scrupulously neat. His gold-headed cane had given place to a stick with an ivory top, on which he leaned as if walking fatigued him.

At the sight of Charles Manderfield (whom he recognized in a moment, notwithstanding that the boy was grown into a man,) the face of Serlingham beamed with delight; and the next moment it was covered with a blush of confusion, as he saw the surprise with which his young friend regarded his altered looks. The evident embarrassment of Serlingham caused Charles to recollect himself immediately; and springing forward, he seized the hand of the old gentleman, exclaiming—

"My dear Mr. Serlingham, I am sure you remember Charles Manderfield!"

"I do, indeed,"—replied Serlingham, warmly returning the pressure of his hand. "I recognize in the countenance of the young gentleman before me the features and the expression I delighted to look at when he was a boy."

"Do sit down, and make yourself comfortable, Mr. Serlingham"—said Mrs. Blagden—"I dare say you would like to talk over hold times with Master Charles. I will leave you here by yourselves to have a good bit of gossip together. And you're as welcome as the flowers in May to the use of my front parlour, whenever Master Charles comes to see you. And I shan't charge a penny for it, out of regard to the young gentleman's family, who were always very civil to me, notwithstanding that they were such good pay; which is rather un-

common, for most people that pay well think there's no use in being civil besides. Owever, the proof of the pudding is in the heating; and to go by that proof, I must say I've found the Americans very nice persons."

She then considerably withdrew; saying in an audible whisper, as she passed Serlingham—"I knew very well you would not like to take Master Charles up into the back hatic, all cluttered up with kitchen things as you keep it, and not at all genteel."

Serlingham coloured deeply, and tried to smile; but he sat down, and after a pause, began to make inquiries after each member of the Manderfield family, adding—"It was kind in you all to continue writing to me even after I had ceased. I received every one of your letters, and they seemed to come across the ocean like gleams of American sunshine; like the fragrance of American forest flowers. And oh! how cheering to the lonely exile are tidings from the land of his birth."

He then suddenly changed the subject, and spoke of the political position of America; of the improvement of her people in the arts which promote the comfort and the embellishment of life; and of the glories yet in prospect for the world beyond the Atlantic. We need not say that in all these anticipations he was joined most energetically by his young friend and countryman.

Yet no allusion was made by Serlingham to his own relations in Boston; and the name of Emma was not once mentioned. Charles Manderfield feared to inquire, in the apprehension that death perhaps had selected a victim from the Cleland family. At length, recollecting his engagement to dine with one of the numerous gentlemen to whom he had brought letters of introduction, he rose to take his leave.

"I cannot give you the trouble of ascending to my room"—said Serlingham—"and indeed, (as my landlady justly remarks,) it is not a fit place for the reception of visitors. But I hope we shall meet frequently during your stay in London."

Charles immediately gave his address, and begged Serlingham to dine with him the following day at his hotel. This the old gentleman declined; alleging that his habits had become very retired, and were such as no longer fitted him for intercourse with the world; that he had given up all visiting, and all places of amusement; that he took his solitary dinner at noon, and (except in winter) generally went to bed at twilight.

"Perhaps, my dear Charles"—said he—"for I must still call you so, you occasionally go to the

American coffee-houses. You know they are all near each other, in the vicinity of Cornhill."

"I shall visit them every day"—replied Charles—"to learn the latest news from the United States, and to see if any of my countrymen have arrived in England."

"Well"—said Serlingham—"I go also to these places. And I sometimes indulge in a shilling ride for that purpose, when the weather is unfavourable, or I find myself unequal to the fatigue of walking. The pains and infirmities of old age have gathered fast upon me within the last few years. But there are still things in which I take pleasure."

Finally, it was arranged that Serlingham should breakfast with his young friend the following morning.

"I shall be in this part of the town"—said Charles—"before nine o'clock, and I will have the pleasure of calling for you."

Accordingly, he arrived in a coach at the appointed hour, and conveyed the old man to his hotel, where they breakfasted in Charles's sitting-room.

Young Manderfield was more than ever convinced that a great change had come over the spirit of his guest. Serlingham was no longer conversant with the literature of the day, for, as he said, he had left off buying books. He now knew nothing of the public amusements, except what he gathered from handbills at the corners. And he seemed much more desirous to listen to his young friend than to talk himself. Charles again observed that he never mentioned the beloved granddaughter who had so long occupied the first place in his heart; nor did he speak of her parents; or make the slightest reference to Boston. He sat about half an hour after breakfast was concluded, and then said he would encroach no farther on the time of his host, who pressed him earnestly to repeat his visit.

"My dear Charles"—said Serlingham—"I understand that your stay in the metropolis will not be long, as you purpose a tour round the principal cities of England and Scotland. Also, you have mercantile business to transact; and as your time, while in London, will no doubt be much occupied, I will encroach on it as little as possible. Therefore, I will not arrange with you any preconcerted visits; depending on the chance of meeting you accidentally, and of seeing you at the American coffee-houses. These are my frequent haunts since I have relinquished the habit of going to other places 'where men do congregate.'"

And it was at the Pennsylvania, New York, New England and Virginia coffee-houses that Charles Manderfield had sometimes an interview with his ancient friend, who always seemed most happy to see him, but never invited him to a visit at Mrs. Blagden's. Charles easily comprehended that Mrs. Blagden's back attic was no place in which to receive a stranger. "And yet"—thought he—"if Mr. Serlingham could bring himself to forego that tincture of false shame which seems always to have formed a part of his character, and

once admit me into his retreat as a friend and countryman whose boyhood he had known, I believe he would from that time feel himself at ease with me."

On the morning previous to Charles Manderfield's departure from London, Serlingham came to the hotel to take leave of him.

"I think"—said the old gentleman—"you told me that you have never visited Boston."

"Strange to say, I have not"—replied Charles.

Our readers will recollect that at this period the intercourse between the American cities was far less than it is now, when rapid steamboats and flying railroad cars seem in our day to set both time and space at defiance. There are still a large number of ladies and gentlemen in Philadelphia who have never visited Boston.

"But, very soon after my return home"—pursued Charles Manderfield—"it is my intention to see all the principal cities on the Atlantic sea-board. My brother Franklin is now on a tour to the West. Can I convey any package or message for you to your friends in Boston? What shall I tell them about you?"

"Tell them nothing"—said the old man, pressing his hand almost convulsively. "To all that is left of them, I still have been able to write; at long intervals; for when I attempt a letter my eyes become more dim and my hand is more tremulous than usual. I am very old now, and very weak. Oh! my young friend, you have found me changed. I am not as you once knew me. You see I am not. But it cannot be helped."

"I hope"—said Charles—"that no serious misfortune has befallen you. Forgive my inquiring if, by any chance, your circumstances are less easy than when our family were in England?"

"No"—replied Serlingham—"my income is the same. My pension, (how I hate the word!) is still continued, and I receive it punctually. But I acknowledge that I have grown very economical—or rather very penurious. I have acquired the habit of regarding even a sixpence as an object of importance. In short (and you will wonder I am not ashamed to make the confession), it has become a pleasure to me to save all I possibly can, and to live almost like a miser. And as such I know I am considered. And yet, there is so little justice in the world's opinion, that I am not regarded with half as much contempt, as if I was really a poor man, and obliged to save and pinch from absolute necessity. But when men become almost superannuated, they must be allowed to indulge in their humours; and this perhaps is mine. Our tastes and feelings are not in our own power. Farewell, farewell, my dear Charles Manderfield. Business may again bring you to England—and I have a presentiment that old as I am, I shall live to see you once more. Though, Heaven knows, you have little inducement to continue an acquaintance with such as I am now. Yet how often do I think over the pleasant intercourse between your family and myself when you all lived in my neighbour-

hood—and when we met every day—and when I had not given up the habits of a gentleman. I am sorry to lose the regard of my friends; but I must continue to go on in my present way. There is, after all, a satisfaction in it, which no one else can understand. But to you, this must seem nothing more than idle talk. I will detain you no longer.”

The old man and the young man parted in mutual emotion—tears filling the eyes of both.

“And still?”—thought Charles—“he has not spoken one word of Emma.”

Charles Manderfield returned to America; and his account of their friend Serlingham caused much surprise and regret to all the family.

“He was the last man in the world!”—said Franklin—“that I should ever have suspected of turning into a miser. Were I sure that old age would bring such a change upon myself, I would wish to die before I reached my thirtieth year.”

The following spring, Charles Manderfield took a journey to Boston; well-furnished with letters that introduced him into the best society of that pleasant and hospitable city. On the evening after his arrival, he made a visit at the house of Mr. Allenworth, an eminent India merchant, to whom he had brought an introduction, and who welcomed him with that frank cordiality which makes a stranger feel as unlike one as possible. The wife of Mr. Allenworth was a young and charming woman; and Charles was invited to a seat at the little table where she had laid down her sewing, and her husband his book on the entrance of their guest.

The conversation had not proceeded far, when Charles Manderfield took an opportunity of inquiring after Colonel Cleland, whom he supposed must be well known to the whole mercantile community of Boston. From Mr. Allenworth he learnt that Colonel Cleland had died suddenly more than four years ago. About a twelvemonth before his death, he had lost a very large sum by endorsing for a younger brother, who, entering largely into unsuccessful speculations, had become a bankrupt, and absconded from the United States. In consequence of this severe shock, other disasters followed, and when the affairs of Colonel Cleland were settled after his death, and all his debts paid, by sacrificing the whole of his real estate, it was found that nothing more than a mere pittance was left for the support of his wife and child. Mrs. Cleland, whose health had been long precarious, survived her husband but two months.

“And their daughter!”—exclaimed Charles. “Is she still living?”

“She is!”—replied Mrs. Allenworth—“and Emma Cleland is one of the loveliest girls in the world. Mrs. Cleland lived so short after the death of her husband, that, the business of the estate not being yet wound up, she was spared the affliction of knowing on her death-bed that Emma would be obliged to depend on her own exertions for a subsistence.”

“And where is Miss Cleland now?” inquired Charles.

“Since the death of her mother!”—replied Mrs. Allenworth—“she has boarded in a highly respectable private family. She commenced supporting herself by translating from the French, copying music, making drawings for ornamental work, colouring prints, and sewing for her friends; in short, refusing nothing that she was able to do. But at the end of the first year, she received from an unknown source a remittance which since that time has been repeated quarterly. The agent through whose hands it passes to her, says the donor has interdicted the disclosure of his name and residence, and has enjoined him to secrecy. It is, however, supposed that this money is sent by her runaway uncle, who went to the West Indies, and shortly after married the widow of a wealthy planter; and it is probable he renders this assistance to his niece as a small atonement for the ruin he brought on her father. This accession to her little income, Emma Cleland has devoted to the purpose of taking lessons in miniature painting from a celebrated artist, and also of receiving instruction on the harp from one of our most distinguished musicians. In both these accomplishments she has succeeded so well, that she is now able to maintain herself genteelly by painting the miniatures of ladies, and giving instruction on the harp. In Boston, such a girl as Emma Cleland could not lose her place in society, because she preferred the independence of turning her talents to profitable account to living on the often-proffered kindness of her numerous friends; many of whom would gladly have given her a home in their own houses, and desired nothing in return but the pleasure of her society; for she has an excellent and highly cultivated mind, a kind affectionate heart, and she is gifted with unusual powers of conversation.”

“So charming a woman!”—observed Charles—“must find friends in all the aged she meets, and lovers in the young.”

“Emma Cleland!”—replied Mrs. Allenworth—“has had many admirers; but as yet, I believe I can certify that her heart has remained untouched. The fortunate man that shall make an impression on it is yet to come. It is only within the last year that she has left off her mourning, and occasionally accepted invitations into company. And even now she avoids large parties, and visits in none of those families whose chief recommendations are wealth or fashion.”

“I need not ask!”—said Charles—“if Miss Cleland visits Mrs. Allenworth.”

“My wife!”—said Mr. Allenworth—“has the happiness of being one of Emma Cleland’s most intimate friends. They have known each other from childhood. And fortunately for us, she lives but across the street.”

“Sometimes!”—observed Mrs. Allenworth—“I can prevail on Emma to give herself a holiday, and spend it with me. I have engaged her for to-morrow.”

“Therefore, Mr. Manderfield!”—said his host—“if you will come and dine with us, you can have

a chance of judging whether my wife's account of her charming friend does justice to the young lady or not."

"I am certain that it is not too partial!"—exclaimed Charles, with eager warmth. "And I cannot express my gratitude, my delight, at being thus afforded an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Emma—with Miss Cleland."

"I think"—said Mrs. Allenworth—"I will not apprise her that she is to meet you here."

On the following morning, our young hero (for so we must now call him) found himself restless, *distract*, and not at all in the vein for business. Two hours before the time, he was ready to present himself at Mr. Allenworth's mansion, notwithstanding that he had bestowed unusual care on his toilet, having put on and taken off all the waistcoats he had with him, and been unusually fastidious in the arrangement of his very beautiful hair. And never was his hair so unsatisfactory as on this important day; so that he had serious thoughts of applying to a *coiffeur*, till he recollected that a head fresh from the hands of a barber always betrays itself. Charles Manderfield had a presentiment that he was going to fall in love.

Finally, he found himself in Mr. Allenworth's drawing-room; and on a sofa beside her hostess for whom she was quilling some lace, sat a young lady to whom an introduction was unnecessary, as he knew her at once for Serlingham's Emma.

He saw before him a being whose loveliness exceeded all he had yet seen of female beauty. Figure, features, complexion, grace, expression—all were such as an artist would delight in painting, fearing only that the most skilful touches of his pencil might give but a faint idea of the inimitable charms with which nature sometimes bids defiance to art.

When Manderfield had a little recovered from his first view of Emma, he commenced a conversation which set her cheeks glowing and her eyes sparkling; for he expatiated on the very favourable impression her native city had made on him as a stranger, and he talked of Boston, and of New England, in a manner that was highly gratifying to both his fair auditors.

The day passed delightfully; and, as he had truly anticipated, Charles Manderfield fell deeply in love with Emma Cleland. In the evening, she played on Mrs. Allenworth's harp; and drew from the instrument tones which seemed to "lap the soul in Elysium." She afterwards accompanied it with a voice, clear, sweet, and melodious; but giving the words with so much heart and mind, that in listening to them the charms of the music were almost unheeded.

When the time of departing came, Charles Manderfield stood ready with his hat in his hand to usurp Mr. Allenworth's privilege of seeing Miss Cleland home; and great was his regret at their walk being only across the street. The door of Emma's dwelling was immediately opened by a domestic; and our hero lingered on the steps, and

at last ventured on requesting permission to visit Miss Cleland at her own residence.

"Remember!"—said he, with a smile—"you told me to-day that my father's family (of course including myself) had long since been introduced to you by the letters of Mr. Serlingham. Therefore, we have already been some years acquainted."

"I have, indeed, much to ask you about my grandfather!"—replied Emma, after a pause. "And if it will accord with your convenience, I will gladly see you to-morrow morning. I shall be disengaged at twelve."

Precisely at the moment when the numerous church-clocks of Boston began to strike the hour of noon, Charles Manderfield presented himself at the door of the modest mansion "where beauteous Emma flourished fair." He had been walking up and down on both sides of the way, and rounding the corner of the next street, and stopping to gaze at handbills, since a quarter past eleven.

He found Emma alone in her own parlour, having just removed her apparatus for miniature painting. Almost as soon as he was seated, she said to him—

"Mr. Manderfield, I scarcely slept last night from anxiety to learn how my grandfather *really* is. Yesterday I could not but observe that when I alluded to him, you answered briefly, and seemed desirous of changing the subject. Let me now entreat you to be candid, and inform me, *exactly*, how you found him on your recent visit to England."

"He was well!"—replied Charles.

"In his letters!"—resumed Emma—"he never complains of illness. But though he tries to write cheerfully, I think I can perceive that it is with even more of an effort than formerly. He has ceased to speak of places that he has visited; of new books that he has read; and of new pictures that he has seen. I fear that his habits are changed, and that his enjoyment of life is much diminished. How did you find him? How did he seem to you?"

Charles remained silent.

"Mr. Manderfield!"—continued Emma, earnestly fixing her beautiful eyes on his countenance—"forget that our first interview was only yesterday. Answer me sincerely; for I feel that I *must* know the precise truth. In what condition did you find my grandfather?"

"Time has done its work on him!"—answered Charles.

"But is it time alone that has changed him? In all his late letters he particularly avoids any reference to the state of his health and spirits. Is he ill? Is his constitution breaking up?"

"At Mr. Serlingham's advanced age!"—replied Charles—"it is rarely that a man (even of his regular habits) does not feel his strength diminishing daily."

Emma Cleland's questions now became so urgent and so minute, that they could only be answered by disclosing the whole truth. And finally she drew from Charles an account (related with as much delicacy as possible) of the alteration in her

grandfather's habits and way of living. She listened intensely, and scarcely seemed to breathe while listening.

"His pension"—said Emma, sighing deeply—" (oh! that pension!) it has not surely been discontinued."

"He still regularly receives it"—replied Charles. "Therefore, the power of living as formerly still remains with him. But he has certainly become a most strict economist."

Emma Cleland started and turned pale. A shudder seemed to run through her frame. She put her hand to her forehead, and exclaimed—

"A sudden light breaks in upon me! I see it all! I know the whole! The mystery is now solved. Oh! excellent, generous, beloved old man!"

An intuitive surmise of the truth seemed at the same moment to flash upon the mind of Charles Manderfield; and he involuntarily pressed the hand of Emma, as if to apprise her of the sympathetic conjecture. But she was so absorbed in her own feelings that she did not observe his taking her hand in his, till he hastily dropped it on becoming conscious of the freedom.

"I understand it now"—continued Emma, in a half-suffocated voice. And leaning back her head, she covered her face, and a flood of tears came to the relief of her overcharged heart. The eyes of her lover (for so we must now call him) began to glisten, and walking to the window he seemed to look out till the necessity of applying his handkerchief made him turn away, lest he should attract the attention of passengers in the street.

When Emma had become a little composed, and Charles had resumed his seat beside her—"Oh! Mr. Manderfield"—said she—"you little know all the goodness of my dear, dear grandfather. I am certain that our mutual conjectures are pointing exactly right. Had I heard before of the manner in which he has undoubtedly been living for near four years,—a manner so opposite to his real character,—I should soon have guessed the cause, and perceived at once that he was subjecting himself to all these privations for the purpose of saving a portion of his income, and transmitting it secretly to his orphan grandchild. But I was allowed to believe that these quarterly remittances were sent by an uncle, from whom my father sustained a severe loss which accelerated the ruin of his house. This uncle is married to a West Indian lady of large property, and I thought these mysterious sums were compunctious offerings from him. They have been always transmitted through the hands of Mr. Edingley, a merchant residing in Boston, and an old friend of our family, who says he is bound by a solemn promise not to disclose the name or abode of the giver."

"I believe with you"—said Charles—"that the true cause of Mr. Serlingham's hitherto unaccountable self-denial, is his desire to benefit by his savings, his beloved granddaughter. And I can now understand that the consciousness of this 'pious fraud' deterred him, on my late visit to Eng-

land, from even mentioning your name, lest he should inadvertently say something that might give a clue to his secret. His feelings are refined and delicate almost to a fault; and he is so sensitive to false shame that he is even ashamed of his own goodness."*

"But this must cease"—said Emma—"I can no longer avail myself of these remittances."

"You are right"—replied Charles. "Cheerfully, heroically as Mr. Serlingham has consigned himself to his present mode of life, his heart consoling him with the certainty that his parsimony improves the condition of his beloved Emma—(excuse me, Miss Cleland,)—still I fear that at his advanced age his body can scarcely have strength to sustain him under these self-imposed trials of a spirit so liberal by nature. You will write to him immediately on the subject. What else will you do?"

"Go to him"—answered Emma. "I will embark in the next ship. Gratitude, affection, duty,—all point out my only way. Yes, during the remnant of his life, it shall be my joy, my happiness, to smooth his path to eternity. He shall resume his former manner of living. He shall resume the habits of a gentleman, and shall again be respected as one. His whole pension shall be devoted to his own comfort, and to those rational enjoyments in which he will again take pleasure. His Emma will be no expense to him. In England as in America I can maintain myself by the exercise of such talents as Heaven has bestowed on me. Yes, I will live with my own dear grandfather, and his happiness will constitute mine. Often have I longed to see him; and even in my childhood, how deeply I grieved when I understood from my parents the impossibility of persuading him to return to America; and how I lamented his interdicting a visit from our family. He shall not have the pain of anticipating a separation from me. Once there, I will leave him no more. While he exists, England shall be my country."

"I honour and admire you more than ever"—said Charles. "But I am not surprised; for this resolution is worthy of you."

"Mr. Allenworth"—continued Emma—"will inquire for me how soon the first ship sails for England. The first from Boston, New York, Philadelphia—no matter which, so that it is the earliest. I can be ready to-morrow."

"I will go this moment and make the inquiry"—said Charles—"and as soon as I have ascertained, I will immediately let you know."

She referred him to Mr. Edingley; and he then took his leave, anxious to expedite a plan which he so warmly approved.

Charles Manderfield repaired to the private office

* The character of Serlingham the refugee, and the leading outlines of his story, are not fictitious. During a residence in London in the early part of her life, he was well known to the author and her family. It is literally true that for a series of years this gentleman subjected himself to the most humiliating privations for the purpose of secretly assisting an indigent grandchild with all he could save from his pension.

of Mr. Edingley, who was one of the oldest of the Boston merchants, and who had been the college companion, and afterwards the intimate friend of the unfortunate Serlingham. To this gentleman, our hero presented a note of introduction from Miss Cleland—concluding with an intimation of her conjecture as to the source from whence the quarterly remittances were derived. And she earnestly entreated Mr. Edingley to send her by this young gentleman, who had been much interested in her grandfather, either a verification or a denial, upon his honour, of the truth of her suspicion.

"The time is now over for all these delicate observances"—said Mr. Edingley. "Here is a letter I received but just now from my ancient friend, and which I intended myself to carry to Miss Cleland; resolving to disclose to her the secret which I find she has guessed already. Yes, it is true. These quarterly sums which passed to her through my hands were indeed the fruits of her grandfather's savings from his pension. For her sake, he has during almost four years voluntarily and perseveringly subjected himself to privations that, under other circumstances, he would have found intolerable. Mr. Manderfield, you may read this letter. The tremour of his hand is apparent in every word."

The letter contained what follows:—

"My dear and ever faithful friend—

"I have tried in vain to bear up against the general debility which for several years has been coming upon me. I have long overrated the remnant of my strength, and I must now give up, and submit to acknowledge myself what I really am—an aged and feeble man, who is rapidly descending that steep at whose foot lies the grave, and I may perhaps be there when this letter reaches you. I have no physician—why should I have one. I know that I am going to die, and that no mortal aid can save me. I feel that the time is fast approaching when my weary soul will be released. In the hope that the fatal error of my life has been expiated by the sufferings it brought upon me, and by the deep repentance and the shame and sorrow with which I have long regarded it, I trust in the mercy of my Creator; and humbly hope that a place may be assigned to me in the world of spirits, from whence I can join her father and her mother who have already gone thither, in watching over our beloved Emma. There I shall see her again, though while on earth I can have no such hope.

"I am going to a land where all is light and truth. Let me prepare myself for it by throwing off all earthly attempts at mystery. Perhaps I may live till it is time for this letter to have reached America. If so, it will be a solace to my dying moments to know that she is at last acquainted with the whole extent of my affection for her. Tell her then, my friend, what I have endeavoured to do in the hope of enabling her to retain that station in society which she so justly merits, and to which she was born. Let her not suppose that the

system of close economy I have pursued to effect this purpose, was without its pleasures. No; with such a motive as the benefit of my dear Emma, it was a happiness; except when I was weak enough to be mortified at meeting friends whom I had known when my outward seeming was better.

"Farewell, farewell; I can write no more to-day. To-morrow I will endeavour to pen a last letter to Emma. It will be a great effort to nerve myself for taking a final leave of her. If I cannot accomplish it, and if none arrives but this, place it in her hand, and let her understand the whole. My chief regret in dying, is that as my pension ceases with my life, I can do nothing more for her.

"For the last time I sign myself,

"Your ever grateful friend,

"WINSLOW SERLINGHAM."

We need not dwell on the grief of Emma Cleland when this letter was brought to her. None was received addressed to herself. All her thoughts were now bent on hastening immediately to Europe; and she felt a persuasion that she should be yet in time, and that her grandfather would be still in existence when she arrived. And if so, that she might have the happiness of cheering the evening of his life, for some months at least, as summer, the favourable season for invalids, was now approaching. His last remittance had accompanied this letter; but Emma resolved on carrying the money back to her grandfather, untouched; having more than sufficient on hand for the expenses of her voyage, and for some time after her arrival.

The first ship that was to sail for England was advertised from Philadelphia; the monthly packet from New York having just departed. To Philadelphia Emma was accompanied by her friends the Allenworths; and by Charles Manderfield, who had already written to his parents a glowing account of his acquaintance with Miss Cleland and its consequences. She was received by all the Manderfield family as if she had belonged to them all her life. They insisted on her staying at their house till the ship sailed, and they prevailed on her friends the Allenworths to accept also of the same hospitality. In those days there was little professed regularity, and less real punctuality, in the sailing of Philadelphia vessels; and that in which Emma's passage had been taken did not get off for a fortnight. When the ship departed, she carried another new passenger in the person of Charles Manderfield; who, more than ever enamoured of Emma Cleland, when he found how disposed his family were to take her to their hearts, had prevailed on her a few days before they sailed, to give him a legal right to protect her on the voyage of life.

Though their passage to England was in reality a short one, their anxiety to arrive made it seem very long. At length they found themselves in London; and Serlingham's last letter having been still dated from Mrs. Blagden's, they immediately sent for a coach, and hastened thither. On arriving,

they were met at the door by that lady, who had just come down stairs as they entered.

"Oh! Master Charles Manderfield"—she exclaimed—"here you are come back again! I don't wonder you find it arduous to keep away from Hengland—dear old Hengland."

Charles hastily introduced his wife, and then inquired after Mr. Serlingham. Finding that the old gentleman still lived, he and Emma desired to be immediately conducted to his room.

"Dear me!"—said Mrs. Blagden (as she led the way up stairs)—"what a nice person you have married! But as to poor Mr. Serlingham, he's alive to be sure; but if he had a doctor he'd be given over. He would not have either a physician or a medical man, for he said nothing could do him any good. But being a Christian woman, I couldn't think of letting even a back hattie die without the least bit of doctoring. I got Mr. Jenkinson, my own apothecary, to come and see him. But Mr. Jenkinson did not like mounting up so high and complained of the stairs, and gave no ope, and said the patient might be indulged in hevery thing he liked, which is always a bad sign. But poor Mr. Serlingham seems to want nothing but cold water and hair. Fresh hair is his chief desire; so the window has to be kept open to let it in. It's well the weather is not cold. Whether I'm paid for my trouble or not, I shall continue to do all I can for him. And there never was a sick man milder and more heasily tended. Now my first floor is gone, if he had not been too hill to bear moving, we would have brought the poor old fellow down there to the back chamber, where he might die like a gentleman; and if he was not willing to pay more, I would have charged the same as for the hattie, considering how short a time he has to live. He has been in a deathly doze all day, and I doubt if he gets through the night."

Having conducted them to the attic, Mrs. Blagden left them, saying, "If any thing appens you'll just ring the bell." Desiring Emma to remain for a few minutes outside, Charles Manderfield entered the poor-looking and meanly-furnished apartment, which however was scrupulously neat and clean. In a recess was a coarse red check curtain, which chancing to be drawn aside, displayed two or three shelves on which were deposited a few cheap articles that constituted the little *ménage* of poor Serlingham. He lay extended on a small bed, whose faded calico curtains were tied entirely back to admit the air. His pale and attenuated form showed how long he had suffered, and how soon his sufferings would be over. Charles Manderfield softly approached the bed; and at the same moment Serlingham opened his eyes, and recognizing him immediately, a gleam of surprise and joy shone over his languid countenance. He raised his head, and tried to speak, but was unequal to the effort; and sinking back on the pillow, he could only press the hand of his young friend.

"I have good news for you, Mr. Serlingham!"—said Charles—"I have come to make you happy."

The old man faintly shook his head.

"I have brought my wife across the Atlantic on purpose to see you!"—continued Charles. "I have brought your Emma."

In a moment the face of Serlingham brightened as if touched with a ray from heaven. A glow came into his cheek; his eyes lighted up. He seemed suddenly endued with a new accession of strength. He sat up in the bed, and looking eagerly round, exclaimed—"Emma! not my Emma!—my own long-loved, long wished for Emma! Where is she—where?"

On a sign from her husband, Emma flew to the bedside, and threw her arms round her grandfather.

"It is—it is!"—said the old man—"the same, dear Emma, that I held in my arms when she was a little child. And have I lived to see her once again. Oh! how many long days, and long, long nights, have I pined for this—pined without hope—for what hope could I have. I could not be so selfish as to send for her."

"Oh! my dear grandfather!"—said Emma—"how soon, how gladly would I have come to you. I know all now. I have read your last letter to Mr. Edingley. And you have been wearing yourself to death for my sake!"

She hid her face on the shoulder of her husband, and sobbed in agony.

"Try, my love, to calm yourself!"—said Charles. "See how much better our dear grandfather is already. The sight of you has renovated him. With your excellent nursing, his strength will at last return, and he will yet live to be happy himself, and to increase our happiness."

"Oh! no!"—said Serlingham—"the hand of death is upon me. This blessed meeting has only arrested it for a little while. To-morrow's sun will not arise for me. I shall soon die. But how happily now since Emma is with me. I should have known her anywhere. The lovely woman is still so like the lovely child. Oh! how I thank you for coming to cheer my lonely death-bed. The sight of her has indeed most wonderfully brought back my strength, and perhaps it may a little prolong my existence. And she is the wife of Charles Manderfield. Bless you both—bless you, my children."

He paused from exhaustion, and Emma with her handkerchief wiped away the damp that had gathered on his forehead.

"And now!"—continued Serlingham—"let me make an effort to urge a last request. When life has departed from my worthless clay, do not convey my poor remains to America. But let me be buried here in the nearest churchyard, with a simple gravestone, and a simple inscription. In the land where he has passed so many years of exile, let the dust of the refugee remain. Where the old tree has decayed and fallen, there let it lie. Were my corpse carried across the ocean, and interred in my native city, it would revive my melancholy story, and bring my misdeeds to the full recollection of my townsmen. My delinquency and its punish-

ment would be cited as an admonitory lesson to their children. Let the veil of oblivion be drawn over my memory. Let me live only in the hearts of the few that love me."

He again became silent, and a shade passed over his face. At length he spoke again, but his voice was now very faint as he said—

"Evening seems to be closing very fast. Is night coming on already? Dear Charles, bring a light, and let me see my children while I can."

His children looked at each other in silence, and Charles pressed the hand of Emma. Pale and trembling she returned the sign. The sun was still two hours high, and they knew that the gloom of approaching death was now obscuring the sight of their grandfather.

"Ah!"—said he, still more faintly—"I understand. All is now darkening around me. Oh! Emma, where are you? Speak once more, while I can still hear you. I am going very fast."

"Beloved grandfather"—said she, in a voice half stifled by sobs.

They saw that he was indeed expiring, as they leaned over to support him in their arms.

"America, my country!"—murmured the dying exile. His hands loosened their grasp from those of his children. His head sunk back. In less than a minute the final struggle had ceased; his life of long suffering was over, and the spirit of Serlingham passed away to the regions of eternal peace—to that heaven from whence he could look down for ever on his beloved Emma.

VORTIMER AND LILIAN.

BY GEORGE BROOME.

PART SECOND.

WHAT gloomy thoughts within thy breast

Young Vortimer have place?

Is thy sad heart with love oppress'd,

Or burns it with disgrace?

Or think'st thou on that gentle maid

By Derwent's waters clear?

Who long for thee and love has stay'd

In sadness and in fear.

How pleasant from the toils of war

To hasten to her side,

To watch her lightsome foot from far

Thro' dewy May flowers glide.

To hear her soft and gentle voice

Melodious melt on air,

And with the wood bird's song rejoice

As musical and clear.

To hear her name thy own dear name,

To mark her downcast eyes,

Her blushing cheeks that love proclaim

Her timid tongue denies.

But what, along the silent stream,

Floats down, a deep dead white,

Where bright the glittering waters gleam

In the pale and calm moonlight?

It slowly drifts, like a dying swan,

On its quiet watery bier;

And sadly moves, all pale and wan,

In its silent dread career.

Were Lillian here? perchance in death

Its requiem soft 'twill sing,

Its dying notes and fading breath,

Like the waters murmuring

Near and more near—an human form

Alas! some luckless maid!

Perchance like me, some youth forlorn

Her absence doth upbraid.

'Tis nearer now, and from his horse

With speed the warrior leaps,

To land he drags the clay cold corpse

That there in silence sleeps.

Scarce time for fancy or for fear,

The moon hath quench'd her light,

Where thick and shadowing clouds appear,

And all is darkest night.

He dared not leave that lifeless thing,

But sat in torturing pain,

For wildest thoughts of terror spring

Within his madd'ning brain.

Why Lillian is it like to thee?

This form that now I hold,

'Tis like, and yet it cannot be,

So cold, so deathly cold.

Her height the same—her hair that oft

With flowers she used to twine,

These lips, like thine, are smooth and soft,

But are not warm like thine.

But many a maid has lips as full,

And 'mid the woodland bowers,

Our fair the choicest garlands cull

And braid their hair with flowers.

Were these the golden locks that rove
Around my Lillian's face,
So chilly, senseless, could she prove,
In Vortimer's embrace?

O! but for light, the glow-worm's fire!
Tho' pale and dim its ray;
To know the truth and then expire
Were happier than delay.

Dawn forth thou sluggard morn, one beam
Thou pitiless cold moon!
One ray! tho' in its pale sad gleam
I gaze upon my doom.

Morn dawn'd not yet, and black and thick
Remain'd the moonless sky;
And there, alone, the dead and quick
In silent darkness lie.

But when the sun in splendour played
Across the verdant plain,
He turn'd from that dead form and prayed
E'en for the night again.

At length unconscious fell his eye
Where, o'er that hapless brow,
The straying ringlets careless lie
Loose and neglected now.

Then flash'd the wild and madd'ning truth,
Like the lightnings bolt of fire,
When it sears the joyous form of youth
In the bosom of his sire.

He clasp'd her dead cold cheek to his,
While he groan'd in agony.
Lilian, my Lillian, and is this
All that remains of thee?

Left I for this my warriors brave,
And for this the battle plain,
Where wild and free my banners wave
O'er the yet unburied slain?

But, for ever, now I laugh at Fate,
Her wavering malice o'er;
The gauds of Fame can no more elate,
Nor the stirring battle's roar.

My helm, hang there, my broad-barr'd shield
Rest on that mossy bed;
Nor more be heard in battle field
My courser's thundering tread.

One task remains my sword for thee,
To shape my Lillian's grave;
Sad lot, that thy bridal bed should be
The cold and glassy wave.

This spot shall be my field of fame,
These flowers my wreath of pride,
My tongue shall utter but thy name,
My home be by thy side.

Not yet—is all thy sweetness past—
Has thine eye's blue lustre fled;
One throb—one tremor! tho' the last—
Dead—sightless—icy dead.

THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

BY ALICE HERVEY.

(See Plate.)

"There is a time to dance," so said a sage of old,
Whose wisdom Heaven inspired, whose lore the Bible
told;

Then be not wiser than the sacred page, and say
That time too precious is to waste in movements gay,
Nor frown when youth's light step and ever joyous glance
Grows gayer, brighter, and more buoyant in the dance.

I love to greet a child, whose radiant beauty seems
Stainless and pure as forms that mingle in our dreams,
And well I love to see the happy cheeks that bloom
Within the poor man's home and brighten half its gloom,
Whose beauty unadorned, save by a simple flower,

Yet speaks unto the heart with beauty's magic power.

Again, I love to see, within the rich man's halls,
Where shine the brilliant lights, where mirrors deck the
walls,

A fair young girl arrayed to mingle in the dance,
When wealth its tribute brings her beauty to enhance;
Her cheeks outvie the rose and brightly shines her eye,
While, with gay hopes and dreams, the youthful heart
beats high,

And scarce can I refrain from echoing back the smile
That dimples on her cheek and lights her brow the while.

THE LION'S CRAG.

A LEGEND FROM THE DEEP DRAWER.

BY MRS. H. F. LEE, AUTHOR OF "THREE EXPERIMENTS IN LIVING," "THE HUGUENOTS," ETC.

THE deed which Count Raymond had perpetrated was wholly unpremeditated. Among his darkest conjectures he had never imagined that Schomberg was the husband of another. The dreadful intelligence, wholly precluding the justice he had come to seek, had produced temporary insanity; and when he saw Eva's base deceiver suddenly before him, in the wild frenzy of passion and indignation he had stabbed him to the heart. With scarcely a consciousness of self-protection, he plunged into darkness and storm, and pursued his way rapidly on horseback through the deep snow, changing his horse when the animal could proceed no farther; and if another could not be procured, hurrying forward on foot to the next village. It was in this way he gained the Lion's Crag, and entered the subterranean passage. Then for the first time the feeling of safety came over him, and with it the thought of his daughter. The fever of his brain became less intense, and reason gradually returned. When he arrived at the summit of the rocks, he did not repair to the castle, but to the chapel, which was constantly lighted. There kneeling before the Catholic altar, he implored pardon and mercy.

"In the sight of man," said he, "I am a murderer. Thou God knowest the measure of my guilt. Oh! may the blood of my Saviour cleanse me from the blood of a fellow being."

The next morning he sent for Eva and received her with calmness, though unable to rise from his bed. To her eager inquiries, he replied—

"My child, we must submit in silence to the decrees of God. Ask no questions, but prostrate thyself before Him, and pray for grace to bear all afflictions."

"He is dead!" exclaimed Eva.

Raymond made no reply.

"I knew," exclaimed she, passionately, "nothing but death could keep him from me. But tell me," added she, desperately, "when did he die, and how?"

"These are troubled times," said Raymond; "one man's hand is raised against another. He fell by the sword of the murderer."

"Cursed was the deed," exclaimed Eva, wildly; "and accursed be the murderer!"

"Now," exclaimed Raymond, "wilt thou betray thy old father and thus curse him?"

The lucid interval had passed; the fever of the brain again returned. Eva had the comfort of supposing his language the ravings of insanity, and she watched by his sick bed,—now praying for her father, now for her husband, now for herself.

After many days of extreme illness, Raymond's disease took a more favourable turn, and the physician of the household pronounced him out of danger. But he zealously cautioned them against exciting any new emotions; and the poor, desolate, heart-broken Eva moved around his bed like the spirit of despair—now and then silently embracing him, and hurrying away lest he should perceive her anguish.

We must now mingle with our narrative an account of the siege of the castle, taken from a French author. After the return of the soldiers, the governor of the province determined to go himself in person at the head of a numerous body of troops, to secure the murderer of Count Schomberg, and take the castle by storm. Aware of the arduous enterprise, he took with him two light pieces of artillery, and made every arrangement which the rigour of the season and the barrenness of the country would admit. After a day's march, he arrived at the foot of the crag. The castle is built in an immense excavation of rock, which is hollowed by nature, and is sheltered on every side except the front, which looks towards the east. The summit of the crag projects over the top of the castle on this side, and a stone thrown from it would reach the depth of the precipice passing before the castle without hitting it. When any one stands at the foot of the rock, or in the valley below, they do not perceive the building, but only the high mountains which surround it, and which are too distant for artillery to produce any effect. At the time spoken of, a narrow, crooked path cut into the side of the rock was the only possible way of reaching the castle; and it was in this path that the soldiers who followed Raymond were stopped by the wall of snow and compelled to return.

After having examined the singular situation of the castle, the governor judged it inaccessible in every way but by the narrow path. He arrived there just a fortnight after the return of Raymond, and announced his arrival to the besieged by a discharge of cannon. The balls broke some pieces of rock, but none of them reached the castle, which was wholly concealed from the besiegers. They placed guards upon the neighbouring summits, and scoured the forests to find a road which might lead to the castle, but none existed. The narrow path we have before described, was the only communication, and this was so impeded by ice and snow, that it would have been easy for one man to have stopped the progress of an army. The governor therefore thought it best to convert the siege into a

blockade, and conquer by famine those who were placed in so extraordinary a position.

It was then towards the close of December; the cold was excessive, and the barracks of the besiegers poorly guarded them. The provisions brought to them from several miles distance were mostly frozen on the way. This was peculiarly tantalizing, as the thick smoke which arose over the rocks which hemmed in the castle, betokened that the inhabitants possessed all that was necessary to guard them from the rigours of the season. They tried to make their menaces reach the castle, but no sound was returned. But when a cannon was fired by the besiegers, a corresponding one usually resounded from the castle. Things continued in this state till February, and the governor was then persuaded that the castle must soon surrender for want of provisions. This became more and more important to them, as they themselves began to feel all the horrors of famine. At length they beheld one morning a white colour waving over the road which led to the castle. The governor immediately ordered two officers to receive the conditions which were probably proposed before the surrender of the castle. In a few moments, however, they saw lowered from a projecting rock immense baskets, and with them a despatch for the governor. The baskets were immediately taken to the camps with the letter. In this letter Raymond advised the governor to abandon his useless attempt, and not persist in destroying the lives of his soldiers by cold and hunger, in blockading a castle that could not be exhausted, having within itself all its own resources. He truly pitied him for the sacrifices to which he had already submitted to accomplish an impossible task; and as he knew that there must be great want of provisions in the camp, he begged him to accept cordially the trifling present that he sent him, engaging to renew it during the inclement season as often as the governor would do him the honour to accept it.

After reading this singular epistle they opened the enormous baskets, and found them filled with every variety of delicate and choice viands. One basket contained the finest fish, which appeared to have been just caught; others were filled with oranges, lemons, and every variety of vegetables, and also figs in full growth.

To the first astonishment of the soldiers succeeded the popular superstition, that all which passed could not take place by natural means, and their courage sunk under this suspicion. A second famine prevailed soon amongst them, and the governor determined to accept the defiance of Raymond and demand provisions for the holidays of the church. Raymond answered the demand by lowering the four quarters of an ox well cooked, and a dozen sheep roasted. The soldiers declared anew that the castle was inhabited by sorcerers, and that it was in vain to contend against them. Nevertheless, the governor conceived new hopes, for he had discovered that there was a traitor in the castle. From the summit of one of the pro-

jecting rocks, a note had been lowered, saying, that if the writer could be assured of an ample pension and an honourable place near the emperor, the castle with Count Raymond's remains should be delivered into the governor's hands. This intelligence was sent to the emperor.

Once more we return to the inhabitants of the castle. The restoration of the count to health and sanity was complete. He pursued his accustomed duties, and determined to give no explanation to Eva of the death of Schomberg, merely stating it as a fact which had taken place at Vienna. There are no sorrows that bring their own balm so truly as death. It is the order of nature, the very condition on which we receive life; it is the only event of which we may be certain, and we know that it is inevitable. These are truths so obvious, that the deepest mourner gradually feels their influence; and it is the growth of these impressions which produces the effect which we call *time*. When to these are added the hopes and belief of Christian faith, then it is *religion*;—thus both time and religion are gradually operating a cure for the deepest wounds. Raymond loved his daughter too well to add the cruel explanation, and Eva's sorrow took a mild and gentle form, which neither impaired her health nor usefulness.

But it was not so with the unhappy father;—the stain upon his honour he felt deeply; nor could he forget that in a moment of delirium he had murdered a fellow being. Every evening, at the hour on which the deed took place, he prostrated himself before the altar, lighted by a single taper, and prayed for pardon and redemption.

But one person, besides the count, who inhabited the castle knew the circumstances which had taken place and have been already related. From his uncommon capacity and quickness of mind, as well as acquirements, he had gradually attained the place of major-domo in the establishment. He had indirectly gained a knowledge of the clandestine marriage of Eva and the violent death of Schomberg by her father. It is almost unnecessary to add that *he* was the secret traitor who had offered to deliver the castle and the lifeless *body* of Count Raymond into the hands of the governor—for he acknowledged that he was not able to give them possession as long as the master lived. The degree of importance he had acquired had elevated his station so much above the other hirelings, that under the present unhappy state of things, he dared to hope that after the death of the count he might obtain the hand of his daughter. Alas! poor girl, how had one rash and disobedient step sullied her fair prospects and thrown desolation over her house. Well may the moralist say, "beware of the *first step*!"

We must now, to describe the chapel, which is important to our narrative, again have recourse to the French author.

At the extremity of the plain in front of the castle, rose the little chapel. The building had not always been consecrated to holy purposes, for it

was placed directly over a fissure in the rock which descended many hundred feet to a spring below, which rushed into the fissure from neighbouring sources. The ancestors of the count had used this spring as a well, raising the water by means of something like a rope and windlass, and as it was a slow operation, had erected an ornamental temple over the place. After a natural reservoir of water was discovered near the castle, this tedious method of drawing up water was wholly disused, and the father of Count Raymond had it fitted for a chapel. A solid floor was laid over the opening, which had been formerly enlarged to the size of the reservoir at the base. In the centre of this stood the altar, with a lamp suspended over it, before which the present count knelt every evening, striving by prayer and supplication to expiate the crime of murder. If this explanation is clear, the reader will understand that the altar was placed over the very centre of the abyss below.

On the very spot where Raymond knelt sometimes for hours, the major-domo made a small hole in the floor, to which he attached a cord reaching to the base, with a weight suspended to the end.

Such were his primary preparations, to be put into effect when he received such an answer from the governor as suited his purpose. Nor was it long deferred. On the third evening, while his master was in the chapel, he extinguished the torch with which he usually waited for him without, and crossing the terrace gave the watchword to the sentinels stationed at the opening of the narrow footpath deep sunk in the rocks, and passing them hastily descended to the plain. Here he was met by two men despatched by the governor, fully consenting to the terms he proposed, with the exception of a place in office near the emperor; but softening the refusal by a purse of gold which was transmitted to him.

"This is the only method by which you will accomplish your purpose and satisfy the laws," said the major-domo. "Your blockade is child's play; no one in the castle feels it;—the Lady Eva, the count's daughter, does not know of it. You never can cut off his resources. I will confess honestly that he has means of supplying himself with all he wants of which I am ignorant. The plan I mention to you is the only one by which justice can overtake him, and you obtain possession of the castle. Since I am denied a place at court, I humbly petition that I may succeed the count as head of the castle; and if, as I have reason to believe, I marry the Lady Eva, it may be hers by hereditary right."

"You cannot be ignorant," replied the spokesman, who was probably the governor himself, "that the estates of a criminal are forfeited to government. All this, however, shall be settled to your satisfaction. How will you indicate to-morrow evening the precise moment of acting. The loaded gun will be placed as directed."

"When you perceive the torch in yonder parapet above the angle of the rock, which you just discern

from here. This is the signal. Do not lose a moment;—an hour earlier or later will destroy the whole plan. Remember—as soon as you perceive the torch in the parapet."

At these words, they parted. The major-domo climbed the steep ascent, relighted his torch, and was in waiting when the count issued from the chapel.

At a late hour, Eva rang for her waiting woman, Margaretta.

"It is time that I release thee for the night," said she. "It waxes late; and though sleep forsakes my eyelids, I will not rob thee of thy sleep."

"Nay, madam," said the girl, "I have no disposition to sleep. I have heard such things within this last half hour, that I verily think I should not sleep all night."

"Some wonderful ghost story, I suppose," said Eva; "but come girl, get my night gear, and then thou mayest begone."

"No indeed, madam; no ghost story. You yourself are concerned in it."

"Nay then; your story is mine by right. Speak out."

"You know Frederic, madam; he is my best friend. Well, to-night he was gathering camphine on the rocks—he can climb as easy as he walks. He had by degrees got almost to the plain below, and he there heard the voice of the major-domo talking with two men. He could not distinguish all they said, but he plainly made out that he expected to marry the Lady Eva and succeed the count."

"You are dreaming, girl," said Eva, her eyes flashing fire.

"No, madam; this is not all. He heard him say that he would place a lighted torch on the parapet at the angle, and they must be quick."

"Can you bring Frederic to me?" said Eva.

"Oh, not to-night, madam; but to-morrow."

"Be it so, then," replied Eva; "and now leave me, good Margaretta."

Sweet and faithful is the repose of the innocent. Margaretta, though sure she should not close her eyes for the night, had scarcely laid her head on the pillow when sleep came and with it dreams of Frederic.

Not so with Eva. No longer quiet slumbers visited her couch. Often strange and dark suspicions crossed her mind. She had for some time felt sure there was mystery around her. Her mind and perceptions were strangely matured by suffering and sorrow. She resolved to investigate for herself; to see Frederic, and if possible, detect treachery if it really existed.

Early the next morning the conference took place. Frederic's information was none of the clearest; but one thing he was sure of, that the major-domo had promised to place the torch as a signal, while the count was in the chapel.

"And to whom are these signs to be made?" inquired Eva.

"To the enemy below, madam."

"I thought so," said she. "We are then besieged?"

"Something like it, madam; but my lord has ordered us not to trouble you on the subject, for they cannot hurt us."

"Frederic," said she, "can you keep a secret, even from Margaretta, and meet me this evening at the parapet, with a torch?"

"Oh sure, my lady, if you command secrecy."

"I do; inviolable;—and to convince you how much confidence I place in you, I will tell you my intention. You understood that a few moments later or earlier would defeat the project. Neither you nor I understand what that is; but I will try it. It is a simple truth; and if placing a torch as a signal before my father enters the chapel will defeat a conspiracy, it is easily done, and I will try it."

Eva, not satisfied with his promise of secrecy, bound him by the solemn oaths that operate most powerfully on that class of people, and dismissed him.

The whole of the day Eva devoted to deep reflection. Her first inquiry was, whether she had better inform her father. But it was evident that he had wished to keep her ignorant of all which had occurred. She felt a diffidence, a timidity of intruding what she thought he would consider the gossip of servants, upon his notice. Frederic's account was confused and obscure, and she dreaded the scorn which it might meet. "At least," thought she, "I will wait and see the result of my attempt. Nothing serious can happen if I seize the few moments so important."

Often she prostrated herself before the blessed Virgin, and implored aid and direction. It was a day of deep agitation, yet her mind grew in strength and resolution. At sunset she took her usual walk on the terrace, and then entered the chapel. Here she knelt on the cushion where her father so often knelt precisely at the hour of eleven, and offered up prayers for his safety, and also for his peace, which she was conscious had fled with her own.

Slowly moved the hours; the night was dark and cold;—yet Eva kept her watch unwearied. At a quarter past ten, she saw the major-domo go into the chapel, as was regularly his duty, to arrange the cushions, light the lamp which hung over the altar, and prepare all for the count. She knew he would soon issue from it, conduct him there, and wait, or pretend to wait, till his devotions were over. Now was her time—not a moment was to be lost. She called to Frederic, who was near. "Light the torch, quick!" said she. With what a beating heart did she see the attempt to strike fire fail. At length it was kindled, and burnt bright and clear, and with her own hands she placed it on the angle of the parapet. They then retreated half way between the chapel and the parapet—Eva eagerly watching for the appearance of the major-domo, and determining to throw herself at her

father's feet and implore him not to enter the chapel that night.

But a few moments of suspense passed ere a loud explosion was heard, and a piercing shriek issuing from the chapel rung through the air. All were immediately in motion. The sentinels, the count, and the inhabitants of the castle, hastened to the spot. There lay the major-domo desperately wounded;—part of the floor had been torn up and the abyss below was visible. The direction of the bullet, made sure by the weight at the end of the string, had entered the entrails of the wretched man; and the death prepared for his master had fallen on the traitor. Yet still life lingered long enough for a dying confession of his baseness.

"And thou wert my preserver, Eva," said her father, as he folded her to his heart. "Let all the past be forgotten. Henceforth we will press onward, nor suffer ourselves to look back. We have been greatly wronged, and I have done wrong—but God is merciful."

"My dear father," said Eva, "do not think I have been insensible to all that was passing. Did I not attend by your sick bed when you had little control over your words and thoughts? Terrible truths I gleaned from them; but I have communed only with God;—He has been my comforter, and I bow with submission to his will. If the emperor could be persuaded to withdraw his forces and leave us in peace, we might still be happy."

From this time she determined to address a petition to the emperor, stating all the circumstances relating to herself; of the cruel deception practised towards her; of her father's journey, derangement, and the brain fever which followed his distracted deed; of his remorse; his penitence; and in the language of simple truth and earnestness, petitioned for his pardon.

Such a statement produced its effect, and a revolution took place in the mind of Maximilian. He gave orders that the troops should be recalled, and sent a pardon to Count Raymond, on condition that he never left the crag or descended into the plains below, but remained a prisoner on his own premises.

To these conditions the count willingly bound himself, but said to Eva—

"They did well to secure my promise; for a man who has subterranean passages extending for miles around, could only voluntarily be confined to his own domain."

From this time the father and daughter were heard of no more; and it was not known till years after the count's death, that his remaining days were passed in tranquillity and peace. Eva became a sister of charity; and the castle upon the Lion's Crag was changed into a residence for charitable and holy women, and a seminary of education for innocent and happy children.

AFFECTATION.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

"From my soul
I loathe all affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn,
Object of my implacable disgust!"—COWPER.

"WHAT can be the matter with Alice Welford?" said Bessie Waldo, as she joined a group of young girls. "I never saw any being more changed. Why, I have been absent nearly a year, and when I thought to receive the welcome of an old friend and companion, I was met with such coldness, such heartlessness of manner, that I declare, (silly girl that I am!) it forced the tears into my eyes. Can I have offended her?"

"Oh no; don't think it for a moment," replied her friend, laughing. "But the truth is, Bessie, Alice *has* changed. You must know she has but lately returned from a winter in the city, and in lieu of our favourite Alice, the unsophisticated village girl, has brought us back only the fine affected city lady."

"Is it so! Well, I wish the *fine lady* back again, amid the purlieus of fashionable folly; for I am sure she is perfectly ridiculous *here*—besides, no well-bred city lady but would despise as much as we do such airs and affected graces."

"You are right. Alice certainly shows great want of sense by her present absurd behaviour. Ah me! I fear she is utterly spoiled."

"For my part, I do not consider her either '*spoiled*' or '*ridiculous*,'" interrupted Matilda Grant, who had not before spoken. "I think her more lovely than ever."

"I am glad you do, Matilda," replied Bessie. "But look, is not that Alice? Yes, I am sure it is; but how different from the light springing step with which she used to meet us!"

At this moment Alice Welford approached, and was about to pass the party of young girls with merely a most graceful courtesy and bow, when Bessie Waldo, laying her hand on her arm, cried—

"Do stop a moment, dear Alice; it is so long since we have met. Come, join us in a walk to one of our old favourite haunts."

"I thank you extremely, Miss Waldo," replied Alice, in a soft, lisping voice—"extremely; but you must excuse me. A long walk would really agitate my nerves too sensibly; and the sunbeams are horribly excruciating."

Then gracefully bowing, and drawing her green veil with a slight shudder over her face, Alice passed on.

The sylvan village of Fairdale, with its neat white cottages peeping forth from clustering roses and honey-suckles, its pretty church embowered in a grove of willows, and its nicely gravelled walks

shaded by lofty elms, was perhaps one of the sweetest spots where a lover of nature might pause on his journey through life, and there, far from the turmoil of the busy world, pass his days in peaceful seclusion and happiness.

It seems therefore almost profanation to speak of *money* in connection with so blissful a retreat; but *everywhere*, from the time when "*Adam delved and Eve spun*," the love of *riches* will creep amid the most lovely scenes, even as sin within the holy precincts of paradise.

Mr. Welford (the father of Alice) was the most wealthy man in Fairdale. He had held a lucky ticket in the lottery of life, and having constantly borne in mind the thrifty maxim, "*a penny saved is a penny gained*," could now count his thousands and tens of thousands. He was also an upright, honest man—never known to grind the poor, or distress the widow and fatherless; while on the other hand, it might perhaps be said, neither was he ever known to expend aught in charity, or helped to smooth the path of life for the forlorn and destitute.

Somewhat late in life, he had united himself to a lady of nearly his own age, and who perhaps might be said to excel even her husband in the careful hoarding of pounds, shillings and pence. She was very ambitious—fond of dress, and of making a display, for which indulgences light dinners and an empty larder were often made to bring up all arrears. As Alice, their only child, grew up, the purse of the proud and happy father was never denied; for it was the aim and ambition of both parents that their daughter should not only be the best educated girl in the village, but that her *dress* should always excel in richness those of her young companions. It was almost a miracle that Alice should have grown up to womanhood unspoiled by such lavish indulgence.

She was, indeed, a lovely girl. Her complexion was radiant with health and happiness, and if by some the rose might be thought too predominant, her beautifully formed neck and hands were as white as falling snow flakes. Her eyes were large, of a soft and lustrous black, shaded by the most beautiful eye-lashes, and arched with the bow of Love. Her nose was *petite* and perfect, and her lips like the inner leaf of the rose. She was of middling height, delicately proportioned, with a foot of fairy mould. The mind of the fair Alice was not, it is true, as richly gifted; still her talents

were by no means below mediocrity, while her temper and disposition were naturally amiable.

In infancy and in childhood she was so bright and joyous, so winning in her artless endearments, that every eye fell on her with delight; and as that period arrived when, bidding a joyful farewell to all school discipline, she tripped lightly forth to commence the journey of life,—to her imagination a beautiful garden, where the hand of pleasure was ever strewing thornless roses, gemmed with the bright dew of happiness,—there was one general tribute of admiration. Without a feeling of envy, her young companions stepped aside to yield place to the brilliant queen of their little coterie—the brightest flower of as beautiful a garland as ever came fresh and glowing from the hands of nature; for in Fairdale, one would think the fairies, as in olden time, had touched each blushing maiden with their wand, such wealth was there of beauty.

Frederick and Bessie Waldo were the children of a wealthy landed proprietor in the neighbourhood of Fairdale, between whom and the parents of Alice there had always existed the warmest friendship—a bond which seemed to unite even more closely the hearts of their children. In childhood they were inseparable, and until Frederick left for college, scarcely a day passed that the three friends did not meet. Frederick was a young man of promising talents; enthusiastic in his attachments, generous and noble in his feelings. He would not, it is true, have been considered the *beau ideal* of manly beauty, yet there was a charm in his frank ingenuous countenance, which drew all hearts in his favour.

Although some years older than Alice, Frederick deemed it no reason why he should not *continue* to love the beautiful girl; as to *falling in love*, he never did;—he had adored her with his whole heart and soul from the time she first lisped his name. Nor was he by any means the only one fascinated and made captive by her charms. There was not a youth in the village but felt suicidal if she but smiled upon another; and many were the lines, now lost to fame, penned by some “mute-inglorious Milton,” which were inspired by her beauty.

At each vacation, how gladly did Frederick hasten to Fairdale, sure of always meeting a joyful welcome from Alice. He witnessed with delight the gradual development of her mind and person,—in his eye she was perfection. No one touched the piano with such skill; there was no voice so sweet. No pencil but that of Alice could have given that living glow to the landscape;—and her writing—ah! surely some *elfin sprite* must have guided her little hand!

Upon leaving college, Frederick commenced the study of medicine in Philadelphia. There, day after day, night after night, did the young student toil on in unceasing study, to make for himself a reputation and a name worthy his beloved Alice; for not until then he resolved would he offer either heart or hand to her acceptance.

But in the meanwhile, o’er the heaven of Alice

Welford’s beauty a cloud was rising—a mere speck at first, yet ever increasing, until it overshadowed her whole lovely person! It was at first difficult to tell *why* she was less pleasing—for less pleasing she certainly was. Her companions looked from one to the other, and silently wondered; for so well did they all love her, that each one strove to conceal her thoughts within her own bosom. About this time Alice was invited to pass a few months in the city, and upon her return *affectation* stood forth too palpable to be longer mistaken!

She was now suddenly distressed by fogs and moonlight! She took to sighs and sentiment, and in *that* vein her eyes were set, deep-rolling, tearful. Her voice was now so fine, “no sound could live ’twixt it and silence,” and if she smiled, (for *now* away with *laughter*;) it was constrained, sickly. A beautiful mouth too had Alice, and beautifully white were the little teeth within; yet somehow or other “*the pink portico with an ivory door*” was guarded by a strange fanciful porter! Her manners and conversation partook also of the same unnatural change.

Mrs. Welford, deceived and blinded by her maternal love, saw only the most graceful refinement in her daughter; while Mr. Welford, good man, although he was at first somewhat puzzled, and was heard once or twice to utter an impatient “*pish!*” at length concluded these new-fangled airs were all right, so settled himself contentedly down to his day-book and ledger.

Although many of her most intimate friends now shunned the society of Alice, there were some who not only *fancied* they admired, but who also strove to imitate her every word and motion. Among these Matilda Grant shone conspicuously; and nature having innocently placed a languishing blue eye in her little head of light flaxen ringlets, and given a gentle lisp to her tongue, the mantle of affectation fell not ungracefully around her white dimpled shoulders.

Could these young ladies but have seen themselves as others saw them, how little would their self love have been flattered; for nowhere does affectation appear more odious than when she comes with mincing step and languishing simper amid the homely scenes of country life.

“God made the country and man made the town,” are words which fell from the pen of the inspired Cowper. It is in the gay thoroughfare of the city, therefore, in the glitter of the ball-room, in the brilliant saloon, or amid the artificial allurements of fashionable life, that affectation may be tolerated, although she is everywhere to be despised. But let her shun the country—the very school of nature, where grace may be learned even from the tall grass as it meets the kiss of the summer wind, and where the little blue violet, and the spotless lily of the valley, teach lessons of modesty and purity. Music!—can the opera send forth sweeter notes than morn and eve meet your ear from yonder grove? Hark to the robin, and the merry bob-o’-link, or to the lark trilling her hymn of praise far up in the azure vault of heaven! The silvery rill,

too, as it leaps and dances over its pebbly bed, will teach you cheerfulness, and bright-eyed health and exercise transfer to your cheek the lovely tints of the rose.

Nearly a year of arduous study was passed by Frederick Waldo ere he again visited Fairdale; but now with love, hope and joy glowing at his heart, he once more pressed the green sward of his native village.

As soon as the affectionate greetings of kindred were interchanged, he flew to the residence of Mr. Welford, where he was received with the most cordial kindness. The natural feelings of Alice triumphed for a while over all affectation, and with a blush as of old, and a sparkling eye, she extended her hand to meet the warm pressure of her early friend. For that evening Alice was *herself*—or if perchance some few of her newly acquired *graces* shone forth, they were eclipsed in the eyes of her lover by her more artless manner, and he left her presence intoxicated with love and happiness.

But when the next morning Frederick saw Alice, she was languidly reclining upon a sofa, apparently too much absorbed in reading to notice his approach. With the prettiest little start in the world, therefore, she raised her head as his hand fell lightly upon her raven tresses, and exclaiming with great pathos—

“Oh, tell me, *have* you read it?” buried her face in her handkerchief.

“What is it, my dear Alice, that distresses you? Read what? What sudden calamity has befallen you?”

“Oh! no calamity to *myself*—but think of the sufferings of the poor wretched Sophie! Ah, is it not enough to rend the heart! But you must have read ‘Sophie?’”

“I confess I have not,” replied Frederick, smiling. “But come, I cannot allow *fictitious* woes to prevent us from enjoying this fine morning. Bessie and I have planned a little excursion on horseback, (ever your delight, I remember,) and I have called to ask you to accompany us.”

“Really, you are very kind, Mr. Waldo,” replied Alice; “but nothing could tempt me to leave this charming book.”

“Indeed!” answered Frederick, evidently piqued by her refusal; “I flattered myself the society of a long absent friend might be of more value to you. But come, Alice,” (resuming all his wonted frankness of manner,) “do lay aside your book. Recollect for nearly a year I have been pent within the walls of a city, and now feel as if released from a galling bondage. I wish to enjoy every moment of nature and of *you*, my dear friend.”

“Oh! pray take your ride—do, I beseech of you,” she replied, laying her hand on his arm, and pushing him gently from her. “Do go;—but pray leave *me* to my delightfully absorbing Sophie!”

“*Alice!*”

“I believe I am very nervous this morning,” she added, as she *felt* that look of wounded affection

fixed upon her;—then rising and slightly blushing, walked to the window.

“Since, then, you refuse me the happiness of your society, you will at least favour me with music—one song, Alice,” said Frederick.

“How *can* you ask me to sing in the morning? It really is so *outré*, so *désagréable*, as the French say;—but since you wish it, I will play a favourite air of Matilda Grant’s. Have you seen sweet Matilda?—the loveliest creature! Yet I must say, to attempt eliciting harmony at such an unseasonable hour, does not coincide with *my* taste.”

“Then pray, Miss Welford, do not disturb yourself on my account,” replied Frederick; and coldly bowing, he left the room.

As might be expected, there was no riding that day. Frederick felt deeply hurt by the conduct of Alice;—it was so strange, so unlike herself. For the whole day he remained moody and silent, but at length, with all the generosity of true love, he accused himself of being unjust to Alice. “It was selfish in me,” thought he, “to expect her to leave a story in which she was so much interested merely for a ride which she can enjoy any day;—and as to music, why, truly it does seem out of place in the *morning*. I wonder how I *could* be so absurd as to feel so much offended.” And thus laying “the flattering unction to his soul,” he was soon by the side of Alice.

“It is *evening*, Alice, the *hour* for music. You will now sing to me.”

“Oh yes, with pleasure,” she replied; and then seating herself with the most studied gracefulness at the piano, arranging her profusion of long ringlets, with many other pretty little airs, she turned in a languishing manner to Frederick, and inquired in a soft voice what song he would prefer. A favourite air from “*La Somnambula*” was named, with which Alice had often charmed his ear.

Running her fingers lightly over the keys, the really fine voice of Alice commenced “Still so gently o’er me stealing.” Poor Frederick looked and listened with strangely commingled feelings of pleasure and disgust. It was surely Alice!—it was her bird-like voice which fell on his ear!—yet so distorted, perverted by theatrical tone and manner, that he could hardly trust his senses.

“Oh sweet, bewitching—heavenly!” cried Matilda Grant, clasping her hands, and rolling her pretty eyes in ecstasy.

Frederick merely bowed his thanks, and then named a simple Scotch air; but here, alas! the most beautiful song of Burns was “worse confounded” with *affected* simplicity—and after many vain attempts to elicit some chord which might vibrate to his heart as in other days, Frederick turned sorrowfully away, and soon after took leave—more unhappy than he had ever felt before, and perhaps *less in love!*

Frederick remained a week in Fairdale. He saw Miss Welford but seldom, yet each time they did meet, served only to disenchant him the more—and when he returned to Philadelphia to pursue

those studies which for *her* sake had been so sweet, life to the young student seemed disrobed of half its charms.

Room now for the elegant Julius Adolphus Bubble! Step aside, oh all ye village swains, ye homespun youths! Doff now your caps in humble submission, and come not "*betwixt the wind and his nobility!*"

Matilda Grant had a brother. This brother had a friend, and that friend was Julius Adolphus Bubble! He came from the far "sunny south" to inhale the cool breezes of a northern clime—to rusticate in the native village of his friend. Ah! favoured Fairdale, to receive beneath your rural shades this specimen exquisite—the inimitable Bubble! In the words of Carlyle, he may be best described.

"Elegant vacuum! serenely looking down upon all plenums and entities! The doom of fate was —*be thou a dandy!* Have thy eye-glasses, opera-glasses,—thy Long Acre cabs with white-breeched tiger!—thy yawning impassitives, pococurantisms —fix thyself in dandyhood undeliverable. It is thy doom!"

And a doom which was met with wonderful resignation by the nature-befited Julius.

When first he met the soft blue eyes of Matilda, he swore she was "an angel!" When he encountered the bewitching languor of Alice Welford's dark rolling orbs, he laid his hand where his heart should have been, and vowed upon his honour she was "*dee-vine!*" In the words of the song, he might have said—

"How happy could I be with *either*,
If t'other charmer were away."

Nor were these young ladies by any means insensible to the attractions of the elegant southerner. He was "bewitching," "ravishing,"—"what eyes!" "what whiskers!" and ah!—yes—"what a superb moustache!"

As Matilda said, it was "glorious as the first ruddy streak of Aurora's pencil, by which she signals to the night-curtained world the approach of the sun-god of day!" (True, the moustache was red!) To which rhapsody, Bessie Waldo replied with a wicked laugh, that had he lived in the days of *Oberon* and *Puck*, he would have needed the disguise of *no other* ass's head than his *own*, and like poor translated Bottom, he was already "*marvellously hairy about the face.*"

Time flew all too swift for the trio. On he sped, (heartless old fellow!) careless that he was fast bringing round the *fiat* of separation.

There was riding, and boating, and *pic-nic*ing in Fairdale. There was music by moonlight, and soft sighs, and soul-subduing looks "called up," outdoing even Mrs. Pentweazle. But at length "the robin and the wren had flown," and the autumn breeze blew chilly around the delicate form of Bubble, whistling a mournful requiem to pleasure through those *magnifique* whiskers!—and so

with the summer birds the elegant Julius took wing—*sic transit gloria mundi!*—leaving behind him not only two engaged hearts, but, alas, two engaged hands!

This modern Lothario had sworn love and constancy to both fair friends. He had *wept* at the feet of Alice until she whispered of hope; and then, as he received her blushing assent to be his, he won from her the promise that not even her bosom friend, Matilda, should be allowed to share her happiness. For a while, strict *secrecy* must be observed;—it was very important for his *safety* that this engagement should not be known at the South—hinted of a "rich heiress" pining in green and yellow melancholy for the love of *him*—"jealousy"—"midnight dagger," &c., until Alice, turning pale as if she already saw the form of her lover laid prostrate by the assassin, gave the promise he required.

He then fell upon his knees before Matilda—swore by all the stars he loved but her alone—and that if she proved unkind—

"From a window his body should dangle!
Or a bullet should *whiz* through his brain!!
Or the fishes his carcass should mangle!!!"

But Matilda had no wish to be unkind to her *desperate* lover. She bent gently over him, and softly murmured forth her love. Then rising to his feet, Bubble beat his breast and his brow, calling himself a wretch to have thus obtained her love, when there were *reasons*—*weighty reasons*—that she must be his affianced bride in *secrecy*—*secrecy!* Not even Alice must know that Cupid held their hearts transfixed, waiting to shake them off upon the altar of hymen!

And thus these two imprudent, deluded girls, fell readily into the snare prepared by the artful Bubble.

During the winter, Frederick Waldo came again to Fairdale. It is needless to say what were the motives which incited him away from his arduous studies and brought him once more into the presence of Miss Welford.

Since his return to Philadelphia he had been perfectly wretched. He had loved Alice too deeply to tear her image from his heart without much mental suffering, and now that "distance lent enchantment," he began again to think of her as she *had been*—not as she *was*. He blamed himself severely for the unkind thoughts he had indulged toward her. He *only* was in the wrong. He had confined himself so closely to his books, shunning all society, that he had become a perfect misanthrope! Alice was young—she was beautiful and rich! Doubtless she was the same as other young girls, flattered and indulged as she had been, only a thousand times more beautiful! Why had he been so fastidious? Thus the *lover* strove to reason, while at the same time flitting before his mental vision came the *Alice* he had known in early life, seeming to reproach him for even palliating the follies of the *affected* Miss Welford.

To Fairdale then came Frederick once more—determined to look upon Alice with a less jaundiced eye. But, alas! he was doomed to have his fond flattering hopes dispelled, and his worse fears more than realized. The “last link was broken,” and forever. His love changed to pity and contempt; and he now almost wondered how it was possible that Alice could ever have been the object of his love.

Before leaving Fairdale, Frederick addressed her the following letter—

“Pardon me, my dear Miss Welford, if I take the privilege of an old friend to address you; and should the perusal of these lines intrude upon a portion of your time, may the interest I feel for you plead my excuse. They come from one who once adored you—yes, fondly, truly loved you; and although those bright gems of feeling which lit up the dark passages of my life are now and forever extinguished, still the friendship, the sincere regard I must ever feel for you, prompts me to the fulfilment of what I consider my duty, although I am aware by so doing I may draw upon myself your lasting displeasure.

“There was a time, my dear friend, when your charms of manner and winning artlessness were not surpassed even by your unparalleled beauty; and pardon me, Alice, if I add, that thereon was based your greatest attraction!—for although the eye may still sparkle, the cheek outvie the rose in beauty, the form equal in gracefulness the Medician Venus, and the voice still pour forth sounds sweet as the heaven-drawn notes of the *Æolian* harp, yet if over all these charms *affectation* casts her transforming influence, *where is their power to delight?* Alas! when *ingenuousness* and *simplicity* withdrew their support, *that power was lost!*

“Alice, in the eyes of all sensible people, you have lost your greatest charms!

“Affectation, like the poisonous *Upas*, defiles all it touches. From her approach, nature recoils, and simplicity shrinks affrighted! At first, affectation is content to wind her fanciful wreaths around the exterior of her victim; but the *poison* therein concealed soon penetrates the inner temple of the heart. The most sacred affections are violated and made to attest her baneful influence. Truth and love—even religion herself—but issue thence in the garb of mockery!

“This is bold and harsh language, my dear Alice, (for so in friendship let me ever call you,) but yet you must acknowledge its truth.

“Alice, renounce at once and forever the syren who now holds you in such withering bondage. Act from the natural impulses of your own pure heart. Cast aside the flimsy veil of affectation, and stand forth in your own loveliness! You may yet realize all that beauty of *mind* and person of which but a short time since you gave the promise.

“Others, my dear Miss Welford, may not have the courage to speak to you in the language of truth; yet, whatever you may now think, the time

will come when you will acknowledge to your heart that you never possessed a more sincere friend than

FREDERICK WALDO.”

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of Miss Welford as she finished this letter. Anger, shame, mortification and wounded *self-love* stirred her heart by turns, while conscience told her every word traced therein by the hand of one whom her own folly had driven from her, were those of truth—the language of a heart still anxious for her good; that it came more in sorrow than in anger, breathing sentiments of compassion and kindness, rather than of the scorn and contempt she *felt* she merited. Once more Alice read the letter; then crushing it in her hand, she thrust it into the flames. As it caught the blaze she breathed more *freely*, for it seemed as if she was destroying a hated witness of her folly; and when all that remained was a black shrivelled mass, she tossed her head proudly as if in defiance, exclaiming, with flushed cheek and angry brow—

“Really, how very presuming!—how very impertinent in Frederick Waldo! Lost my *charms*, indeed! How different is Julius Adolphus;—he says nothing can be more *rêcherché* than my conversation; nothing more *naïve* than my manner. Really, Mr. Waldo is too *absurd!*”

Then casting an admiring look first in the glass, then upon a brilliant which sparkled on her finger, (the gift of Bubble,) she sank into a blissful meditation.

There came at length a letter to Fairdale, autographic of the elegant Bubble! It was addressed to Mr. Welford, making known his love for his fair daughter. There came also another letter—this was for Alice. It was a *pattern* love-letter, in which, after an ocean of tears were passed over by the fluttering Alice, a volcano of sighs happily surmounted, she came to the word “*beware.*” “*Beware of Miss Grant!*” wrote Julius Adolphus. The sentence which followed was couched with the dark pen of mystery; but plain, palpable evidence twinkled forth that Matilda had sought his love!—sought to entrap a heart beating love’s own *rub-a-dub* only for his adored, adorable Alice!

The engagement of Miss Welford to the rich southerner was forthwith announced by the delighted parents.

Oh! how rustled the silk dress of Mrs. Welford as she passed in and out the houses of Fairdale, receiving the *forced* congratulations (as she imagined) of the envious mothers of grown up, unmarried, unspoken for daughters! Stately as a ship she sailed over the village green, freighted with immeasurable pride and exultation. And Mr. Welford, on that day which made known the high destiny auspicious fate had prepared for his daughter, in a fit of mental abstraction, withdrew his hand from the pocket of his waistcoat, and actually placed a shilling in the hand of a poor woman!

But Matilda Grant? Alas! for some hours Ma-

tilda went off in strong hysterics at the perfidy of her lover. Then flying to Alice, she upbraided her in the most *natural* manner for her deceitfulness—for basely, treacherously weaning from her a heart and hand which she vowed were plighted to her, and her alone! But Alice, bearing in mind the letter of Bubble, listened with the most provoking, unbelieving smile, to all these accusations; and, as might be expected, the bosom friends parted implacable enemies.

Matilda scrupled not to make known to her parents the faithlessness of her quondam lover; and now it was Mrs. Grant's turn to perambulate the village, railing at the "*designing* Welfords," the "*artful* Alice," and pitying and despising the "*poor duped friend*" of her son. What a commotion in Fairdale! What a tempest between the belligerent houses of "Montague and Capulet!"

The conduct of Mr. Julius Bubble must be explained. He had been smitten with *both* of these village beauties, and hesitated "*which of the two to choose*." Like a prudent man, he resolved his decision should not be made in haste to be repented of at leisure. It was politic, therefore, to attach both strings fast to his bow—and thus his *double* engagement. But when he returned to R—, he found the house of "Bubble, Froth & Bubble," of which he was the junior partner, had *burst*. His decision was then unhesitatingly made. The delicate hand of Matilda, he was aware, would come to him simply encased in a *white kid glove*, while that of Alice gleamed on his money-desiring vision like a pearl *perdue* amid a rich heap of *golden guineas*!

The month of July was fixed upon in which the happy lovers were to be made one. And now the "note of preparation" sounded far and near. Mantuamakers and milliners were kept busy from morn till night. The stage came in loaded with packages, destined to be cut, clipped, united, and to receive a "local habitation and a name" under the creative powers of the handmaids of fashion. The purse of Mr. Welford seemed inexhaustible. Nothing was spared to render the *trousseau* of the fair bride worthy her illustrious destiny.

But the Grants tossed their heads in high disdain, and vowed they neither *would* or *could* stay in the place to witness such disgraceful proceedings;—so they packed up their clothes and were off to Saratoga, seeking probably a *Lethe* in their waters!

"On Thursday, then, he will be here!" cried Alice, as she placed a highly perfumed letter upon her dressing-table. Then taking a magnificent sprig of pearls, she placed it in the tresses of her dark hair, and stood before the mirror contemplating with much satisfaction its effect.

Observe now how she smiles, bows; then cour-

tesys as if she was receiving the homage of some prince—again—with all the *hauteur* to be observed to the *canaille*; while the beauteous image in the mirror reflects back to her vain mind the *comme il faut* air with which all must be *performed* to produce the *sensation* she desires.

Tired at length of attitudinizing, Alice languidly took up a newspaper, and in sympathetic vein cast her eyes first upon the records of hymen.

A shrill scream aroused Mrs. Welford, who was in an adjoining room. She rushed in, and found Alice pale, nearly fainting, with the paper clasped tightly in her trembling hand.

"Oh, mother, mother, read this!" she faltered forth.

Scarcely less agitated than her daughter, Mrs. Welford took the paper and read as follows—

"Married, in New York, by the Rev. ———, Julius Adolphus Bubble, Esq., of R——, Virginia, to Miss Matilda Grant, daughter of T. Grant, Esq., of Fairdale."

It seems the enraged Grants resolved that the perfidious bridegroom elect should not slip like an *empty bubble* thus easily through their fingers! They fancied him to be *rich*, and *therefore* they determined he should be the husband of their not unwilling daughter. Seeing his name in a list of arrivals at New York, they proceeded without delay from Saratoga to that city, and by dint of threats soon compelled the frightened Bubble to accede to their demands.

Alas for Bubble! Wheresoever he turned his eyes, he saw "*breach of promise*" written in letters of flame, and being unable to meet "*damages*," the debtor's prison rose dark and gloomy in perspective. And thus Matilda Grant became Mrs. Bubble!—*each* caught in the meshes of the net their own artifice had contrived.

Years have since passed, and Alice is still unmarried. Her beauty is on the wane, and her faults have lost even their power to excite compassion. She will probably fall the prey of some fortune-hunter.

Frederick Waldo is now the husband of a young girl, as charming, as *unaffected* as was *once* the object of his early love.

May the history of Alice Welford prove a warning to those young girls, who in possession of youth and beauty, still strive by artificial manners to augment their charms; while, to those whom nature may not have so richly gifted, may it teach that natural simplicity, ingenuousness of speech, and gentleness of manner, prompted by the warm feelings of the heart, are charms which not even a brighter eye, or a more rosy cheek can enhance, or the want thereof *diminish*.

THE TRUE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

A BILL was lately introduced into the legislature of New York to extend the rights of women. It did not pass into a law, probably for the same reason that has long left their rights undefended. Men are selfish;—leave them their political privileges and social enjoyments, and they care very little about the wrongs of that gentle and relying sex from whom they derive their purest, deepest, most enduring happiness. Women are unselfish. They do not urge their claims to many advantages, of which they are unjustly deprived, simply because they think the pleasure of their lords a matter of superior importance to their own peace.

The condition of women has of late been a fruitful theme for book-makers. The fact that many books have been written and with success, fully evinces the general interest which the subject inspires. Though mostly of English origin, they have been republished here, because the conditions of women in England and America are so similar, that what is true in one country may be taken to be true in the other. The best of these books were written by women, and their reasonableness and good sense are demonstrated by the fact that they claim for the sex no *accession* of "rights," whether political, intellectual or social, but simply maintain that there ought to be a more liberal exercise by women of the privileges which are not denied to them, but on the contrary freely accorded; and that they ought, by their own well-directed and constantly exerted efforts, to elevate themselves to an intellectual and social equality with that stronger sex, who have hitherto almost controlled the dominion of mind. I do not remember to have seen the advantages, thought to result from the possession of political power, asked for by any female authors of late, except that brilliant and clear-minded, though often mistaken novelist, Miss Martineau, and some few of those disciples who follow at an awful distance in her footsteps. It is no new thing to hear men declaiming, in and out of legislative assemblies, in favour of the exercise by women of the elective franchise and all the glorious collateral privileges. But,—let me ask of my lady readers,—suppose the Congress should, at its present session, enact a law by which every female of a certain age might enjoy these privileges. How many would exercise them? How many are there possessing the modesty, the delicacy, the withdrawing spirit, the gentleness of the sex, who would not rather delegate to their husbands, their fathers, their brothers, those arduous and disagreeable duties? How many who, in addition to the duties of love, of friendship, of education, of charity,

of all which society imposes, would willingly assume the burthen of politics? I believe, I *hope* there are very few.

Perhaps the *right*, in its abstract nature, may not be controverted. According to the doctrines confidently put forward by the advocates of universal suffrage, I can see no logical reason why females and children should not vote and be elected to offices as well as men. Surely there is a superior capacity in American girls and boys, at the ages of twelve and fourteen—periods at which, by the common law of England, they were competent to form the marriage contract—a vastly superior capacity to judge and determine concerning our political affairs to that possessed by a fore-castle cargo of peasants fresh from the bogs of Ireland or the ditches of Holland! Every passably educated lad of fourteen has a clear idea of the frame and polity of our government, and, from hearing men of sense converse, can arrive at as wise a conclusion with regard to the merits of rival candidates as can children of a larger growth. In a limited degree, this may also be said of girls. Why then should not each American girl and boy, arrived at years of discretion, enjoy the elective franchise? It would be entertaining to be informed why not by some modern Boanerges thundering for "repeal."

A great deal has been said, in these modern days, of the *intellectual* powers of woman, and an equality with man has, in this regard, been claimed for her. The education of the head has been determined to be of more importance than the education of the heart. I am old-fashioned enough to pronounce this all wrong. The head is educated for time, the heart for eternity. Perhaps, on this account, it has ever been believed by poets and other insane people, that the angels in heaven are nearly all women; and I am so far willing to run the risk of being classed with such preposterous persons as to say, that if women are not angels in heaven, they must change their estate, for, in my eyes, they surely are angels on earth. These angelic qualities, however, are emanations from the heart; and it is ardently to be wished that, in despite of the transcendental effulgence which is now beaming upon their condition, women may regard the *right* of cultivating the affections and spreading around them an atmosphere of peace and contentment far more valuable than that of entering even upon the literary arena, and overthrowing whole lists of men by the dexterity and force of their intellectual abilities. The most truly sensible women do not contend for a mental equality; and, since I do not think so poorly of the sex as to suppose that they desire to

be flattered by any compliments which are untrue, I do, unhesitatingly, even in these pages, devoted peculiarly to the gratification of female minds, assert that nothing is more susceptible of demonstration than that women are and always have been intellectually inferior to men. The exceptions best confirm the fact. It can be said, with equal truth, that in all qualities of the heart—in all the virtues, it may be,—men are inferior to women. To this fact—with sorrow let it be acknowledged—there are also exceptions, which but serve to fortify its truth.

The theory of the mental equality of the sexes is not of modern origin. It was maintained by no less illustrious a philosopher than Plato. With the most profound respect for so distinguished an authority, we may still venture to assert that, whether it be attributable to education or nature, great disparities exist between the mental characteristics of the two sexes. To seriously discuss whether these diversities be owing or not to education, would require far more space than can here be allotted to the most interesting of subjects. The best and only assumption we can make, without resorting to metaphysical explanations, is, that if nature had done as much for the female as for the male sex, education would have made them capable of equal achievements. But what are the facts? Let us look at the exploits of people of genius only—and genius cannot be said in any sense to be the result of education, although its development may. Not to apply too severe and perhaps unfair a test, let us not seek for female counterparts in genius to those great leaders of their race who have been mightiest in the arts of war and government, because their exercise is uncongenial with female habits; but let us look for excellence of the highest kind in the calm pursuits of literature and taste. These certainly are as well adapted to the habits of women as of men, and in these nothing in the education of men peculiarly fits them to excel. Let us even set aside science, and take, for the basis of our comparison, poetry and the fine arts. The poet is truly said to be born, not made;—for him education cannot do much—nature must do every thing. She lights the fire upon the altar and feeds the perpetual flame. Nothing tends to quench this fire more than the worldly and busy occupations of men—nothing to keep it alive more than the gentle and even tenour of a woman's existence. But was there ever a poetess whom the fondest partiality could rank in the same category with Shakspeare and Milton, and Dryden, and Pope, and Wordsworth? There are female names whom we delight to honour; but how insignificant are the best of them in comparison to the giants of our literature! Yet here is a fair field—here is no favour. Let us leave poetry for prose, and, without enumerating the mighty men who are immediately suggested to every one acquainted with either ancient or modern literature, call to mind the greatest female authors. The most distinguished woman whose works are known to us, is unquestionably Madame de Staël;

yet who, after reading her eloquent productions, does not feel that their merit resides in their brilliancy rather than in their profoundness; that they dazzle rather than convince, and that the practical guidance of public affairs could not have been safely committed to the utterer of those sparkling political epigrams?

Look next at the arts of Painting and Music. These are arts which seem to depend most upon qualities which are rather attributes of the female character than of the sterner and less sensitive. They are less congenial with the ordinary pursuits and avocations of men than women; and by the influence of education, especially in this country, they fall peculiarly to woman's share. For twenty girls to whom music and drawing are a part of education, you will scarcely find one boy respecting whom it is the same. On the continent of Europe the differences may be less; but still the cultivation of these arts will be found to preponderate on the female side. Moreover, these are arts which are not treated by women as mere embellishments. They are pursued by many as professions;—they are pursued with all that ardour which the keenest sense of self-interest can inspire. Yet, where are the great names? There have been many men whose names will live as painters and composers of music as long perhaps as the delightful arts in which they excelled continue to be appreciated. But of what woman can the same be said? Scarcely one can be named (the best I can call to mind is that of Angelica Kauffman) whose title to great fame would be recognized by the general voice. These are plain and undeniable facts; and it is impossible to shun the obvious inference, that, even in those departments of the intellect which are most congenial with woman's nature, education and pursuits, there is not such an approach to equality of power as to enable a woman to ascend those airy heights of renown upon which man now stands supreme.

I am well aware that this is taking the unpopular view of this question, and that, according to the fine customs of modern gallantry, insincerity with the sex is much more in vogue than plainness. It has become very fashionable of late to extol lady-prose writers and lady-poets, and the consequence is that several good wives and good mothers have been spoiled, and very few good authors created. Let me not be misunderstood. I would not undervalue many noble contributions to our literature that have been made by women. I honour and reverence the illustrious few who have, by their works, meliorated the condition of mankind and dignified the character of their own sex. Not yet silent are the strains of that lyre which thrilled through the hearts of thousands, which animated while it softened, which inspired while it subdued. Haply its chords will not cease to vibrate when the eyes that now shine so purely on these words shall lack their lustre, when the bosoms that now beat so warmly with the free currents of young life shall be cold as the marble of those beautiful statues of

Chantrey which she has made immortal by her verse. And what do not morality and religion owe to the intellectual efforts of woman? But let me not extend this reminiscence further than to point out, upon the white column of modern English literature, the names of Baillie and More, circled by the same wreath which enshrines the sweet memory of HEMANS.

I need not allude to my fair countrywomen by name, but confess myself fully aware of the fact, that, in reputation at least, they are equal to most of those authors who have flourished in spite of the genius of our democratic institutions—a genius which tends rather to depress than to encourage an ambition for excellence in the ornamental pursuits of literature and the arts.

The object, which I have now, with candour if not with force, brought forward, is not in any manner to detract from the real merits of the sex, but rather to show them in their true light, and to prove that, though they are, both by their mental and physical constitution, incapable of the greatest exploits for which men of talent and genius are distinguished, they may in their proper sphere bring about the best, the most enduring results. We learn from the biographies of the noblest men whom the world ever saw, that they were nurtured and instructed by good mothers, and that good wives have done much to stimulate the ambition, inspire the courage, and exalt the aims of their husbands.

But though, for the sake of the argument, this intellectual equality may be conceded, nevertheless, it would still be highly inexpedient that women should engage in political contests, and in the busy, bustling affairs of life. Society is a system of mutual concessions;—individual rights are yielded for the general good. In a state of nature the individual reigns;—in a state of civilization, society assumes and exercises universal control. Woman in society gives up certain rights to man, and man repays the concession by the protection which his superior strength enables him to extend to woman. On that principle, well known to political economists and called the division of labour, man discharges a certain set of duties and woman another set. The man, for example, transacts out-of-door and the woman in-door affairs. Suppose that each should deem it most consistent with individual rights to discharge the other's duties—"take turns," as the children express it.

The husband rises bright and early of a cold winter's morning, and, gently waking up his sleeping partner, addresses her thus—"Come, my dear, get up! I am going down stairs immediately to see that breakfast is got ready; then into the nursery to take care that the children shall all be dressed and sent to school. You must be in a hurry, for this is your day to attend to business; so you must trot down town, my love, and superintend the storage of those goods which arrived in our ship yesterday. Besides, there is a council-meeting this evening, and you must think over that

speech;—there is lots to do!" The wife accordingly rises; and, after letting her help-meet know whether she means to be at home to dinner or dine at a restaurateur's, puts on her hat—I mean her bonnet—and cloak, and is off with all the alacrity of a man—I should say, a woman—of business.

This is a ridiculous picture, but it certainly would not prove a false one were the female sex to take that part in the affairs of life which the very distinguished Mr. John Neal and others of equal enthusiasm claim for them. No—there must be a division of labour; and that which exists is unquestionably the best that could possibly be contrived.

One deplorable consequence which would inevitably attend the exercise by women of political and other rights, now wholly delegated to men, would be the withdrawal from the former of that peculiar deference, tenderness and courtesy, which, in all modern civilized communities,—particularly in the most refined and cultivated portion of those communities,—is universally paid to their gentleness, their delicacy, and their unostentatious worth. Let women be made ostensibly powerful; let a sense of competition be introduced; let a man be made to feel that he must stand on the defensive, and the spirit of chivalry will speedily cease—and forever extinct will be that lofty sentiment to which women can now appeal with confidence. The insecurity of weakness and the advantage of power cannot both be enjoyed. I desire not to be misunderstood in this. While I oppose the active participation of women in the stern business of life, I would not have them remain passive and indifferent spectators. Far from it;—they have an immense influence, which they ought to exert, and which they can exert in all matters of importance. This influence is greater than it would be, were it openly used. This influence is like that of the moon upon the waters of the sea;—it controls the great tides of public sentiment, and causes them to ebb and flow with majestic regularity; and it does not, like the uncertain winds, mingle with the billows of opinion and toss them hither and thither, now making them foam and break, now heaping them on the peaceful shore, to spread terror and commotion around. Exert, I pray you, my fair readers, an influence, calm, steady and enduring;—be not solicitous of temporary triumphs or popular applause, but pursue, with dauntless resolution and quiet fortitude, that direct and elevated course which the wisdom of past ages has indicated as peculiarly your own, and in which a happiness is found far superior to that bestowed by noisy distinction or evanescent power.

"If any thing," says an eloquent author of your own sex, "if any thing, urged in behalf of women, tends to taking them out of their true sphere, I wish that it may be promptly and completely refuted; for nothing can be for the real good of society that is not built upon nature and reason. The measure of the rights of women must be sought for in the real advantage of society at large; it must increase with their own intellectual and moral pro-

gress—for the influence of worth and intelligence is nearly irresistible. As the peculiar office of man is to govern and defend society, that of women is to spread virtue, affection and gentleness, through it. She has a direct interest in softening and humanizing the other sex. Man is too rugged to be even just towards those whom he only loves, but does not respect; he is too powerful to be swayed by those whom he only respects but does not love. The empire of woman must be won, not solely through his sense of justice, but by the grace and delicacy, the tenderness and purity she diffuses through life: but her rights will neither add dignity to her social influence, nor bring practical security to her domestic situation, except as they are found really to promote the virtue and happiness of society."

Where, I may be asked, where is the proper sphere of woman? If you would exclude her from the arena of politics and deny her power to surpass or even equal man in the loftiest achievements of intellect, where will you place her? Where is the seat of her dominion? My answer is—HOME!—home, which has been eloquently called "the highest, holiest place in which human agency can act." Much to be deplored is any circumstance which draws a woman from this sacred sphere;—I care not whether it be fashion or fanaticism, pleasure or politics. I would by no means have woman seclude herself from society or fail to lend her charms to beautify human intercourse; but I would have her look *there*, where her treasures are, for the best gratifications of her heart. These are her *true rights*, her true duties, and there should be her supremest happiness. Sister, mother, wife,—dear and hallowed names!—may your lustre never be tarnished, your sanctity never be profaned! May you never cease to be spells to cast out the evil passions of men, and to invoke the pure and tender affections! May you grow forever in fragrance and freshness on the dreary way of life, causing the desert places to be glad, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose!

Let me be suffered, my fair *young* lady readers, to introduce, in conclusion, a few words of exhortation to you. Let me do so at the risk of being set down as a crusty old bachelor, quite too fond of moralizing to write pleasant articles in a periodical so elegant as this. But, my dears, (I like to be affectionate,) tell me—do you clearly comprehend your social rights and duties, and, comprehending, do you practise them? Where do you find the higher enjoyment—at home or abroad? Are you the more gratified, when, engaged by your own firesides, with your needles and your books, your music and your drawing, and in conversing with intelligent, agreeable persons; or when, arrayed in all your ornaments and looking your very prettiest, you are in a throng of gay people, listening to the inanities of coxcombs and the flatteries of fops? Observe, I do not inquire whether you take greater

pleasure in the latter recreation *now and then*, but whether you habitually prefer the allurements of balls and parties to the sober delights of home? If you do, I would earnestly admonish you to change your tastes as soon as possible. Whatever fascinating young gentlemen, "neat, trimly dressed," may tell you to the contrary, depend upon it, that woman is most happy who is happy at home. Be not led away either, by all that you hear and read now-a-days about the rights of women and their intellectual equality. There is nothing more dangerous for a young woman than to rely chiefly upon her intellectual powers, her wit, her imagination, her fancy;—these should be sedulously cultivated and freely exercised, but not to the neglect of those more endearing qualities of the heart, by which the hearts of those around you can be most effectually controlled. It is a notable fact that men of extraordinary talents have in general married amiable, common-place women. And why is this? It is because such men prefer amiability to smartness, and suavity of disposition to superficial accomplishments. The cultivation of the affections is perfectly compatible with the cultivation of the intellect, and I have known many highly-gifted women quite as kind, mild and benevolent, as the most stupid of their sex. The common mistake of the young is to attribute too much to the power of mere beauty, and there are not a few men who exclaim with the poet—

"If to her lot some female errors fall,
Look in her face, and you'll forget them all."

But that beauty must indeed be extraordinary, which, though it may conceal the poverty of the understanding, can also hide the errors of the heart. This advice, I am well aware, is very much like that which our great-great-grandmothers used to give to our great-grandmothers, and, in these days of enlightenment, may sound queer and antiquated; but old modes of dress sometimes come into vogue, and if young ladies would only extend the same favour to morals, I am not very sure but that they might be as good as those venerable progenitresses, who used to wear brocade and obey their husbands, before French gauze and the Rights of Women came into fashion.

In the article which I have thus presented with no very serious elaboration, my object has not been to display any originality of thought or expression, which, while it might win a little admiration for the writer, would do but very little good to the reader. In some of the more serious argumentative passages here presented, I have borrowed the language of an eloquent writer, so far as I could adapt it to my own purpose, which will be fully effected if, among the numerous patrons of the *Lady's Book*, a few will be induced to form a just estimate of those rights, which seem to me, according to the laws of nature and the structure of human society, to be *the true rights of woman*.

COUNTRY LIFE IN MERRIE ENGLAND.

BY THEO. LEDYARD CUYLER.

"The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral tress,
O'er all the pleasant land!
The deer across their green swards bound,
Through shade, and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream."

THE traveller who would see England in the most favourable light must spend much of his time in the rural districts. By doing this he can not only have an opportunity of admiring her natural beauties heightened by the magnificent park scenery, but at the fireside of the hospitable country house he can see in their full development the finest traits of English character. In the cities he is always annoyed with noise and coal smoke, with filth and loathsome beggary, with late hours, formal dinners, foppery, pride of caste and a hundred other unpleasant things from which country life is in a great measure free. The exterior of the cities is sombre and forbidding—with a decided tendency to the "blues"—and even the princeliest mansion in St. James Street with all its marble, and balconies, and sumptuous hangings, would be—to me—but a poor substitute for a broad old manor house with velvet lawns, and magnificent oaks—the oldest royal family in the land.

Of these glories of English rural life, I had dreamed ever since I was old enough to read the 'Lady of the Manor;' and when in process of time I came to 'Bracebridge Hall' and the scores of other books of travel, my desire became intense to see for myself this modern Arcadia. You may be sure, therefore, that I set off, soon after my arrival in England, for a visit among the hills of Yorkshire with about the same feeling that a schoolboy mounts the stage coach for a Christmas vacation. My route thither was by steam, and lay through the manufacturing towns, where my eyes were, as usual, greeted with the same array of spectral beings clamoring for bread; and the same interminable rows of prison-houses, in which poor pale children are doomed to stand day after day, amidst the roar of wheels and spindles, until their young limbs ache for "the narrow house, and the long sleep." Just at evening we came to the valley of the Don reaching up to Sheffield. Before us, the whole heavens were illuminated with the furnace fires which burn day and night, reminding one of the vale of Tophet. In the centre was one tremendous chimney tossing its flames far up into the murky air, and casting a lurid glare on all the surrounding landscape. This fire could be distinctly seen from the house where I afterwards stayed, and I asked the gentleman of the house one day how long it had been burning? He coolly re-

plied, "*Ever since I was a boy.*" I thought of the fire that never dies.

On the other side of Sheffield are a series of green sloping hills, stretching away towards Derbyshire, and one of the innumerable stuccoed cottages sprinkled all over them, became my *English home* for a number of weeks. The hospitable owner received me with a hearty English welcome. A letter of introduction always insures a kind reception here, or at least, *did* in every case of my own experience: and without them, the doors of society are strictly barred.

As soon as I had settled myself in my new home, I was struck with what must strike every man coming from a new, *unfinished* country like ours to an old established country like England, and that is the perfect *order* of every thing out doors and in—in the arrangements of the house, and the grounds,—the servants—the style of living—the rules of intercourse—and every part and parcel of domestic life. That the exterior of English life should be all that is beautiful and tasteful is no wonder. That the walks should be smooth—the hedges clipped—the velvet grass rolled into most faultless evenness—the trees trimmed and the house most neatly adorned—is a very necessary result of abounding wealth coupled with exceeding cheapness of labour. In fact, it is the business of the numerous paupers and unoccupied labourers in that country to look about constantly to find something out of order, in the hope of getting a few pence for 'setting it to rights.' If a sprinkle of snow falls during the night you are beset next morning by a score of half starved men begging for the privilege of sweeping your walks. If any thing is to be done there, there is always somebody at your elbow to do it. When I alighted from the coach at the gate, I found a poor boy waiting with his cart to take my trunk to the door, and he told me that he had dragged his cart and kept up with the coach for a mile in order to get a penny or two for himself and a sick mother. Surely the 'glory' of England is exceeding glorious, but her 'shame' is deeply and darkly shameful.

I have spoken before of the rare beauty of the park scenery. This is owing in a great measure to the constantly rich *green* of the grass and the foliage. The climate is moist, and there is no torrid sun to

burn the leaves into a premature deadness, but even in November the face of the country is greener and fresher than with us in June. By incessant clipping the grass too is made to grow much thicker, which adds to its brightness, so that whenever I was riding along on a mail coach I felt a strong tendency to get off the coach, leap over the hedge, and lie down on the velvet turf and roll! Reader, excuse this expression—unless you have rode yourself through an English park. The houses here are usually of brick covered with a cream-coloured stucco—sometimes of stone, but never of wood. Their styles are as various as the tastes of their owners. Some are of the Elizabethan order with high gables, pointed windows and curiously carved doorways; some are miniature Chinese pagodas; while many more are simple square boxes covered with a broad flat roof extending far beyond the cornice, and looking like a West India hat. Ten to one but there will be a vine creeping over the door, and an old oak or two in the lawn, and—if it be a ‘place’ of any pretension—a troop of deer lying quietly in the shade.

So much for the exterior; the internal arrangements are equally well ordered. As Mr. Cooper has well observed, “nothing here is at sixes and sevens.” Labour is so cheap that an abundance of servants is always to be had for a moderate sum. These are generally tidy and obliging, and well qualified for their duties: in fact the competition is so great, that they would lose their places if they were not so. In our own country of comparative equality, where there are no fixed ranks, it is impossible that there should ever be such servants as in England. The English complain of the *rudeness* of our servants; but the gentleman with whom I stayed, who had visited America, viewed the subject in the true light when he said “he was glad to find the labouring classes in any country in such good circumstances that they could sometimes *afford* to be saucy.” In England they never can. The delightful description furnished by ‘Mrs. Clavers’ of the familiar manners of our Western ‘helps’ have been widely read here; and many a dinner table have I set into a perfect roar by an account of that modest damsel who thrust her head in the door and shouted “Miss Clavers! was that you hollered? I thought I heard a yell!”

Among the indispensable comforts of an English home are good horses to ride, good books to read, good coal to burn, good servants to attend upon you, and above all good dinners to eat. All these things we had in abundance. The dinner was the all-important thing, however. A dignity and interest is attached to this latter ceremony there, which we Yankee utilitarians—who eat merely to live—know nothing about. It must be served up at a certain time, and the roast-beef must be ‘done to a turn,’ or the Englishman is completely ‘unhinged’ for a fortnight.

When you present a note of introduction here, if your new friend intends to ‘honour the draft’ upon his hospitality, he will give you a dinner party, and this will be no trifling affair, in either trouble or ex-

pense. In France it has been well said that a lady can give a splendid party on two lemons! But John Bull roasts his beef, and mutton and venison, and calls in his friends, and makes a long, very long meal of it. There are so many courses, so much wine-bibbing, and such a tremendous importance attached to the qualities of the eatables and drinkables, that to a man who has not made a god of his belly this bountiful hospitality is somewhat wearisome. At about seven o’clock the ladies retire to the drawing-room and the gentlemen fill up their glasses and fall into a discussion about the Tariff and the Corn laws. After discussing politics for an hour—not in the light jesting manner in which we do in America, but with a gravity becoming a subject which is there an affair of vital and lasting importance and broad distinction to all—they withdraw to the parlour, and finish the evening with a cup of tea and a muffin, with the ladies. As for these ladies themselves, we opine, they will be found very like to educated women of the same rank in America,—perhaps a trifle more sedate. In externals they will differ exceedingly. The English married ladies will mostly look like young ladies—the young ladies will look like overgrown children. And this arises from the fact that they arrive at their full mental and physical development so much later than our ladies, and as a natural consequence endure much longer. An English girl is led in by a servant and takes her place by her mother’s side during the last course of a dinner party, to be addressed as a child, when her American *cotemporary*—if we may use such a term—is “coming out” and perhaps has already concluded her first campaign of conquest. At this time the Yankee girl is by far the most beautiful: in the exquisite delicacy of complexion and form, the elasticity of step, the ‘quickness’ of expression and the airy gaiety of spirit she is superlative. In fact, there are no girls like the Yankee girls—the broad world over.

But when twenty years have passed away the American beauty has faded, and the English lady is just in her prime. The most beautiful women I saw in England were from thirty-five to forty. This is to be accounted for not merely from the fact that the English people are more phlegmatic—live slower and live longer—but from the moist, temperate climate, which has few sudden changes and violent extremes, and which permits them at all times to take much exercise in the open air. After all, this latter is the chief reason. The English ladies ride a great deal and *walk* a great deal—not in gauze stockings and paper shoes—but in good substantial boots, thick enough to climb hills and ford streams in. An English lady in good health would no more think of calling her carriage to go one or two miles, than many of our American girls would think of learning to knit, while the ‘ready made’ could be bought at the shops; or of learning to make a pudding as long as their fathers can hire an extra cook and ‘keep out of jail.’

But I cannot close this short account of my Yorkshire visit without telling how happy I was to meet

that delightful old man, *James Montgomery*, who lived close by the house of my friend. Who that has drunk in the delicious melodies of the "Christian Poet" and hung with solemn rapture over his flowing numbers would not love to see James Montgomery? My sympathies were always excited for him when I knew that he was one of those meek Christians, the Moravians, and that he spent a long time in prison on account of the liberal tendency of his early writings. He is now a regular attendant upon the established church, and is living comfortably on a pension.

I called upon him soon after my arrival, in company with my friend, and was warmly received. He is a trim little man with coal black eyes and a few white locks left upon his aged head—for he is now over seventy. He spoke of America with great warmth, and was gratified to learn that even our children here are familiar with his productions. I found him very sensitive in regard to his would-be rival Mr. Robert Montgomery of Glasgow, who, as

the old man insists, is trying to steal his reputation. This Robert Montgomery is the author of the "Messiah," "Satan," and various other poems, and is the man whom Christopher North and Macaulay have pelted with such overpowering ridicule. Robert is constantly publishing, and the elder Montgomery frequently receives letters from some simple-hearted friends who don't know their Christian names (or much about poetry either), congratulating him on the success of his efforts, and assuring him that "they are the *best* he has ever written!" I don't wonder he is provoked.

While conversing with the gentle old man I found myself often repeating in my mind some of his favourite little pieces, and wondering whether he were really the author of those beautiful things which I love so much. Long may the aged pilgrim linger here, to listen to children's voices lisping his sweet hymns, and to receive the grateful thanks of the church of God which he has so long adorned and blessed.

STANZAS

ON G. W. CONARROE'S BEAUTIFUL PAINTING OF "THE SLEEPING TWINS."

BY CHARLES WEST THOMSON.

O BEAUTIFUL is childhood's sleep,
As summer's long and sunny day,
When gentle streams in murmurs leap,
And glide in purity away—
Giving to grassy banks their spray,
To deck them with a fresh'ning green,
Where 'midst their shade the fairies play,
And tribes of tuneful birds are seen.

There in each other's arms they lie,
Like Love and Peace together laid,
While softly o'er each laughing eye
Falls its fair lids' protecting shade—
Their romping gladness now has weighed
Those airy limbs to sweet repose—
Sleep on—no opiate can persuade
Such rest as careless childhood knows.

Yes! let them sleep among the flowers,
Where from as rosy cheeks each tress
Is flung abroad in golden showers
Upon the rosy bed they press.
Their dreams perchance we may not guess—
But if those smiles aright can tell,
Fancies of cloudless happiness
Within those infant bosoms swell.

Ah! little, little do they deem
While in those flowery woods they stray,
Giving their hearts to rapture's dream,
That thoughts of fear and sad dismay

24*

Fill the far home, where day by day
Their steps are watched with jealous care,
Lest haply to the brook they stray,
And find a death of terror there.

And here as peacefully they lie
As if upon the downy bed
Where every night their lullaby
In tuneful song is fondly said.
Look! how the rose inclines its head,
As if its beauty now were shown
In envy of that cheek whose red
Is fresh and blooming as its own.

I gaze, ye lovely slumberers!
On this your pictured counterpart,
And what a tide of feeling stirs,
(Raised by the gentle power of art)
In the deep caverns of my heart—
A tide that overwhelms the soul,
With thoughts that make our nature start,
Or bid the tears of anguish roll.

O for a sleep as calm and pure
As that unconscious childhood knew,
When rest came down, unwooded and sure,
Light as the drops of summer dew.
O that when years, in long review,
Have wrought us cause to sigh and weep,
We could bring back the charm that threw
Its bliss around our early sleep.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD SOFA.

BY HELEN MAITLAND.

I FIRST saw the light—it matters not where—about the year 1780. As the consciousness of existence dawned upon me, I heard the commendations bestowed upon my appearance, and with the emotions of vanity thus coeval with my birth, began to pride myself not a little on the brilliancy of my exterior. Nay, as I looked on my robe of crimson and gold, and then about me, I could not suppress a feeling of contempt for my humble neighbour in mohair, who seemed to shrink into insignificance by my side. I could not help observing that the customers of my master invariably looked first at me; thus yielding as I thought an involuntary and well merited tribute to my superior excellence. I heard many a fair dame lament her inability to purchase so splendid an ornament to her drawing-room; yet even these acknowledgments of my magnificence sometimes occasioned me chagrin. I had the mortification to see my humble neighbour in mohair and several others of like pattern carried off in triumph, while I remained admired, but unappropriated; and destined, I began to fear, to find my beauties tarnished by time without having administered to the pride even of one individual. I was one day absorbed in these melancholy reflections, and did not observe an unusual bustle around me, till I heard my master very volubly descanting upon my merits to a young and beautiful woman, who was evidently regarding me with much complacency. After a little discussion, she put some bright pieces into my master's hand, and said in a sweet but authoritative voice—"Send it home, to — street, No. 37." Who can paint my delight at the prospect of being emancipated from these dull rooms, and seeing the gay world! The manner of transportation, it is true, was barbarous enough;—I was placed in a rough wagon, and jolted over the pave to the jeopardy of my very life, before being finally set down before my new abode. Shaken as I was, curiosity kept me from despair. I longed to see the place I should occupy, and to know what treatment I should receive. My outer covering being at length removed, I was respectfully conducted up stairs into a spacious and superb room, where to my astonishment I saw a number of companions in dresses quite as gorgeous as my own, and indeed precisely like it—all glittering in the blaze of numerous wax lights in various parts of the room. I recognized my fair mistress. She was standing near the place which was henceforth to be mine; and it gave me pleasure to observe that it was a place of distinction. I must here confess to a little spirit of jealousy, (which I hardly acknowledged to myself,) lest some

rival might share the homage I would willingly have monopolized. In those days, furniture was too solid and stately for the present eccentric fashion of locomotion about a room, so that, as I remarked, the place assigned me became permanently mine. Near the lady stood a gentleman, whom I soon discovered to be her husband;—a man of grave and dignified aspect, but with something of a sarcastic expression about his mouth. In answer to the admiring looks of his wife, he said—

"So this is your new purchase?"

"Yes; and it is so pretty and so comfortable;—only try it!"

With that she sank down, reclining on one of my arms, and pointed to the other unoccupied seat, smilingly adding, as she gathered her full robes around her—"My dress will afford you no more room." For then

"The hoop's enchanting round
Gave even the toe the power to wound."

My master took the seat with an indifferent air; at which, and his failing to appreciate my beauty, I felt not a little indignant—hardly suffering my anger to be soothed by his admission that the sofa was in truth more comfortable than he imagined, (my fine looks went for nothing). "I dare say," he added, "by the time the gloss is fairly off, I shall like it quite as well as the one you banished on account of its ungenteel appearance." I was of a reflective turn, and this instance of my mistress's caprice towards an old and faithful servant, gave me some uneasiness. Such may one day be my fate, thought I,—and self-love received a wound. Nevertheless, I still wore my first gloss, and the gay groups that soon filled the rooms seemed to admire me, and the sad feeling was lost in gratified vanity. The next day, however, I was enveloped in a dark overdress, which was never taken off unless there were others besides the family to admire my beauty. Every evening my mistress occupied the seat she had at first taken, and often beguiled my master to sit beside her, when he read aloud to her, or gave her instruction in the modern languages, with which he seemed to be perfectly acquainted. He was much older than his wife, and she regarded him with as much reverence as love. I began to lose even my admiration of self in contemplating their quiet happiness.

More than a year passed in this way, when I one evening missed my fair mistress from her accustomed seat. My master came as usual, but walked restlessly to and fro, as if devoured by anxiety. At length he rushed out of the room, and I saw

him no more for several days. Then the drawing-room was closed, and I and my companions remained in utter darkness for several weeks. I felt unhappy, but it was less on my own account than that of my mistress, to whom I had become truly attached. One morning the windows were all thrown open in haste, our coverings taken off, and we received such a dusting from the housemaid, that I am sure the strength of my frame alone enabled me to survive it. A few hours passed, when I heard footsteps and voices approaching; and my mistress, leaning on her husband's arm, walked slowly to her wonted seat. She was pale and thin; so very thin, I hardly felt her weight; and my master, seating himself beside her, drew her towards him and kissed her white cheek tenderly. Soon afterwards, others came in; and among the last, a gentleman of dignified appearance, dressed in flowing robes. Then came a servant bearing a rich silver bowl filled with water, and last of all a fat old woman with a bundle of something white in her arms. The grave gentleman began to read from a book, and taking the white burden in his arms, sprinkled it with some of the water, which action produced a faint sound, like a suppressed cry. My mistress seemed agitated; the burden was brought and placed on her lap, and caressed fondly by her and my master. From that day the mother occupied her accustomed place continually, accompanied by her little son. Years rolled on, and a succession of bright little forms were in turn nursed upon my lap, and I looked on them with love unutterable. I thought no longer exclusively of myself.

A change came upon this happy family. The father, from day to day, was placed upon me, supported by pillows; and he seemed to suffer much. I heard the consultation of physicians, and the expressed desire of the invalid to travel in search of health to foreign lands. The family departed, and it was long, very long, before they returned. When they did return, the merry children who had so often clambered up my sides, were grown to noble looking men; and there were besides two bright-eyed girls, light and graceful as fairies. No longer young and vain, I expected not to hear exclamations of rapture or admiration; but I was not prepared for the speech which followed the first laughing glance of one of them at me.

"Gracious, mamma! do have all this antediluvian furniture taken away. That old sofa must be the exact model of the one Noah took into the ark!"

"You must first prove, Melanie," said her graver sister Nannette, "that Noah was luxurious enough to desire a sofa!"

"Spare me an argument, my matter-of-fact sister, upon the subject, and employ your energy much more worthily in assisting me to coax mamma to get rid of the present annoyance. But here comes papa, and he is always my champion."

The happy creature ran up caressingly to her father, who parted the bright ringlets on her brow and kissed her fair forehead. 'Twould be a hard

heart, indeed, he said, which could withstand the eloquence of his favourite.

"Now for the proof, papa. I have been urging the expediency of new-furnishing our drawing-room, and sending away all this old-fashioned trumpery. Mamma does not look propitious, and seems to have an unaccountable affection for that old cynic of a sofa!"

The low musical laugh that followed gave me a deeper pang than all the rest. My time at last was come; but I was better disciplined than formerly to bear reverses. Old age, I reflected, was not dishonourable; and I had been much flattered and admired in youth. I must bow meekly to the decrees of fate. My master's reply consoled me.

"I too, Melanie, have an affection for that old sofa. We will coax mamma to let us have it removed to my library, where she and I can often enjoy it together as we have done in days of yore; and you may furnish this room according to your giddy fancy."

The young lady and her mother expressing satisfaction at this arrangement, next day the chairs, &c., were sent out of the house, and I was removed into the library to occupy still a grave and dignified station. My master spent most of his time in this room, and my mistress often stole from the gay circles in the drawing-room to seat herself by his side, and join in his studies, or talk over the past. My young masters, too, were frequent guests, and received instruction from their father's lips as from an oracle. But one by one they married and left the paternal roof, till the old people were quite alone. They now scarcely left me for a day.

One evening, never by me to be forgotten, my master and mistress had been conversing long and pleasantly on some of the passages of their life, and the happiness they now enjoyed in their amiable children. My mistress retired to her chamber; my master remained absorbed in thought, when suddenly he put his hand to his head and fell forwards insensible. How I longed for a voice to proclaim his situation. No one came; and more than an hour passed while he lay without animation. About that time a sleepy servant, fancying he heard the bell, came into the room; and the alarm was speedily given. My master was placed on me, and means taken to restore sense and consciousness. These were successful; but a paralytic stroke had deprived the excellent old man of the use of his limbs, and after months of a miserable existence, I one morning received his last sigh.

For months I did not see my mistress; and when I did it was but a farewell look. She came to me and regarded me steadfastly for some time; and as she bent over the cushion on which my poor master's head had reposed, I felt the hot tears falling on my arm. She then slowly left the apartment, and I saw her no more.

Rude hands then seized me. I was placed in a cart and carried, with many other pieces of furniture, to a shop not unlike the one in which I first saw the light. In a few days I underwent an entire

metamorphosis, being stripped and scraped, and beaten and hammered till I thought my last hour had come. But this process was necessary to my renovation. I gradually emerged into a form somewhat resembling that of my youthful prime, though shorn forever of my gorgeous dress. My present garb was sober and demure as that of a quaker. I liked it, however, as befitting one who had seen much of the vanity of life, and was heartily tired of it all. I felt a sort of sad resignation as I was placed in the show-rooms of the establishment. Not long was I left in quiet. A lady and gentleman, whom I will call Mr. and Mrs. H—, saw me as they entered the shop, and declared I was the very thing they wanted for their country establishment. Thither I was soon conveyed. Mr. and Mrs. H— had been married some years, and were blessed with many children, who tormented me not a little by climbing and running over my clean dress, to say nothing of the thumps and kicks by which I was honoured in their imaginary drives. The eldest son, Henry, had long passed the age of childhood, and frequently reproved the younger ones for their rude assaults on my person. He was a noble youth, and the idol of his mother. For hours he would sit beside her, telling her of all his bright anticipations, of the time when he should be a man and the artificer of his own fortunes. I loved the mother and son whose hearts were so closely knit together, and mourned for them; for even my brief experience had taught me that continued happiness is not allotted to mortals. Time sped swiftly on. Henry was nineteen, and gave promise of being no common man when years had nurtured his intellect. One sultry afternoon in June, he came gaily into the room, and kissing his mother, bade her come to the door and see how well he managed his horse, a superb but wild animal lately purchased for him. The mother smilingly obeyed; and as the manly youth, graceful and beautiful as fearless, dashed his spurs into his horse and rode away, the throb of pride in that mother's heart might well be forgiven. A few hours later, and there was a fearful storm; and as the hoarse thunder rattled overhead, or rolled in the distance, and the lightning flashed at intervals, the anxious mother moved restlessly about, looking frequently towards the road her son was to return. There was a presentiment of evil at her heart. With a sigh, she came to the small table on which her Bible was laid, and taking that blessed book, tried to gather comfort and resignation to whatever might happen. She had been reading perhaps an hour; the storm was over, and the rain drops on the leaves were glittering in the rays of the setting sun. Closing her book, and walking slowly to the door, she opened it; when the first sight she saw was her son's horse quietly grazing on the lawn before the house! The saddle was crushed and torn, and the horse's sides covered with mire. She called, "Henry!" but no voice

answered. Mr. H— was instantly summoned, and with his domestics followed the fresh tracks of the horse in search of his rider. They had not far to go. On the edge of a small stream, at the foot of a steep and slippery bank, lay the unfortunate young man. Apparently his horse in excessive fright had attempted to scale the bank, and falling backwards had crushed his rider. He was yet alive;—the bloody foam was slowly oozing from his lips as they brought him in and laid him upon me; while the stricken mother knelt, and wiped and kissed those lips in tearless agony. She knew there was no hope,—her idol was shattered, and the stillness of death was upon her soul. Henry expired that night without recognizing any one. His poor mother shed no tear, nor did she ever smile again; but went about mechanically performing her accustomed duties. Each day she pined, and I saw her become pale and languid, until at last she ceased to take her wonted seat; and I knew from the sobs around that she too was dead. The other children were all daughters save one, and were mild and gentle creatures, to whom the sense of their motherless condition gave an habitual sadness. They were doomed to be yet more sad! Mr. H— married again;—the new wife had no sympathy with her stepchildren, and was tyrannical to all under her control. She was jealous of merit in others, and suspicious to a degree that rendered it unpleasant even to converse with her. The daughters, trembling and with many tears, submitted to her iron sway; but their brother Edward rebelled, and at last set her authority at open defiance. Mr. H—, instigated by his wife, banished his son, though a mere boy, from his home. The night before he quitted the paternal mansion, poor Edward came, after all the family had retired, into the room in which I was, and throwing himself upon me, sobbed as if his young indignant heart would break.

Some years afterwards I was sent by Mr. H— to a retired little cottage owned by him, in a remote part of the country, where I rarely saw any of the family. Here I remained till Edward grew up to man's estate, and the cottage and its furniture were given to him. His father died soon after he came into possession. I am still owned by Edward's children. Their fortunes, like my own, have been changeful, and are now humbler than at first. But content and peace are theirs; and the battered, time-worn sofa, with its covering of modest chintz, is now treated with a degree of consideration not always accorded to it in its days of youthful splendour. I enjoy the luxury of being useful, and of imparting oft a truthful lesson; and never regret my past magnificence. The dreams of vanity are faded, and vanished to return no more. But I am far happier in my present unobtrusive simplicity, and wait with patience for the inevitable hour of my dismissal from the homes of the living.

THE ENGLISH KITCHEN.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN SANDERSON, AUTHOR OF THE "AMERICAN IN PARIS," ETC.

LET no one presume to judge the kitchen of any country, who has not seen it in its several seasons. I came happily to England, the sign being in the bull, and stayed an entire revolution of the year. I therefore speak of my personal knowledge, and not upon hearsay or equivocal authority.

April.—It is the opening month—the month of hopes, of the anticipation of future dishes, better often than the dishes themselves. The fresh gardens now lift up their bosoms to the genial sun, seeds expand, leaves germinate, the little and pouting gooseberry is "just signified," and the tender asparagus, (talk of maternal tenderness!) and sprouts, and all the children of the chaste dews, cauliflower and crisp lettuce, peep out from their winter's coverlets. Not so many waves rush towards the shores of Norwegia, or so many autumnal leaves fill the valleys of Allegheny, or April fools London. A spur too is given to the animal fluids. The saccharine, oily and albuminous, are blended richly in the Englishman's cheek, and he begins—gastronomically speaking—a new life in April.

But the cold season in this month often rallies, and Flora unbuttons her jacket yet timidly, and exposes her tender buds. The year's first fruits just stand at the door of life, fearing to trust their infant leaves till May and June; then out they come, breathing their little souls upon the spring. Then hand in hand come the young pigeons with the young peas, their natural sauce, and fresh mackerel. Need I make your panegyric, delicious peas! so condescendingly accommodating yourselves to flesh and fish. The snipe, too, presents his long bill in these months, and shares fitly the peas with the bird of Venus. The Epping butter is all of gold, and milk of a better flavour. It is now that the belle and exquisite, dieting on the snowy beverage and refreshing vegetable, bring back the natural tinge to the cheek, and the attenuated roué works off the "lees and settlings" of his acidulous blood from the dissipations of the winter. Spring chickens and capons grace the nones of June; and deserts of red fruits—the coy strawberry, piled into elegant and ruby pyramids, and cherries, which "the dropping tree bedeweth" like tears upon a rosy cheek. The protestant English have advantages at this season enough to make a Frenchman change his religion even in Catholic communities; in which, to produce a meal that may provoke the sensuality of the gourmand, languid from the indulgence of the carnival, requires all the resources of art. The touchstone of genius is a soup maigre.

July.—A good dinner in July is itself a reputation, so meagre its contributions; and still worse

the first days of August. The author of the *Almanach des Gourmands* is astonished, and I also, that Julius and Augustus Cæsar, both notable gourmands, should have consented to stand god-fathers to these two detestable months. Meats of the butchery are of no repute. For six tedious weeks the stew-pan reposes, mouth down, (and "down in the mouth,") upon its shelf; and the gridiron hangs silent upon its nail, as David's harp upon the willows of Babylon. Game, too, is safe under the just laws. Juno Lucina, spare the little rabbits! The very hare now grows into courage, and braves the terrier to his beard; and the partridge cares not a whistle for the huntsman. When a gun explodes, he just puts out his head from the copse, his little toe upon his bill, listens awhile, then sings *bob-white!* Except always from the general poverty that great consolation of all seasons, the turkey. Like other bipeds *a la barbe* in England, the gobbler always is exquisite, always fashionable. They do not seem to be aware—the English—when they send over their Mistress Trollopes and all the Boz's to abuse us, of the obligations in which they are indebted to us for this noble bird, the largest and most savoury of the domestic fowls—to say nothing of potatoes, and nothing of the cinchona bark carried over by the Jesuits. And a few other tiny consolations may be noticed as the blessings of this month;—its salads, its apricots; beans too—beans, the pet vegetable of every age and country. Cicero, Fabius, Lentulus, and I know not how many other distinguished Roman families, are called from it—being served in shells, or in their *puris naturalibus*, grace its tables, which towards the end are perfumed with the flavourous melon and canteleup; and the peach, at length, with its rosy and velvety cheek, invites the lip. And the luxurious Englishman now and then consoles himself for the season's barrenness with a sucking pig. At the cruelty and impolicy of this last dish, the French gourmets affect to be much scandalized. "What will you answer," exclaims the author of the *Almanach*, "when she accuses you with her cries, to the interesting mother (the pig's mother)? Does not your own interest, blind that you are, plead for it; for its youth; for its innocence? This little pig, so barbarously impaled, stuffed with sage, and crowned with parsley; grown up—would it not have been the respectable mother of future pigs; would it not have given you, improvident! two hams, a chine, lard for frying-pan and lamp, pig's feet, and for sausages and puddings its entrails, its very blood! And who," he adds, "has given its splendid fame to Bologna, to Bay-

onne, and Washington's native commonwealth? Who, moreover, to Rembrandt's and Raffaele's immortal talents, and others of the brush? Pigs!" The share which these illuminati, the pigs, have had in enlightening Cincinnati and other western cities, and the recent brilliant victory of lard over spermaceti, must of course be superadded to this pathetic appeal of the Almanach.

For my humble self, I do not conceive that the English nation is rashly to be accused, for this spitting of little pigs, of cruelty. The old receipt, it is true, was objectionable: "Take a living pig; make it swallow a portion of vinegar and water, and rosemary and thyme, sweet basil, bay leaves and sage, then immediately whip it to death and roast it forthwith." One wonders how Mrs. Glass, herself a mother of family, could have written down this recipe. But such barbarism, I am happy to say, is now totally obsolete, and that pigs are everywhere treated with exemplary humanity throughout Great Britain—with a humanity, indeed, which sometimes borders on tenderness. Mr. Dickens, the traveller, acknowledges his weakness in this respect, and has devoted several pages of his American book exclusively to the pigs, and throughout his entire tour, especially *sou-west*, has not missed an opportunity of noticing with honour this distinguished quadruped. It is true his partialities may have been influenced in this instance by observing (for he is a close observer of this kind of life) that pigs, though much subject to being spitted, do not spit—a practice to which he has so violent a repugnance; and although their way of biting one another's tails off might indicate a certain fondness for "pig-tail," that they do not chew tobacco.* Mr. Charles Lamb, also, notwithstanding the mutton affinities of his name, stands up for little pigs—when roasted. "A pig," he says, "is one of those things I could never think of giving away. Any thing else, ducks, geese, Welsh mutton, I could impart to my friends; but—pigs are pigs. The skin so crisp, tawny and crackling,—lives in Mivart's memory; and the fat—it is not fat, he exclaims, but the blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud;—it is fat in its primitive innocence. Alas! that such buds should blow out even into the maturity of rank bacon." He is nice and particular about its age. It must be under a moon old, guiltless as yet of the sty; voice not yet broken—something between a treble and grumble, the prelude of a grunt; a squeak, I presume, upon B sharp. In a word, it must be a suckling in its milkiest tenderness, not yet approaching "the grossness and indelicacy which too often attends maturer swinehood." I partook often, while in London, of this favourite;

* Mr. Dickens, describing Western manners, represents the pigs as being of quite a joyous turn of mind, "brisk as lamp-lighters;" but excessively rough, hirsute, and ill-bred in their social intercourse;—one of the many causes, no doubt, which have led him to judge so unfavourably of our republican form of government. He saw a pig, with his own eyes, pursue another, and without the smallest provocation, bite off its tail. (See "American Notes.")

and calling to mind the fine pomegranate complexion of its skin, its delicious aroma and ambrosial perfume, it would be ingratitude to the giver of all good flavours, were I to close this paragraph without adding to that of the elegant author of *Elia* and the *Pickwick*, my own small tribute to this unquestionable merit of the English kitchen, the sucking pigs.

July approaching, the luxurious Londoner, carrying with him stores of ladies and wines, at which Father Matthew's teetotalism would totally relent, leaves the steamy atmosphere of the metropolis for his country seat, and there escapes the dog-star, and waits, patiently as he can, the coming of the chase, setting out often, when the light breezes cool the grove, his dessert under the sun-proof pines upon the lawn. In the meanwhile, to keep his hand in, he carries about his gun in his rambles among the fields and forests, and now and then picks up the outlawed weazel, or hawk, or owl, or polecat; or if nothing else, he will shoot tom-tits on the heaths and commons, till the Twelfth of August—the glorious Twelfth of August! Then the unnatural propensities, inveterate in English blood, as the pent up steam with the more violence, from long and laborious suppression, burst out. Cease, Grisi, Rubini, your warbling; and Ole Bull, your fiddling. The crack of the whip, yelping of hounds, detonation of fowling-pieces, are the music of the island. The huntsman now wades the swamp the live-long day, and tired and bedrabbled, and laden with grouse late in the evening, revisits his shed; his dogs lank and long, their bellies tied to their back bones, standing about the door, tails and heads hanging, and all their mighty canine passions quelled. Till the close of the following month, Diana shares the island with Minerva, and hares and rabbits, and quails and pheasants, and woodcock, and those native islanders, the snipe, and rail and grouse, load the tables of the land, and migratory ducks come from the ends of the earth to be barbecued at Mivart's and the London Tavern.

The Scottish Highlands now are alive. Hotels are running over with Englishmen, three in a bed, or higglety-pigglety they lie about the floors, grooms and gentlemen, or sleep away the easy hours upon chairs,—the same hand that closes the dying eyes of night unclosing the impatient huntsman's. Delicate squires, who capered or languished but yesterday at Almack's, now dressed out in shooting jackets and caps, pockets stuffed with powder and shot, and patent wadding, cover the plain. You would think it had rained men, as it rains frogs at Birmingham. And the dog stands by, with ears pendant, and now and then a whine, awaiting the signal; or receives the caress of his master, and climbs his knees, the envied kiss to share. Mr. Burke and others ascribe to these shooting propensities of the English, the beautiful balance of the constitution, and maintenance of country interests against the ascendancy of the capital. What are they doing, this whole community of lords and squires under arms? They are shooting snipes for the liberties of

England. Of what avail the great charter, the glorious Revolution, but for these shooters of rabbits? But for these Nimrods, I pray you, of what avail the makers of ramrods?

The fisherman, too, in this month, draws his seine, or sits with line and tackle on the tail of his boat, or rows his finny treasure towards the Hungerford stairs; or upon a rock that thrusts out its neck over the stream, inveigles the sly trout, or floating on the crystal waters of the Leith or Shannon, watches with his harpoon. In the fish stalls over the whole face of London, the stately salmon now are seen, lying socially at the side of each other upon marble slabs, as the dead people at the Morgue; and the Hungerford especially, and Billingsgate, with their salmon, turbot, barbels, trout, sole, perch, carp, pike, eels, lobsters, crabs, present a touching spectacle to the eye of the gourmand.

That prince of geniuses, M. Savarin, in his *Physiologie du gout*, dispenses me from making the eulogy of fish; and numerous other authorities. Of these, I will cite one only, the Cardinal Fesch, as religious and gastronomical a prince as modern times have any example, who held fish to be the choicest portion of a dinner. Having one day a present of two turbot of unusual size, he wished, at a sumptuous feast in preparation, to make a display of both, which in strict table etiquette is not allowed. He consulted, however, his maitre d'hôtel. The maitre replied, after some reflection, "They shall both appear, and with honour to your eminence." The one was accordingly brought in. (Great sensation!) But in its removal to the side table, crack! the turbot and waiter came down upon the marble floor. There was a general exclamation. A gloom then came over the assembly, and finally a deep silence; when the maitre, turning coolly to the attendants, said, "Let another be brought in." I leave to your imagination the surprise of the guests. "In the great deluge, which destroyed every thing else," says the author above cited, "fish were spared; not only spared, but so mournful a dispensation to other animals must have been to them a holiday enjoyment—which special immunity, he thinks, should of itself recommend fish to our profound and unqualified respect."

It is now September, and oysters claim the protection of the eighteenth letter of the alphabet; yet they who have most wit advise a delay until October. English oysters, be it said without offence to the republic, are not a whit inferior to our best. They are of a large size and a small, and the latter being superior in flavour, are therefore called emphatically "natives." Miss Quin of Haymarket will scollop you the larger in elegant shells, and the natives she will serve you in their own juices. Or Miss Quin, if she chooses, will marry you and bring you a marriage portion of £10,000. What an eulogy herself of English oysters is Miss Quin! And the solid turkey now graces the market in its best and greatest abundance, with its glorious sauce by its side, the fresh truffle. I must say a word

particularly of the truffle—"the greatest blessing," says the Almanach, "that Providence in its infinite goodness has conferred," &c. Nicolo, in eating a truffled pie, always put his hand before his eyes to avoid distraction; and, he used to say, nothing gave so delicious a perfume to a dish as a benevolent host, except truffles. Their perfume is of a nature so subtle and exhales so copiously, that the smallest quantity communicates a pleasant aroma to a dish, but their virtue is freshness, lost almost with their separation from the earth. The truffle is found rarely, and its quantity is limited as that of gems and the precious metals. It is the diamond of gastronomy. Its Potosi is Perigord; its Christopher Columbus, a pig. It is born, it grows to maturity, it remains within the earth till the genius of the pigs—"in this friends of mankind"—discovers it, and brings it into human uses. It is known to make women more affectionate, and men more amiable. Why has it not been discovered before now in America? It is hardly probable that nature should have made turkeys in one continent, and placed their sauce at three thousand miles distant in another.*

If you would imagine something the most savoury and appetizing at this season, it is the Epping butter. The Londoners consume of it 40,000 lbs. daily. Milk, too, is in its best flavour. But look to your dairy. There are milkwomen in London who never saw a cow. Of pure milk they buy a quart, and snails and cabbage leaves and the Thames are the complement of a gallon. The Duchess of Queensborough, after Madama Poppea of Rome, and Richelieu, the French duke, used to bathe her wrinkled beauties in astringent wine, and in the balmy and emollient milk—served afterwards at the dinners and tea-tables of London customers. The preserves now, and hot-houses and graperies, pour out their luscious treasures,—Chiswick and Chatsworth,—and the great vine at Wolsey's palace sends forth its annual tribute of a tun. The vintage, too, contributes its fresh nectar from Champagne and Burgundy, and Johannisberg and Oporto, such as Jove never quaffed or Houris dreamed of, to sleep and ripen in the London docks. To thee, who scattered the seeds upon the earth, Triptolemus; and to thee, Noah, who reared the vine, and Bacchus, who squeezed its juices into our cups, the grateful heart pours out its homage in November. The massive and heavy roast beef, and fragrant and more delicate steak, also are in their excellence; and the English mutton, it must be confessed, is at this season irreproachable. It is what the French call "magnifique." You meet it in infinite shapes at hotels and eating houses, always the central piece. Its most common form

* The truffle was known to the Romans, was lost in the dark ages, and restored contemporaneously with ancient letters; but in such small quantities, that it was scarce seen for a long time, says M. Savarin, but at the tables of great lords and kept mistresses. Indeed, it is only such great personages who can use it commonly at the present day. I priced a truffled turkey at a famous cookery of the Strand—it was £3 10.

is the joint rotund and rosy, and served cold; a little skewer of wood standing primly up, with the admonitory notice—"Gentlemen requested not to miscarve the joint." In the markets, you see every where appended to the favourite viand bills of the play and others—*Wolsey*, *Kean*; *Hamlet*, *Macready*; and *Fanny Elssler's* limbs in social pigeon-wing with the legs of mutton, sure of the widest circulation and broadest notoriety; and the stalls in which mutton is displayed at night, are bright with gas, outdoing the fashionable saloons. The sirloin, it is true, is of the order of knighthood, and "the roast" is the national dish. It has undergone a kind of gastronomical canonization, and encourages Englishmen to fight for their country; and the country itself is emblematically denominated "*John Bull*;" but the popular sentiment is nevertheless decidedly in favour of mutton. The vernacular term for an English gastronomical refectory is—what?—a *chophouse*. And if the South Downs are among the classical spots of the island—for what is it?—for the fat mutton they send up to London. Why, a leg of mutton is in some parts of England a branch of gentlemanly education, enjoined in the endowment of her colleges. At Eton, a requisite preparation for Oxford is mutton; and a student of the Inns eats his way through a series of mutton dinners to the woolstack. This appetency of the English for mutton is seen in the very idiom of their language. "Take your mutton with me," expresses by a pretty metonymy an invitation to the whole dinner. If any thing is good in a supereminent degree, it is called "first chop." If any one becomes the famous and eloquent leader of a great enterprise, he is called Mr. Bellwether. It is always panegyrical whatever relates to sheep. The Westminster judge composes his wigg'd gravity to the prim aspect of this animal; and of all the French pastorals, the Quarterly Review admires only Madame Deshouilliere's "*Petits Moutons*." If you should see, perchance, as I have, a genuine cockney stand up before a map of South America, his two hands in his breeches pockets, and his face kindling into a glow—it is not Pizarro's conquests, or gems of Potosi that he admires, or the "cinctured chief." He has mistaken it for a leg of mutton. A hot chop is an Englishman's morning meal; the cold joint at noon his lunch;—he dines on his mutton paté at six, and again blesses his midnight hour on mutton—reposing then on a downy couch, of woollen, of pictured shepherd girls, of battening flocks, of legs of mutton, he dreams out the night; or finally, and not sorry for it, has a nightmare of mutton.

The sap now returns to the roots. Winter has descended upon the dismal London, and its dwellings, only dimly visible, are seen like ghosts of houses through the dense vapours. Clouds hang lifeless, or gusts of rain and winds howl through the chimneys and pelt the windows with a dull and pattering sleet. In this inclemency of the heavens, men require stronger stimulants and better tables. The social affections, too, grow naturally warmer,

and new friendships accrue. Appetite has its memory. Kindnesses cemented with a Bayonnese ham or Perigord pie, truffled, are difficultly forgotten. The Englishman now piles up the Newcastle higher upon his grate, and his heart (for Englishmen have hearts, though surly in disclosing it,) expands, and he brings out the choice brand Lafitte, or the old port, fuzzy and dusty from the innermost cellar, and fills the goblet of pleasure to the brim. A hundred iron tongues now proclaim the day from the belfries. Lords are merry at St. James's, beggars are "at home" at St. Giles's. It is the jubilee of stomachs. It is Christmas. A peep at the larder is a feast. Mince-pies exceed all arithmetic. Turkeys—as well count the stars!—and capons, and geese, and plum-puddings, and redolent and spicy little pigs, and all the women you would think in London were turned again into ribs, (spare-ribs.)

A fellow under Pompey the Great gained 60,000 sesterces, say the histories, by fattening peacocks, and many near London and Paris grow rich in the same way by their care of poultry, which has become a separate branch of rural economy, and is carried on by ingenious processes. Turkeys are put into dark places and crammed, as students at college, with a paste of barley meal, mutton suet, and some molasses mixed with milk, for a fortnight,—their eyes being stitched that the whole mind may be given undistracted to the process of fattening. Ortolans, that eat voraciously only at daylight, being put into a dark room, are cheated into fresh appetites every hour—imaginary mornings being introduced through the lattice; and geese used to be nailed upon a board through the feet and exposed to a hot fire, for the enlargement of their livers. This treatment, which was much censured for its cruelty, was made a subject of debate, as Mr. Lamb tells us, at St. Omer's; and it being considered that the pleasure imparted by a liver pie to rational beings, being so infinitely greater than the pain endured by the goose, it was its duty patiently to submit. However, the goose has profited by the growing sentiment against cruel and capital inflictions, and the roasting-alive process has been superseded by a gentler treatment.

The Parliament has met—it is February. All London has come to town, which is choked with visitors through its ten thousand streets. Every thing is racket, uproar, hubbub, and "delightful squeezing" at the routes. The entire three kingdoms,—I don't mean Ireland and the others, but air, earth and water,—are laid under contribution for its pleasures. The fair-haired English maids now flutter in quadrilles, or wave around the ball-room in the voluptuous waltz. Magnificent beauty encircles the opera. Rubini, Grisi, and the others, warble divinely. Elssler bounds with elastic limbs, and Cerito lights like a vapour upon the scene. Whetted by exercise and mirth, appetites are divine; the women especially—*sont d'une gourmandise adorable*; and pleasure leads you by the hand to the clubhouses, and to the tables of rich citizens

and millionaire lords, laden with their richest fruits and viands, through the three virgin months of the year.

Thus England, as we see, owes in a special

manner gratitude to Providence—it has sent her stores of provisions so far beyond the common lot. Who may have sent her cooks is another consideration.

THE BROKEN CIRCLE.

BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON.

We mourn for the loved and cherish'd,
Called hence in her early bloom,
Like a fair young flower, which perish'd
In the glow of its rich perfume:
We weep for the circle broken—
For affection's severed ties—
And embalm every garnered token
Of the lost one in hallowed sighs.

But we mourn not in hopeless sorrow—
Our darkness is not all gloom—
For from Faith can our lorn hearts borrow
A light that illumines the tomb:
And a message of peace doth greet us,
From the loved one borne to her rest—
Though she comes not to earth to meet us,
We shall go to her and be blest.

THE COSTLIEST GIFT.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

THE everlasting hills
Rear their cold crested summits to the sky,
While in their hidden chambers treasures lie
Brighter than e'er shall dazzle mortal eye,
Pour from their golden rills.

No!—from our best beloved
Put far the gross, the treacherous, sensual thing;
Dimmed by the moth with dust from off his wing—
Slack'ning the soul-harp's most melodious string,
False hath the glitterer proved.

The diamond-lighted grot
Of deep Golconda hath a blazing store;—
And ocean cells with glorious gems run o'er,
Till coral coffers can contain no more,
Bid them pour largely out.

No—no!—affection's debt
Can ne'er be cancelled by a boon like this.
Pride, in its strong tumultuous excess,
Or passion's fervour may in such find bliss:—
Love must search deeper yet!

Bring then the holy flowers—
The subtlest spell Omnipotence hath wrought—
The truest autographs of wordless thought—
Ever with blessing and wild worship sought:—
Yes—bring the sacred flowers.

No!—they are pure and fair,
And meet on friendship's altar stone to lay:—
But oh, their glory hath a swift decay
Before the storm-breath, or the sun's fierce ray
Hurled through the fragrant air!

Search not the generous earth:
Rob not her bosom of its cherished things—
Nor take the morning's blue and golden wings
To drain full goblets from ethereal springs:—
These have but dying worth!

Hath Love no more to give?
No greener garland for its Idol's fane?
Are there no longings crushed to earth again?
No great aspirings, clogged by care and pain,
Whose chains its hand may cleave?

Give, then, to overbear
Folly, temptation, weakness, fear and sin,
Give from a nectary that lies deep within,
What life and medicine to thy soul hath been:—
Give "helping tears" and prayer.

Unfold the glorious way
Which spirits of immortal name have trod—
Who scorned to grovel for a worthless clod,
But claimed their lineal parentage in God—
Linked lovingly to clay.

Light to regain the track,
(Lost for a while 'mid those that downward tend,)
Strength to press onward, bravely onward, lend,
Till Hope and Faith triumphantly shall blend,
Ne'er to turn faltering back!

Oh! 'tis a nobler thing
One earthwrought bond from off a soul to break,
One godlike longing in its depths to wake,
One darkening cloud from off its glance to take,
Than wealth of worlds to bring!

HE QUESTIONETH THE SYMPATHY OF NATURE.

A DISCOURSE.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

MAN sitteth in the midst of a crowd. He looketh into the very face of his brother, and yet it is strange to him—for a veil is upon it. He covereth the soul in terror from a creature like himself, which at the same time he dares reveal to the majesty of heaven with all its defacements.

Shrinking from human scrutiny, he still findeth security in numbers; strong in the aggregate, but weak and defenceless apart. He congregates in masses, for it is his nature to do so; and he gains power morally and physically by this attrition of mind upon mind—this magnetism of atom upon atom. He feeleth the pulsations of his own heart akin to those about him, and thence he deriveth a moral grandeur.

Cowardly and weak by himself, he planteth a living, breathing wall, and thus breasteth the cannon's mouth. When the iron foot of oppression is crushed upon his sinews, an under-ground swell ariseth. It is the great voice of a common nature appealing to its fellow;—it is the sound at whose vibrations thrones topple to the earth.

Man herdeth in cities; yet his individual nature is not forgotten—for walls are built up, and bolts and bars are affixed; and midnight lamps, and sentinels, and prisons and tortures and gibbets. Thus he seeketh companionship, and yet dwelleth as in a brotherhood of Cains!

There cometh war, and pestilence, and famine. Man scanneth coldly the ties of companionship. He is appalled at the gaunt looks of his neighbour; he clutcheth for the morsel of bread, and struggleth for the free air.

Then he dieth by the way-side, mindless of birth or kin;—then he goeth forth pale and terror-stricken, for human compacts are severed, and he casteth about his suspicious eyes, beholding a foe in every human shape; and thus he deserteth his goodly palaces!

The voice of suffering, of business, or pleasure, ceaseth from the city. Silence broodeth at the gates. The spider spinneth her drapery; the bat hangeth from the cornice, and the foot of the fox patteth the marble hall. Columns sway to the earth, and the serpent basketh upon architecture. The gray moss and the green vine seize companionship upon the lattice, and huge trees shadow the court where the fountain sent up its melody.

Silence broodeth at the gates! Listen! Do you not hear Nature at her laboratory? Silently she upheaveth the marble pavement to reveal the sheen-like grass. A mound ariseth, small indeed,

yet constructed by one of her agents; and now a dusky mole darteth from its covert. The green lizard glideth in its burnished mail, and feareth not the foot of man.

This capsule of moss, filled with the dews of the morning, hath found a resting in the very eyes of a statue, that once might have filled an artist with all of Pygmalion's yearning. This blossom is planted upon a tomb;—it may have been that of the lovely, the beloved!

Turn away! Nature heedeth thee not. She worketh ever at her beautiful creations, filling the waste and desolate places, shrouding man and his works with her own gay mantle, or whispering, "Let the perturbed rest."

And thus she husheth the great desert where he hath been, and worketh by herself till he is forgotten. Ages on ages she steadfastly filleth her bowers with beauty; rounding with lichen, and dropping with vine, till the poor dreamer beneath and the memory of his works have ceased from the earth.

Nature hath no sympathy with the dream-worker who moveth in her midst, a strange mystery, creating like herself, indeed, yet all that he doeth to be ere long covered by her own gray pall, till ready for the sepulchre.

Is it thus with all that he doeth? Ask thyself, dream-child. Shall all things perish with thee? Rest not till a response cometh from thine own breast that shall fill thee with awe and with hope.

Nature hath no sympathy with thee. It is the life within thee, that imparteth the glory thou dost behold in her. Hope and life are buoyant within thee, and the blue sky and the green earth become a part of thy blessedness. Peace foldeth her wings about thee, and tranquillity is born of the warm air, the soft shadows, and the lisping waters.

Love!—alas! poor dreamer, awake thou not—love hath cast his spell about thee, and a new voice of harmony, a sweet language of divine affinities, breatheth ever in thine ears. Bird and blossom, earth and sky, reveal a deeper and holier aspect.

Unloved, unappreciated, hopeless, despairing, appeal not now to Nature. She hath no mood of sympathy;—she looketh coldly upon thee. Mindful of her own labour, she heedeth not the anguish of thy heart. Her beautiful works apart from thee, chill thee with a double sense of desolation. She stayeth not a single development that thou art in anguish of spirit. She worketh on, on, even as though thou hadst no existence.

The life is within thyself. It is thou who dost

impart the gladness and the beauty. Nature is a dove. She worketh by fixed laws—day by day dissolving and renewing. Ages on ages findeth her still the same, working out forms, the types of which exist in thine own breast.

Thou hast emotions born of earth—content with earth, and to these she seemeth to respond. Anon come those infinite yearnings, those deep, unutterable mysteries, that neither language nor earth may typify; still thou findest nature busy at the many angled crystal, painting the blossom, singing in woodland bower and gushing waterfall, ever the same—and she hath no response in thine appeal for sympathy.

Alas! dost thou not awake to feel that thine is a nobler destiny—that this intense solitude, which nature, so genial in all common emotions, helpeth

now to press upon the heart, pointeth to a something beyond? She whispereth in thine ear—“Thou hast opened the seventh seal of human life, and what thou beholdest is hidden from me. My ministry is accomplished. Thou art entering within the veil. Thou hast borne the image of the earthly, now also shalt thou bear the image of the heavenly.”

Mourn not that thy proud Talmud become the ruin of the desert; that the places that now know thee in thy majesty and the grandeur of thy creative energy, shall soon know thee no more and forever. Here thy skill is at work in the things that perish; yet do thy conceptions stretch onward to the unseen and the eternal, and therein is thy glory, thy strength, and thine unfailing source of joy.

FINE COLOURING FOR ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

BY MISS LESLIE.

For light pink or blue—buy at a drug or paint store, what are called pink or blue saucers. They contain these colours of the most beautiful tints. To use them, take a large clean camel's hair pencil, and dipping it in some water liquefy a portion of the paint that is on the saucer, till you get the tint you desire. When you have enough, pour off the liquid into a tea-cup, and add a *small* drop of lemon-juice to each tea-spoonful of the colour. The lemon-juice will brighten and set it, if used properly, and is indeed superior to any thing else for this purpose. But too much acid will destroy the colour entirely. Therefore be very careful in employing it; though no colouring for flowers will be bright and clear without the addition of a very little acid. Put the book-muslin, jaconet, white silk, or whatever material the flowers are to be made of, into the cup of liquid dye, and when it has thoroughly imbibed the colour take it out, stretch it even, and dry it in the shade. Then press it with an iron *entirely cold*. Colouring from the blue and pink saucers united, will make lilac.

For a yellow colour—get six cents worth of saffron; put it into a bowl, and pour in cold water, according to the depth of the tint that you wish. When it has infused sufficiently, pour off the liquid, and add to it four, five, or six drops of lemon-juice, in proportion to the quantity of colouring.

For green—buy at a druggist's an ounce of French berries. Put a tea-spoonful of them into a common sized tea-cup of boiling water. Cover it, and let it infuse half an hour or more. Then, having poured it off, add to the liquid about five or six drops of lemon-juice. This infusion of French berries makes a bright grass green. To render it lighter, add some saffron yellow. To make it darker, put to it some blue from the blue saucer.

For a brown dye—infuse in cold water, some pieces of bark from the white or black walnut tree, exposing it for several days to the sun and air while soaking.

You may make a beautiful crimson for shading artificial flowers with a camel's hair pencil, by taking some of the fresh petals of the piony, when the flower is in full bloom. Lay them on a plate, and mash and press them with the back of a silver spoon, till you have extracted as much of the red juice as you want. To about twelve drops of the piony-juice, add a small drop of lemon-juice,—and use the colour for *shading* the flowers, not for *dyeing* them.

For a bright red shading—press out, in the above manner, the juice of full-blown bergamot flowers; adding also a drop of lemon-juice to brighten and set the colour.

A beautiful blue shading can be obtained by pressing and mashing on a plate, the flower-leaves of the common blue flag or iris; adding always a very little lemon-juice. With this, and a camel's hair pencil, you can put the shades and streaks into blue flowers whose first tint has been dyed from the blue saucer.

A mixture of crimson piony juice and blue flag juice will make a purple for shading.

When a little dark brown or black is required for streaking flowers, dip into water the end of a cake of umber, bistre, or indian ink from a colour box; rub it on a plate, and apply it with a camel's hair pencil.

These dyes and shading colours for artificial flowers will, *as we know*, be found beautiful on trial. An exact knowledge of the precise proportions of the colouring materials can, however, be best obtained by a little practice.

LE DESIR: "OH, WERE I A BIRD!"

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

J. T. S. SULLIVAN,

EXPRESSLY FOR GODEY'S MAGAZINE:

WITH ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANO FORTE,

BY MR. C. F. RODOLPH.

Oh, were I a bird could sing all the day, I would fly to her

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature, and two piano accompaniment staves in bass and treble clefs respectively, also with a key signature of two flats and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics "Oh, were I a bird could sing all the day, I would fly to her" are written below the vocal staff.

bow - er to ca - rol my lay; Or were I a breath of the soft scented

The second system of musical notation, continuing the song. It follows the same three-staff format as the first system. The lyrics "bow - er to ca - rol my lay; Or were I a breath of the soft scented" are written below the vocal staff.

air, I would waft all my sweets to her bow - er so fair: Or

The third system of musical notation, concluding the song. It follows the same three-staff format. The lyrics "air, I would waft all my sweets to her bow - er so fair: Or" are written below the vocal staff.

were I a thought could a - wa - - ken a smile, I would rest on her

lip all her woes to be - - guile; I would make my bright throne in her

sor - row - ing heart, And each im - pulse that grew should its pleasure im - part!

Oh, were I a strain of some melody sweet,
I would steal to her chamber her slumbers to greet;
Or were I a dream, could recall to her mind,
The pleasures and joys she has long left behind;

I would hover around in the stillness of night,
And her visions of sleep should be joyously bright;
I would kiss from her cheek ev'ry envious tear,
And guard her fond bosom from sorrow and fear!

O SING ME THAT SONG.

BY THE POOR SCHOLAR.

O sing me that song my lost Adelaide loved,
For still in my soul the sweet melody lingers:—
Though never again may this bosom be moved
As when the lute breathed at the touch of her fingers!
Methinks still I hear
That sweet music at even!
It comes to mine ear
Like far echoes from heaven!
It rings in this heart that is cheerless and lone,
Though the lips and the spirit that breathed it are gone!

Above her cold grave weeping waves the dark willow,
I buried her there where we'd oftentimes roved,
By the sea; with hearts buoyant and bright as its billow,
Where often she sang me that song she so loved:
Methinks still I hear
That sweet music at even!
It comes to mine ear
Like far echoes from heaven!
It rings in this heart that is cheerless and lone,
Though the lips and the spirit that breathed it are gone.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE bright and beautiful spring months of the present season have quite anticipated summer; so we suppose the country is already filled with those who can flee from the hot and dusty cities, especially from this most scorching, suffocating congregation of brick and marble, called Philadelphia. We do hope that, this summer, the green Squares,—the only places which the breath of heaven seems to visit in this city,—will be made free to the feet of the little children and their attendants. The Franklin and Washington Squares would, in truth, seem like Edens to these innocents, and such earth should ever be, as far as human exertions can make it, to the young. Men and women may be rendered better by care and suffering, but childhood should be spared, if possible. This the lessons and the example of the Saviour teach most impressively. So, on their behalf, pleads the "Lady's Book," to all magistrates and men, guardians and framers of the laws, that they would take especial care to provide for the health and happiness as well as the education of little children. Protect them from being over-worked in factories, and give them, while of necessity "in populous cities pent," places where they can enjoy fresh air and free exercise. Let them have and enjoy the bright, joyous spring of their childhood, and they will in their summer, autumn and winter of life, add more wisdom, wealth and happiness to their country.

* * * * *

Once a little band of angels descended to this earth, and wandered over its beautiful places in search of something so purely beautiful, that it should be an acceptable offering before the throne of the Eternal. And many things fair and exquisite arose in their path;—sweet delicate flowers and little glistening dew drops; diamonds in the earth; pearls in the sea; stars in the sky; bright things gleaming and flashing everywhere; joyous faces and graceful forms moving to and fro, more frequent than all and also more beautiful. But the angels passed on; for nothing which can fade or be destroyed is worthy of heaven. On, on they wandered—on through the great forests, amid the deep valleys, over the bright seas, searching everywhere for that lovely thing that was to add fresh beauty even unto Heaven.

At length they stood in consultation on the sea-shore, and beheld a fisherman's child so strangely, so enchantingly beautiful, that those glorious angels were amazed, and bent over him in silent admiration. At length their leader spake—

"Shall we bring a mortal and perishing gift to the throne of our Immortal Father?"

"Our High Father is all powerful. He could give him immortality," replied another.

"Innocence and love are heavenly beauties; but they can live only in heaven. Shall we not snatch him from this bad world's temptations?" said a third.

Thus spake the tender, pitying angels. But their leader said—

"There is a beauty far transcending innocence—a beauty which childhood and innocence may never possess. Shall we wait, my brethren, for this, or offer to our God an imperfect gift?"

And so the angels waited until the child became a man—for to immortal spirits whose inheritance is eternal, the life of man is but an hour.

Then pain and sorrow came upon the man, and drove the rose from his cheek and the light from his heart; and anguish bowed his frame and care planted furrows on his brow. Then, when all his soul was dark, the angels

drew near and whispered of unspeakable bliss, so that his heart grew strong and his life earnest, and faith was the first gem in his crown of beauty. Now temptations gathered thickly about him—now his guardians hovered near his path, watching his struggles, answering his thoughts, raising him when nearly trodden down, yet keeping him encompassed with tribulation, until he cast away his own strength,—and the beauty of humility was perfected.

Still they poured temptation upon his pathway—for without temptation there can be no victory. Still as he rose triumphant from every struggle, his countenance grew more angelic, his beauty more godlike, till at last, when they had breathed into his spirit of that joy with which they were filled, and his soul seemed melted with love and great adoration, they looked with awe upon their work, and pronounced it fit for heaven!

And when those who had loved him, looked upon his withered, lifeless form, they were sad, and mourned his departed beauty. And it was so; for the soul, so strengthened and purified—that soul, so intensely beautiful, whose light its earthly covering could no longer obscure, was borne rejoicing by the angels to the throne, resting not in the joy of spirits innocent and untried, but mounting high, higher, to dwell forever in the presence of the fountain of all joy, and all truth, and all knowledge, and all glory.

* * * * *

We have here a few more specimens of obsolete fashions,—these two of 1790, the year in which Kentucky became



an independent government, and entered into the confederacy of "United States."

And here are two of '93—the year in which General Washington, then President, issued his proclamation of neutrality for America, in the contest raging between republican France and the governments of Great Britain and Holland.

Fifty-one years have introduced many changes and great improvements throughout Europe and America; and in the fashions also. The present style of dress unites beauty with utility, and grace with comfort, in a degree which none of the obsolete fashions, as we think, equal. Whatever may have been the wisdom of our an-



cestors, we do not think their taste or ingenuity superior to the present age.

A WORD WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Since the last month, we have examined and accepted the following articles:—"The Pet Squirrel," "The Cathedral of Cologne," "A Moral Wreath," "Life's Curfew Bell," and "The Dying Student."

We have been obliged to decline a much larger number—the titles of which we would in nowise mention, were it not necessary to prevent the continued applications for information. We hope, in all cases, the writers retain a copy of their productions, as we cannot be responsible for their return—though the following are now ready, if sent for—"The Court of Flora," "Evening on the Schuylkill," "Ruth and Naomi," "A Thought," "A Scene from Real Life," "The Sky, a descriptive Poem,"

"To Mr. E. W.," "The Forsaken," "Murat," "A Dream," "Love and Treachery, &c.," "To Memory," "The Wild Horse," "The Swiss Peasant Girl," "The Orphan,"—(these two last would answer well for a juvenile publication.)—"The Storm in the Desert," "The Black Swan,"—(which is truly a *rara avis* in poetry, if not in nature,)—and "Old Maids," which must have been written by a very old bachelor.

Some of our correspondents, weary of waiting, we suppose, send the copy of their articles lying in our drawer, to other publishers. The Yale Literary Magazine, conducted by the students,—and well conducted too,—has a complaint against the Lady's Book on this subject. If the editors of the former work will look at the February number of our "Book," page 95, they will find a poem, word for word, excepting the title, identical with one in their February No. at page 191. They will then comprehend the matter, and exonerate us from *copying* their print, which, we assure them, we have never dreamed of doing.

To our Readers.—This number closes the eighteenth volume of the Lady's Book. We have thus reached the half way house of our yearly journey, and we will pause to say a word to the friends who so faithfully accompany us. As we agree with Jean Paul's sentiment, "that good people, through happiness, are made humble, pious, tender, and disposed for a higher happiness," so we aim constantly to give pleasure to our readers in order to make the paths of improvement which we open to their minds, pleasant as well as useful. We have not space to describe the new and beautiful things which are preparing for the next volume. We can only say that arrangements have been made which will insure a richer excellence in the literary department, and that the pictorial illustrations will be of the most perfect order.

EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Messrs. Saxton & Miles, of New York, are the publishers of "*The Writings of Jane Taylor*," in three elegant volumes. This lady has long been recognised as one of the most original writers in the language. Her "Contributions of Q. Q." contain some of the most delightful essays and tales which adorn the periodical literature of England. Her poetry has endeared her memory to the young; and all her works are characterized by strong religious feeling and moral purity. We cordially commend these volumes to the favour of our readers.

The same publishers have just issued in a single 18mo. volume, "*Original Poems for Infant Minds*," by the Taylor family, from the Twelfth London edition. This work is too well known to need any notice of its merits. The edition of Messrs. Saxton & Miles is a very neat one, and it is illustrated with a portrait of Jane Taylor.

Messrs. Saxton & Miles have just issued an edition in 18mo. of "*Display*," a Tale, by the late Jane Taylor, one of the most useful and instructive fictions ever penned for the improvement of the youthful mind and heart.

Messrs. Saxton & Miles have just published "*Lea; or the Baptism in Jordan*," a Tale of the Church in the Second Century, by G. F. A. Strauss, author of "*Helon's Pilgrimage*." As a writer of historical tales, Mr. Strauss has few superiors. The Pilgrimage of Helon has made his merits familiar to readers of the English language. The work before us is equal in execution and superior in interest to that which has already been the subject of lively encomiums. The same publishers have issued Mrs. Taylor's "*Physiology for Children*," a most admirable work, which, we are happy to learn, is having a very extensive run. The propriety of making children acquainted with the physical structure of man, must be obvious to every reflecting person. If the 22d lesson on

the "*Effects of Ardent Spirits on the Body*," were thoroughly taught to children, intemperance would be rare among the rising generation.

Messrs. Saxton & Miles are publishers of a monthly publication of great merit, entitled the "*American Agriculturist*," edited by A. B. Allen, Esq. It has already reached its third volume, and is prized among farmers as one of the most useful publications of our times.

"*Stray Sunbeams*" is the appropriate title of a little work sent forth by the young ladies of the *Albany Female Academy*. It contains some beautiful gems of thought and sentiment, and the poetry is of a high order.

We are anxious to direct the attention of our readers to the "*Drawing Book*" of Mr. Mudge, which has recently been published in Boston. It has the advantage over other works of the same class of having been prepared by one who was devoted to his art, and constantly striving for excellence in every part of it; whose genius, moreover, although rich and comprehensive, did not render him indifferent to the minutest technicalities. It is not often that we find such a man willing to undertake the compilation of an elementary treatise; but whenever this is the case, we may be sure of finding also that simplicity and clearness which flow from a thorough acquaintance with the subject, and which every one, we doubt not, will observe in the present work. Mr. Mudge died, unfortunately, before he could complete the designs, which might have made his name as widely known as those of our greatest painters; but this little production of his will be sufficient to prove his great merit as an artist to any one who will examine it with care, much more to those who are willing to commence or continue their studies under the guidance of so experienced a master.

Messrs. Lea & Blanchard have just published Sho-

berl's translation of Victor Hugo's "*Hunchback of Notre Dame*," the most celebrated performance of its famous author, and, with the French nation, the most popular of modern novels. It is printed in a very cheap form and illustrated with a plate. The same publishers have issued two new numbers of their "*Ladies' Cabinet Series*," viz: "*Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets*," by Mrs. Jamieson, and "*Whims and Oddities in Prose and Verse*," by Thomas Hood, with numerous embellishments, in the author's peculiar comic and felicitous style. Mrs. Jamieson's work is quite as delightful as her "*Characteristics of Women*."

Mr. R. G. Berford has just published a "*Pictorial Life of Henry Clay*," on a sheet of drawing paper, with splendid steel plate embellishments, for 12½ cents each. He has also published a new American novel, entitled "*Old Fort Duquesne*," which, being written by a person resident near Pittsburg, is remarkable for its wealth of local traditions, and its accuracy of description. Mr. Berford also receives from the publishers, and supplies country agents with all the new cheap novels, such as Ingraham's "*Rodolphe in Boston*," "*The Blue Hen's Chickens*," "*Young Kate; or, the Rescue*," and "*The Yemassee*," (comprising Nos. 1 and 2 of Harper's "*Pocket Edition of Select Novels*," "*Zulika*," and "*Arthur*," both by Eugene Sue; and Mr. Berford also receives Sargent's "*Drawing-Room Library*," the "*Mirror Library*," and all the popular periodicals.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, and Mr. George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, have just published an elegant volume of poems, entitled "*Records of the Heart*," by Mrs. Sarah Anna Lewis. The principal poem, entitled "*Florence*," is a highly imaginative and romantic tale, full of fine fancy, and discovering remarkable powers of description and diction. There are several other narrative pieces of equal merit, and some shorter poems, fugitive pieces, all marked by high poetical talent. The publishers have judged rightly in giving these poems the advantages of fine paper and beautiful print and binding.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published Dickens's "*Christmas Carol*," with the elegant embellishments of the English edition, coloured to the life. It makes an unexceptionable gift book, as it is about the best of Dickens's shorter stories.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have just published a new and cheap edition of "*Valentine Vox*," with two plates. This our readers will recollect was one of the most popular of the serial novels.

Mr. R. G. Berford has received a remarkable work, by J. A. Van Huvel, entitled "*Eldorado*," giving a complete history of Sir Walter Raleigh's attempt to visit the famed "*City of Gold*," and condensing into a popular form all that is known respecting that curious and mysterious affair. It is in the cheap pamphlet form. Mr. Berford has also received "*Rural Life in New England*," an excellent narrative and descriptive work, and "*Jonathan Slick's Letters*," complete, in three numbers. Jonathan is Sam's brother in more respects than one. His satirical humour is quite as racy as that of the clock-maker, but considerably less bitter and biting.

"*Harper's Pictorial Bible*," No. 3, is very beautiful. Is there a family that will not possess a copy? No. 3 is fully equal to No. 1. Lindsay & Blakiston, and Berford, Publishers' Hall, have it for sale.

Messrs. King & Baird, of this city, have published a "*Catalogue of the Ninth Annual Exhibition of the Artist's Fund Society, at their Hall, Chestnut Street above Tenth, 1844*," which is a very interesting book to read when one has the pictures before him, as we did the other evening, at what the artists are pleased to call the *Private View*. We have a word to say about this said "*Private View*." It takes place at eight o'clock in the evening, and hitherto it has been attended by gentlemen only; but we are happy to inform our readers that the directors had the good sense, this time, to invite the gentlemen to bring ladies with them. Consequently, what had before been a very stupid affair, became lively and animated, and the evening passed off delightfully, as will always happen under the same circumstances. Our

lamented friend, Professor Sanderson, used to deprecate the absurd custom we have in this country of excluding ladies from all reunions for recreation or festivity wherever their exclusion is practicable—so contrary to the French fashion, which welcomes the ladies every where. We hope this "*Private View*" will prove the commencement of a new era, in which the rights of the ladies, and the happiness, humanization, and improvement of the men will be equally consulted.—The pictures enumerated in this "*Catalogue*" form a brilliant collection. They are all from the English and American schools; and many of them are by the greatest living painters. Eastlake's "*Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert*," from the collection of E. L. Carey, Esq., is one of the most beautiful pictures in this country. Huntingdon's "*Christiana and her Children*," has as much splendid idealism in its composition as the other has of reality. They are both gems of price. Mr. Rothermell's "*Embarkation of Columbus*" affords an additional proof of his eminence as a great historical painter. To rival our greatest masters, he only needs an order for a twenty thousand dollar picture, and some ten years to finish it in. Mr. Weir's "*Boat Club*," Leutze's "*Cromwell*," Russell Smith's "*Landscapes on the Susquehanna and Juniata*," and that splendid affair, painted in distemper, and some other remarkable pictures, afford gratifying evidence that American art is still advancing in excellence.

CHIT-CHAT OF FASHIONS.

Bonnets, &c., in New York.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript thus describes the fashions in New York—

"Within the past week an invoice of bonnets has arrived from Paris, and on Sunday the congregations of the fashionable churches looked like beds of lilies and roses. The latest style is really very beautiful, or as the ladies say, 'sweet.' The one I have been most pleased with is a perfect flower. The material is white figured muslin, delicately trimmed with ribbons and roses, and in form like the cup of a morning glory. If the humming birds and honey bees don't light upon it in Broadway, I shall think they show a great want of taste. For dresses, chameleon silks are much worn—three distinct colours, by some magic of art, being thrown on a plain ground, looking as if 'Iris dipt the wool.'—A new style of evening dress appeared at the last 'Hop' at the Astor, which attracted the attention of *connoisseurs* as something quite original and beautiful;—a white muslin, with two broad and richly coloured borders, looking like an illuminated title page."

In our fashion plate for this month many beauties are combined. In the first place, it is a pretty picture; secondly, it gives the true fashions and a beautiful representation of a lady's chamber. It is certainly one of the most graceful plates we have ever given. It was engraved by Richard G. Wardle, a pupil of Tucker.

It pleases us to state that near one thousand extra copies of our May No. were sold in New York. The great attraction was "*The Rebuke*," an exquisite line engraving by W. H. Ellis. We have now in the printer's hand a gem from the pencil of J. G. Chapman, engraved by W. E. Tucker.

"*I WILL!*"—This story, by T. S. Arthur, published in our May No., seems to be a general favourite. We find it copied in all the leading papers.

We had prepared for this number an obituary notice of the lamented John Sanderson. We have been compelled for want of room to omit it. The last article he ever wrote will be found in this number of our magazine.

We are much obliged to the editor of the Carbondale Gazette, the Kent Emporium, Deerfield Banner, Boston Olive Branch, Goshen Clarion, and other papers, for their flattering notices of our medley fashion plate.

CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART



3 3032 00286 9877



1/2009

